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RICHARD MANSFIELD

THE MAN AND THE ACTOR

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RICHARD MANSFIELD

THE MAN AND THE ACTOR

BY

PAUL WILSTACH

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

RICHARD MANSFIELD

From a photograph by Histed, 1898

RICHARD MANSFIELD

THE MAN AND THE ACTOR

BY

PAUL WILSTACH

ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK :: :: :: :: :: :: 1908

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To

BEATRICE MANSFIELD

PREFACE

This work was undertaken with the intention of making a permanent record of the events and achievements of Richard Mansfield's life and of presenting through them the personal side of his large and complex character as he revealed it to his intimates. The only real acquaintance the public had with him was through the personality of the characters which he acted. No attempt has been made to give a searching analysis of these characterisations, for this is a record of facts rather than of opinions. Wherever this purpose appears to have been departed from, it has been only with the idea of offering side-lights which would illuminate the facts.

The narrative is based first of all on the confidences of his wife; on my own intimate acquaintance extending over the last ten years of his life; and on unreserved access to all his papers and letters. It has been elaborated and verified by the generous coöperation of friends and collectors in many parts of America and England, to whom I beg to offer this word of thanks. As often as possible he has been permitted to reveal himself in his

own words, either written or spoken, but his letters, which would add to an acquaintance with him, were not many, except to his wife and son. To others he wrote in the main only brief notes of courtesy, for he had an aversion to telling any one what he was going to do or to referring to what he had done. As he has said, his performance was his essay on his art.

P. W.

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"Perhaps the saddest spot in the sad life of the actor is to be forgotten. Great paintings live to commemorate great painters; the statues of sculptors are their monuments; and books are the inscriptions of authors. But who shall say when this generation has passed away how Yorick played? . . . When the curtain has fallen for the last time and only the unseen spirit hovers in the wings, what book will speak of all the mummer did and suffered in his time?"

—Richard Mansfield.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

THE MAN AND THE ACTOR

CHAPTER ONE

(1857–1860)

Birth and parentage—Maurice Mansfield and Erminia Rudersdorff —Her girlhood in Dublin—The Duchess Sophia of Baden—Studies in Italy—Her Debut and Career—Her imperious character.

Richard Mansfield was born on May 24, 1857, in Berlin. His parents' home was in London, but his mother, who was a celebrated prima donna, had a few weeks before his birth reached Berlin in the course of her professional engagements.

His father was Maurice Mansfield, a wine merchant, in Lime Street, London. He was a short, portly little man with a ruddy complexion. He died comparatively young, when just past forty. He was long remembered by his neighbours as being kindly and sprightly, shrewd at business, genial in companionship, but in the catholicity of his interests in no way limited to the commercial purlieus of Lime Street.

He spoke French and German almost as fluently as he did English. Little poems kept in the family for years

after testified to a certain facility in the making of verses. They were largely translations. It has been said that he played the violin. This is true, but he was an amateur, and when he played it was usually to the distress of his family. He had two quite precious violins. One of them was afterward purchased by Vieuxtemps, and was used by him in his public performances.

He loved the companionship of men and women, but he approached society through the gates of Bohemia, and found his friends among men and women of gifts and accomplishment. When the evening shadows signalled the hour for the shutters to go up, he went forth for an evening in the cafés, where he knew he would find the musicians and singers and painters, Continental as well as British, with whom his unaffected good humour and a certain gay wit made him welcome.

On one of his visits to the Continent, in 1850, he met Madame Erminia Rudersdorff, whose wonderful voice, style, and dramatic temperament had raised her to a position at the elbow of the greatest contemporary singers. He at once became a suitor for her hand. When he returned to London his former haunts knew him no more, except when he came to hear of her from the latest arrival from the Continent. Letters of great ardour and perseverance followed, and finally he was rewarded with a message to come and get her. They were married in the spring of 1851, at the conclusion of her season, and came back to London to a comfortable little home in Upper Barclay Street, Portman Square.

This was Erminia Rudersdorff's second marriage. When quite a young girl she met and was married to Dr. Küchenmeister, a professor of mathematics, astronomy and philosophy in the University of Frankfort. Although

they studied together and she evinced wonderful grasp of the science of the heavenly bodies, his pedantic habits suited little to her dramatic temperament, and they soon agreed to a separation. But from the day of her second marriage she and the life-loving little Mansfield were the happiest comrades. He loved her, petted her, and humoured her in the elaborate fashion she demanded, and she maintained a conspicuous position which flattered and delighted him.

Erminia Rudersdorff inherited her great talent from her father, Joseph Rudersdorff. He was born in the city of Amsterdam, in the year 1799. From his earliest years he manifested the musical genius which gave him afterward such a notable position. His instrument was the violin. He appeared in public at the age of eight, playing a concerto by Pleyel. In 1822 he entered the service of the Prince Bariatinsky, for whom he became concertmeister in Ivanowsky, in the Ukraine, Southern Russia. He had married two years before, and here Erminia was born, December 12, 1822. His two other daughters, Agnese and Matilde, were born later in Homburg, where he went in 1825 as concertmeister. From Homburg he took his family to Dublin, and there they lived for more than twenty years. In 1851 he moved to Berlin, where he conducted the orchestra successively at Sommer's, the Kemper Hof, and at Kroll's. Joseph Rudersdorff died at Königsberg in 1866. It is of record that during the period of the six years from 1851 to 1857 he conducted thirteen hundred concerts and played six hundred solos.

Agnese married and died when quite young. Matilde remained a spinster. In her later years she became the protégée of her nephew, Richard, and at the time of his

death was living in the city of Jena, Saxe-Weimar, Germany. Her letters were uniquely amusing, for though she had known English as though it were her native tongue during her girlhood in Dublin, she later lived so long in Germany that she wrote English with astonishing variations on the idiom.

The girls were all gifted, and their home was one of the musical centres of the Irish capital. Erminia, however, displayed the most conspicuous talent. She longed for a career, and her father would gladly have sent her to the French and Italian masters had not his large family and slender purse forbidden.

In this as in so many other fairy tales of real life there was, however, a fairy godmother. When a little girl, Erminia had attracted the attention of the Duchess Sophia of Baden, at whose court she spent much of the earlier period of her life and with whom she grew to be a great favourite. She recounted many amusing anecdotes of her visits then and in later years to the Baden court. On one occasion the Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) was sojourning in Baden-Baden and became much enamoured of M'lle Rudersdorff. The duchess was a very severe *disciplinarienne*, and when the Prince went so far as to bring the regimental band to serenade her young guest, she had him incarcerated for this breach of martial etiquette. The Prince and Madame Rudersdorff met many years afterward in Paris during the reign of Napoleon III. "Ah," said the Prince, "I remember you very well, madame, for you had me locked up once."

Another of her anecdotes of the days at the Baden court was thus recounted by her son, Richard, in *The Theatre*, a London Magazine:

"The Duchess Sophia was a very good housekeeper—

some said she practised economy to the extent of parsimony. Certain it is that Miss Greville and M'lle Rudersdorff used to beg the champagne from the majordomo for the King of Wurtemberg on the occasion of his visits to the Baden court. When her royal highness had visitors her favourite refreshment, in the shape of a hard-boiled egg in a *tasse de bouillon*, was invariably handed round. Not to partake of it was to incur the displeasure of the duchess. When the bluff old King of Wurtemberg arrived the bouillon with the egg made its appearance. It required practice to eat the egg with a spoon, it was so very hard and so very slippery. The king could not manage it; it was pitiable to see him driving the egg round and round the bowl with his spoon. M'lle Rudersdorff, who was behind his chair, ventured to advise him. 'Your majesty must not do it like that,' she whispered; 'your majesty should thrust your spoon *suddenly* into the egg; it is no good shilly-shallying with it.' '*Danke schön*,' said his majesty, '*ach, es ist ja doch gar zu schrecklich!*' Summoning all his courage the king made a drive at the egg, the spoon slipped, and the egg flew out of the cup and fell into the Duchess Sophia's lap. The king roared with laughter and the duchess looked highly incensed."

But the stern, eccentric old duchess really had a kind and generous heart. With great sacrifice Joseph Rudersdorff managed to send Erminia to Paris, where she studied for a short while with Bordogni. Instead of returning to Dublin when her slender means were exhausted, she accepted the Duchess Sophia's invitation to come again to Baden. Her friend was so delighted with the development of her voice that she declared there was a great career before her if she would persevere. In those days

the ambition of every aspirant to opera was a course under the Chevalier de Micheroux, who perfected Clara Novello, Catherine Hayes, and Pasta; and the duchess's patronage and generosity enabled Erminia to go to Milan and study under the great maestro.

De Micheroux gave her his most interested attention, and in a short time declared she was ready for the public. He, himself, arranged her début at Coblentz in "Lucia di Lammermoor." She was scarcely more than seventeen at the time.

Mendelssohn came to hear the young singer, and so great was his admiration for her that he engaged her to sing the soprano music in the first public performance of his "Lobgesang" at Leipzig, June 25, 1840. Out of this performance sprang a friendship with the composer, which was ended only by his death.

Operatic engagements were sung the next year at Carlsruhe and Frankfort, and she made conspicuous successes in the rôles of Agatha, Reiza, Valentine, Isabella, and Elvira ("Puritani"), though she sang others. She was much admired by King William II. of Holland, and at his request sang every year at The Hague.

After the birth of her first child, Felix, she appeared, throughout the winters of 1852, 1853, and 1854, principally at the Friedrich Wilhelm Stadt Theatre, Berlin. There was a vogue for the lighter French compositions at the time, and she sang with great success the light operas of Hérold, Thomas, Auber, Adam, and Boieldieu. She was highly popular as the Juliette of Bellini and in Lortzig's "Undine." During these years she appeared also at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Dantzig, and The Hague, hurrying back to London whenever opportunity offered. She was equally at home in London and Berlin at this

ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF MANSFIELD

From an oil painting in the possession of Mrs. Mansfield

time, with her husband in the former city and her father and sisters now re-established in a home in the German capital.

Her first operatic appearance in London was not made until May 23, 1854, when she sang Donna Anna in German at Drury Lane. In this, as well as in her subsequent parts of Constance in Mozart's "Entführung," Margaret of Valois, Fidelio, Agatha, and (in English) as Elvira in "Masaniello," she was received with a success that made her a fixture at the Royal Opera during the whole of the next winter, and she reappeared there frequently thereafter. Her conspicuous successes were Donna Anna, Elvira, Jemmy, Bertha, and Nathalia ("L'Etoile du Nord"). She sang in English for a few nights at St. James's Theatre in Loder's opera, "Raymond and Agnes."

It was in oratorio, however, that Erminia Rudersdorff was best appreciated and achieved her most conspicuous triumphs. She had a powerful voice of considerable range. This, coupled with remarkable certainty of execution and thorough musicianship, enabled her to take the position she held for thirty years as one of the first oratorio singers of Europe. Her appearance was during a long period the feature of the great triennial festivals at Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. In Cologne she sang under Ferdinand Hiller, at Leipzig in the Gewandhaus concerts, and at the Birmingham festivals, where she created the soprano rôle in "The Woman of Samaria," by Sir Julius Benedict. In London she was always heard either at Exeter Hall under Sir Michael Costa or at St. James's Hall under Joseph Barnby. She was the soprano of that pre-eminent middle Victorian quartette of which the other members were Mme. Patey,

contralto; Sims Reeves, tenor; and Charles Santley, basso.

It is to this day a tradition in England and in Germany that her singing of the Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater,' the part of the Widow in "Elijah," and "Rejoice Greatly" and "I Know That my Redeemer Liveth," from "The Messiah," has never been excelled. At the Handel Festivals especially her voice would tell out with wonderful effect against the powerful band and chorus.

When the ban against the secular performance of sacred music was finally raised in Paris, she was invited to sing the soprano rôle in the first oratorio, "The Messiah," ever sung in the French capital.

Other notable achievements will confirm her place in musical history. She first sang Signor Randegger's scena, "Medea," at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig in 1869, and composed the libretto to his cantata, "Fridolin," founded on Schiller's "*Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*," which was performed first at the Birmingham Festival in 1873. Her industry and her devotion to her art were further proved by her revivals of Mozart's fine scenas, "Ahi lo provido" and "Misera dove son," and of Handel's air, "O Sleep," from "Semele;" by the introduction of Danish melodies in their native tongue, and the popularizing of the Spanish songs of Yradier. She read or improvised at the piano with equal facility, for Thalberg had boasted her one of his most proficient pupils. In giving encores at her own concerts or at the festivals where she was the star, she often played her own accompaniments. Then she produced a unity between the voice and the instrument which, once heard, was never forgotten.

In stature Madame Rudersdorff was somewhat below

the average height, but she had a commanding presence and easily dominated her environment. Her hair was raven black, her eye brilliant and expressive, and her countenance was extraordinarily mobile in the denotement of the elemental passions. Her voice was a soprano of great power, but of not always even sweetness. Highly coloured music and markedly dramatic characters called out her best resources.

She was charged with enthusiasm, energy, and determination at all times. When in later life she taught her celebrated method, she was called "the musical whirlwind." Every one who met her received an impression, but the impressions were manifold as her moods, and they obeyed every fluctuation of a singularly mercurial temperament. Her grand manner was never put aside. Tender and sympathetic as she was, these qualities were allowed to appear only as attributes of an otherwise imperious character. She enjoyed the distinction of her position, and enforced it when she felt it was necessary; but below the high chin there was a warm heart and a hand that did not know how to close except in the grasp of another.

CHAPTER TWO

(1861–1872)

Maurice Mansfield moves his family to St. John's Wood—Richie "appears" at Crystal Palace—The children are sent to Jena—Richard's recollection of his grand-uncle—At school in Switzerland and in France—Boyish aspirations—Accomplishments—At Derby School—Meets Henry Irving—Acts for the first time—Plans to go to India.

THE Mansfields' little house in Portman Square began to pinch soon after they moved into it. The first child, Felix, was born there in 1852. Two years later a daughter, Greta, arrived. Richard came upon the scene in 1857, and Harry was born after another interval of two years.

The better to nest their brood, Maurice Mansfield and his wife began looking about for a larger house. Her position added its demands, but her income helped to make the move possible. They wanted the children to have a play-ground as well as a play-room, so they extended their search into the outskirts of the city. Their friend, Therese Tietjens, another of the great singers of the day, was cosily bestowed in St. John's Wood, and she probably beckoned them into the northern district. After a long and dispiriting hunt their objections capitulated to a well-set dwelling of inviting space and quiet dignity, with an ample garden, in Finchley Road.

The "Mansfield house," as it was known to the neighbours—and the "Rudersdorff house," as it was remembered by the musical world, for Maurice Mansfield's wife always retained her maiden name in her public life—became a rendezvous for the musical visitors in the British capital.

Madame Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, came and played pianoforte duets with Hiller. The fiery Trebelli, her liege Bettini, "*école d'orgue*" Lemmens, Randegger, Balshir, and Chatterton, harpist to the Queen, were constant visitors. Madame Rudersdorff went on Sunday evenings to her friend Mme. Tietjens, and they played an old German game called "Glocke und Hammer" (Bell and Hammer), which Erminia had probably learned from the Duchess Sophia. They sang together a great deal. Poor little Maurice tried pathetically to play the violin, but his wife usually asked him to play it out of the house.

It is a tradition among Madame Rudersdorff's children that their mother was not always impartial. Richie—as Richard was called when a lad—is said to have been her pet. The reason given was his resemblance to his father. But this was not less true of Greta. In fact, the Mansfield children represented a curious distribution of the family traits. Felix, the eldest, and Harry, the youngest, resembled their mother, but had their father's meek, amiable, placid disposition. Greta and Richard were the image of their father, but seemed infused with the seething temperament of their mother.

Richie's public life began in his fourth year. His mother was dressing for a concert in which she was to sing at Crystal Palace. He wanted to go along, and neither refusal nor threats dried his tearful determination.

The mother may have been just a wee bit proud of her wilful boy. Anyway she consented. He was hurriedly dressed in his best black velvet skirt and coat, with a wide, embroidered collar falling over his shoulders, and rattled away with her behind the horses for the long ride to the south. He was taken into her dressing-room. The experience was entirely new to the youngster. He was much awed by the vastness of things, the lights, the strange noises, the apparent confusion, and he clung close to his mother.

When the stage manager came to the door to say that Madame's turn had arrived and that the orchestra was waiting, she strode majestically forth, as was her custom, from her own room straight to the centre of the stage. Her appearance was greeted by a roar of applause, which she acknowledged with queenly bows. She did not observe a subdued ripple of laughter, however, and signalled the conductor to begin. The music quieted the applause, but it did not hush the increasing titter of which she soon became painfully conscious. Glancing about to see what could be the occasion, she discovered Richie beside but somewhat behind her, frightened to stone, but firmly clutching the hem of her long train which his little hands had seized as she swept away from him into the presence of the audience. This was Richard Mansfield's first appearance on the stage.

Though the mother's engagements took her continually away from England, this disturbed the unity of the family but little, for there was always the glowing anticipation of her return to her children with vivid stories of triumphs and adventures, and with wonderful souvenirs of the great cities beyond the Channel.

The first break was made by the death of their father.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS A YOUNG BOY

Maurice Mansfield died in his home in Finchley Road, in 1861, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near the entrance on the right, and a black marble shaft, erected by his widow, marks his grave. In the same yard, neighbours in death as in life, rests his old friend Tietjens. He had occupied a small place in the world, but a large place in the heart of the celebrated mother of his children. Madame Rudersdorff never ceased to mourn her devoted Maurice, and she did not marry again.

Richard was only four years old when his father died. He was too young for his memory to have taken any impressions, much less for his character to have received influences.

On the mother's shoulders now fell the undivided duty of home-maker and provider, and of educating her children. Her position in the artistic world was assured. Engagements in most of the first opera houses and at most of the great festivals of Great Britain and Europe were to be had for the acceptance. The entire winter after her husband died, Mme. Rudersdorff sang in Berlin. There were occasional visits home to the children, who were in the care of Aunt Matilde and an English governess. The latter was unkind to Richard, she was not sympathetic, and the child was checked in all his little desires. It left a scar in his memory. But it was this, probably, that bred his own deep and tender sympathy for children and his desire to make them as happy as possible.

The mother's arrangements met only half of the problem. It gave her family a mere home by proxy and made an unsatisfactory provision for their education. Madame Rudersdorff spoke English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Danish. The first three were in-

dispensable to a Continental career, and she arranged a little school campaign which would develop and polish the Babel begun at home.

In Jena she had an uncle who was a judge. The city occupied a central situation in relation to her tours; she could reach her brood easily, her uncle would give them a grandfatherly eye, and thither the children were sent, the governess accompanying to give especial attention to Master Richie and his little brother. At first they were all bestowed in an apartment, but soon the boys were sent as boarders to a private school, situated *Am Graben*, kept by Professor Zenker, a famous master with children. His school was built over the crypt of an ancient monastery, and the building was occupied by Napoleon after the battle of Jena. The Emperor had a meal with his generals in the very room which the youngsters used for a study.

Professor Zenker was fond of the drama, and even wrote a number of plays which, however, served no further purpose than to release his impulse for this fascinating work. Once a year a play was performed by his pupils in the great hall of the school. Relatives and friends were invited, and the occasion was decidedly the event of the year.

The elder students acted in the plays, the little boys looked on. While the Mansfields were in the school two of Schiller's dramas were given, "Wallenstein's Lager" and "Don Carlos." Felix Mansfield had a rôle in the latter, acting Don Carlos. Richie was too young to take part or to do more than sit well up front and let the mystery and wonder of it all play what pranks it could with his budding imagination. It was not that he was without artistic instinct. One day he found a bucket of colour

and painted the classroom door a vivid green. He was so proud of this achievement that he put his initials to it, which led to his discovery and punishment.

These were happy times. One of the few definite souvenirs of them that Richard afterward confessed to, however, was the recollection of the fixed days when the governess came and took him to visit the home of his granduncle. There the old gentleman told him wonder tales of the fairies and goblins in the mountains and fed him goose drippings on brown bread, with an occasional sip from his own brimming stein.

This uncle—Theophilus Beyer by name—was no unimportant man either in his profession or in his friends. He met the Emperor Napoleon in Jena, he was the friend of Schiller and Goethe, and the latter wrote of him as "my dear Theophilus." How well the boy came to know the old gentleman appears in a letter written by Richard (March 11, 1894) to A. E. Dithmar, in which, after touching on the narrow Continental life and characters reflected in Ibsen's plays, he continued:

I know the phase of life he deals with well—for I have lived within the narrow circle of a small German town—and I know, too, these petty men and women well—their little vices, their little ambitions, their little struggles and bickerings, and all the mighty fuss of their births and funerals. I had a granduncle, on my mother's side, who resided in Jena. He was a Justiz-Rath and a Doctor of Law; he was an ancient, stiff, starched man, who wore an antiquated choker, and the points of his collar touched his ears; he was all dried up, and he was turned out stiff and starched every morning by his Hochwohlgeborne Frau, with the loop of his black frock coat sticking up behind as far as the brim of his mediæval tile—and which gave him the appearance of being all prepared and ready

to be hung up again to be dried when he got home. The Justiz-Rath and his Hochwohl etc., etc., lived just the life Ibsen describes, and it came to him (the Justiz-Rath) late in life to fall in love with our governess—an English girl, who was dying of inanition in Jena, whither she had journeyed with the lot of us children. The wretched man broke into poetry, which he wrote by the hour (when he wasn't hanging up), and there was such a pother over it all in Jena that the poor man died—quite stiff and stark—of a broken heart and small glasses of home-made wine and stale cakes and coffee and *klatscherei*. The poetry was all left to me after the Hochwohlgeborne had joined the Justiz-Rath—somewhere or other (wherever he is hanging up)—together with some table damask and a case of ancient knives and forks and spoons—but it is beyond the power of human cunning to decipher the Justiz-Rath's effusions—poor old man! I see him now as he came on a summer's evening across the fields to meet the governess—with us at her heels—on his return from a neighbouring village where he had trudged to investigate the cottage of a hideous miser who had been murdered in the night. And young as I was then, I remember his description of the poor murdered thing's abode; the dirt three inches thick on the floors, mixed up with money; the oak rafter over the dead man's bed clotted with blood, and a tuft of gray hair, and the bed itself!—and a cracked cup on a chair with an ounce of coffee in it—all this told and interspersed with bits of Schiller and Goethe, by means of which he was wont with sly innuendo to express his unutterable love for the governess—

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne gestalt;

and the next word was blood and murder.

The greatest event in Richard's Jena experience was undoubtedly the night that his mother came and gave a concert, supported by the symphony orchestra, and at-

tended by the nobility and élite of the city. A box was reserved for the children, and they led in the applause with frantic partial candour. For years after Madame Rudersdorff wore a bracelet given her in commemoration of this concert. She gave it to Richard, and it remains one of the few souvenirs which escaped the fire which later destroyed the mementoes of a great career.

It was at Jena in the river Saale that Richard took his first swimming lessons, a sport he loved and in which he was skilful all his life. German was the language of the school, and there were French lessons. Of the latter there were few, for the general proceeding was to lock the instructor out of the classroom.

Two years in Jena in German atmosphere and with none but German playmates had helped the Mansfield children admirably in their ready grasp of the native tongue, but decidedly at the expense of their English, while their French had suffered from the boys' prankish liberties with the master. So the next time they crossed the Channel it was to go no farther than a little Swiss town just beyond the French border.

At the western end of Lake Neuchâtel, in the canton of Vaud, there is the little town of Yvredon. Madame Rudersdorff had heard of Paul Vodos and the excellence of his school here. French was his specialty, but his students were almost all English. Here was just the place for the children.

Richard here made his first American acquaintance. One of the big boys of the school was a lean slip of an American from Cincinnati. His name was "Larry" Pike. Years afterward they met again when Richard played in his father's theatre—Pike's Opera House. It was while they were all together at Yvredon that this theatre burned

down for the first time. Master Pike was the proud possessor of a small pistol which made him the envy of Richard and the other boys. Doubtless he boasted an intimate acquaintance with Indian hunting in the Wild West, for it was in some such game that he discharged his pistol and nearly killed Richard's brother, Felix. A silver watch saved his life.

The mother seems to have felt the separation from her brood more and more, for each change of school drew them nearer and nearer home. After a couple of years in Switzerland they next went to Bourbourg, a small town near Dunkirk in Pas-de-Calais, where France is nearest England, and they studied under one Ferdinand Monteuuis. All that Richard remembered of this experience was "a canal where I went fishing." But when preparing to act Cyrano de Bergerac, he recalled that the fourth act, "the battle-field at Arras," was near his French school.

Richard's character up to this time had not distinguished him perceptibly from other boys. He was active, impulsive, ready for a lark or an adventure, fond of stories, especially tales of princes, kings, and mythological heroes. He did not like to play games unless he was the leader; and he led the other lads into countries where he was the monarch and into battles in which he was the victorious general. When the others rebelled he banished them and retired to the banks of the canal to read or fish, or perhaps, like Peer Gynt, to lie on his back and make prophetic cloud pictures. Once the lad was missed and a long search was made for him. He was found "on his way to the sea." Nothing in nature made the same appeal to him that water did. It reflected his own capricious spirit, now turbulent, now calm; full of moods and mystery and ungovernable unrest.

Referring to these school-days on the Continent, he once told a friend: "It was then I made my first acquaintance with the poetry of Goethe, Schiller, and the other masters. Under their spell I used to try my hand at sonnets and epics on the most exalted, imaginative plane. Surely, under the influence of such inspiration, these could not have been wholly criminal in a small boy. But they were taken from me and torn up in my presence, and I was warned not to do it again.

"Music was an early passion with me, and the works of Schubert, Bach, Schumann, and Rubinstein were childhood acquaintances. I can remember sitting up in bed at night and whistling long, extemporised passages on the symphony and sonata pattern, for I knew no other. But I was rebuked and chastised, and made to get under the covers and hush myself in the darkness.

"I am glad that whatever talent I may have for acting began to express itself later in life, for if my early mentors had noted any such manifestations they would surely have ridiculed and quenched it."

An American boy at Bourbourg had a sombre-hued volume of which Richard had in some way spoiled him. It was tuned precisely to his aspen imagination. While the toy was new it eclipsed every other interest. The name of this ingenuous volume was "The Pirate's Own Book," and to his last days he never wearied of its glowing pages. Often, when the monotony of his work fretted him, he would exclaim with a sigh: "What a lot of fun we're missing. Let's all go and be pirates." An echo of the lure in the heart of the little boy who started off to sea!

The family broke up after the Bourbourg days. Felix was sent to Belfast, and articled to a business house there

in pursuance of his mother's intention that he should be a merchant. Greta's health had been failing for some time, and she was now sent south to visit relatives in Italy. The younger boys came home to England.

A close companionship now sprung up between Richard and his mother. He began to manifest himself in a remarkable taste in everything artistic, in a rare intuition of her moods, and in tact in meeting her transitions. His own temperament began to blow April weather, and she offered him a silent, yielding sympathy bred of complete understanding. She took him along, occasionally, to the Continent on her concert trips. They were entertained at palaces and châteaux, and he met royalty and the nobility as well as men and women of æsthetic prominence.

His native musical ability flattered her, for all admitted that his unique skill was inherited. He played with facility and sang with style, although he had never taken a formal lesson. His imitative grasp of what he saw and heard when in the room with his mother and her pupils took the place of lessons. She was too impatient to teach him, perhaps a little because he was too impatient to study. But the boy learned without study; things came to him by intuition.

There is neither record nor tradition that he went to the theatre. It would not have been for lack of opportunity. He usually found a way to do what he wanted to do. It is more probable that his inclination did not lead him that way. The London theatres at that time were peculiarly barren of tragic artists. Macready had settled down in Cheltenham, the Kembles belonged to the heroic past, Helen Faucit was living in virtual retirement, the Keans were a part of history, and Samuel Phelps no longer reigned at Sadler's Wells. Fechter was making some

effort with romantic plays, but Dutton Cook says that on the first night "Monte Cristo" was "damned." A new author dominated the stage, and London was fascinated with the novelty of light modern comedies of fashionable life. Though Charles Matthews was absent in Australia, John Hare was playing Beau Farintosh in "School," from which the boy may have taken some impressions for his own performance of this rôle a few years later. Alfred Wigan played "languidly and flatly in 'Dreams,'" but more successfully as Lord Foppington in "The Man of Quality"; Miss Bateman was seen in Taylor's "Mary Warner," and W. S. Gilbert's dramatisation of one of "eighty-four-volume De Genlis's" stories, which he called "The Palace of Truth," was materially assisted to its success by the polished manners of William H. Kendal and the graceful art of his bride, Madge Robertson. It is unlikely that there was much in this list to attract the interest or stimulate the imagination of a lusty growing boy. The public sipped very weak dramatic tea. Seldom had there been an equal opportunity for a virile artist of any genuine attainments.

On a trip to Germany with his mother, however, he went to performances at several of the state theatres. The acting he saw there, though on a more exalted level than in London, seemed not to have impressed him, for one of the favourite butts of his ridicule, then and later, was the hard-pumped delivery of the old German actors with their rasped guttural consonants and exaggerated emphasis.

Early in 1869 he entered on the experience which in after years eclipsed all the rest of his boyhood and became the object of his liveliest retrospection. He was entered at Derby School, one of the famous English public schools, situated in the borough of Derby, Derbyshire,

in the lovely Midlands. He recurred to the days spent there with unfailing delight. The mere mention of the name turned on a flood of sunny memories.

He fell here under one of the permanent influences of his life. The head master was the Rev. Walter Clark. There was between them the beautiful miracle of that immediate and spontaneous sympathy which kindles and sustains friendship. It was not extraordinary that Mr. Clark recognised the unusual character of his pupil. The silent little fellow at Jena had roused the wonderment of old Zenker; as an aloof yet sprightly youngster at Yvredon, and at Bourbourg he had attracted the unsatisfied curiosity of his masters there.

Not before he came to Derby, however, had the boy known the understanding that invites confidence. The influence of his mother was passive. Mr. Clark's influence was active and direct, expressed in advice and demonstration. Richard afterward said of him: "He was a good man; a rare character." It was whispered reverence for a man of honourable obscurity in a crowded field.

In their talks the master made vivid the whole procession of historical events and personages—from classical antiquity to the stirring local lore of their own English struggles—for he combined an extraordinary acquaintance with history with a not less remarkable gift for graphic narration. It was he who put into his pupil's hands the Harrison Ainsworth romances of storied London, and these ever afterward shared his affections with the yarns of the deep.

From boyhood it was action that interested Richard. Men of achievement, whether of attainment or not, became the companion of his dreams: Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and the rugged pirates of the shambling seas.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS A STUDENT AT THE DERBY SCHOOL

DR. WALTER CLARK, HEAD MASTER AT DERBY

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His Derby record shows no especial distinction in his studies, but his record in the sporting lists was creditable for a boy among competitors who were from two to four years older than he. It was almost impossible to keep the boy out of or off the river Derwent. He now swam with endurance and further hardened his muscles every day with hours at the oars. Football and cricket did not attract him especially, and he had not the patience to sit at whist or chess. Anything involving set rules vexed and repelled him. The intervals of inaction in some games fretted him. Whatever he did he not only wanted to do with his whole heart and energy, but without interruption. He was keen for a contest, but not for team-work.

He never forgot a certain field-day when he was so indiscreet as to enter two difficult races in succession. The first was at rowing, which he won, the second was a running race and, as he had not recovered himself, he lost. This so worked on him that, in after-life, whenever he had a bad dream and woke up, he said that he had been running and losing that race over again.

Among his intimates he was known as "Cork" Mansfield, probably because he could not be kept down. The nickname was at least prophetic of his later life when, in spite of adversity, failure, antagonism, and much else, including himself, he persistently rose to the top.

On one of his holiday trips up to London he was taken by his school-mate, Gerald Dixon, son of Hepworth Dixon, the novelist, to see "The Bells," recently produced by Henry Irving, who had thereby lifted himself out of comparative obscurity to a considerable celebrity. This was the first time he ever saw Irving. The Dixons were friends of the actor, and Richard was taken to the dressing-room and presented by name. Irving gave a start, ex-

tended his hand frigidly, and without looking up said: "I have heard of you."

The explanation of this remark was not given until thirty years after, in America, when Irving was supping at Mansfield's Riverside house. He confessed that he had been tricked by the similarity of sounds into mistaking Richard Mansfield's name for that of another Richard M———, of a similar but not identical surname, a young gentleman whose social position made him disagreeably conspicuous for certain flagrant irregularities in his conduct.

Young Mansfield became the star performer among the schoolboys in their entertainments on Speech-Day. His first performance in public was at a Derby School concert, March 26, 1869, when he sang the German song, "Das Mühlenrad." According to the *Derby Reporter*, "He was cordially cheered by his fellow-pupils and the audience at the close."

He acted his first rôle the Christmas Speech-Day following, December 23, 1869. It was Scapin in Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The *Derby Advertiser* the next day said: "Richard Mansfield played his part in an artistic manner and would certainly bear comparison with some who make the stage their profession." More gratifying still was an incident which happened at the close of the entertainment. Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield, had presided, and when the play was over he sent for young Mansfield and praised him for his characterisation. "Heaven forbid that I should advise you to become an actor," he said, "but if you do, and I am not mistaken, you will be a very great one."

The next year, December 16, 1870, Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., V.C., presided at the Speech-Day, and Mansfield

THE DERBY SCHOOL

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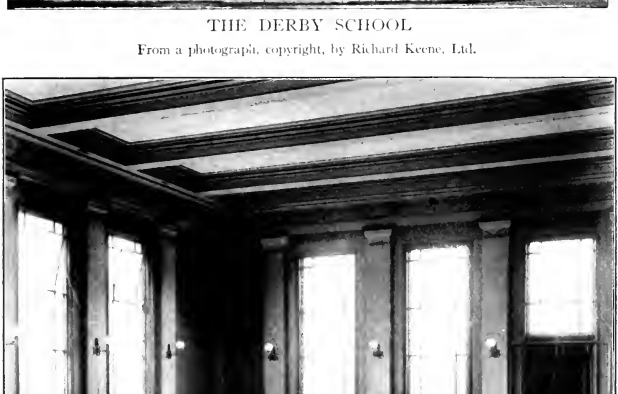


THE BIG SCHOOL-ROOM IN WHICH MR. MANSFIELD FIRST ACTED BEFORE THE PUBLIC

acted Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." His only other performance at Derby School was at the Speech-Day of December 21, 1871, when he distinguished himself by acting in a German, a French, and three English scenes the same evening and taking the leading part in each! They were Mephistopheles in Goethe's "Faust"; M. Jourdain in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme"; Falstaff in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV"; Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream"; and Mrs. Betsey Cluppins in the trial scene from Dickens's "Pickwick Papers."

In the spring of 1872 he left Derby. His mother wished him to spend another year there and then enter Oxford or Cambridge. But he had different ideas, and as was now becoming his habit he imposed them on others. He had been sent off to Germany at an age when his due was several more years at home. For ten years he had been shifted from one master to another. It was always school, and it began to bore him.

His imagination had been fired by the tales he had read, and he had the youthful longing for adventure. He wanted a sea-voyage, a look-in on new people, change, and experience. One of the longest voyages taken by the English ships was to far-away and mysterious India. This attracted him. He had not the means, and he knew that his mother would not supply them. But he was ingenious. He suddenly exhibited a tremendous interest in a commercial career and disclosed a conviction that the Indian Civil Service opened a magnificent future for just such a lad as he. Though she nursed other plans and later pressed them on him, his mother, at the time, fell in with his scheme. She secured his appointment and he began to cram for his examinations. Over his books, however, he had his eye on a free trip to a far country.

He ferreted the British Museum and feasted his eyes on pictures of the East; he went down to the docks and prowled about the ships; and he hunted up seafarers and got their tales at first-hand. India loomed an immediate reality.

Fate meantime had been busy and disclosed the star of his destiny in quite a different quarter of the heavens. His boyhood was now fairly behind him; and as he entered upon the period of youth he entered upon an interval of experiments in finding himself—five picturesque years—through which our narrative will now follow him to America and back again to England.

CHAPTER THREE

(1872–1875)

Madame Rudersdorff comes to America—Richard follows—Early acquaintances in Boston—First experiments in finding himself—Clerks in Eben Jordan's office—Boyish pranks at home—Hunting the eggs—The new prima donna—The country house at Lakeside—Teresa Carreño's joke—He becomes a musical and dramatic critic—Leaves home to avoid his mother's temper—Showing Von Bülow off.

THE World's Peace Jubilee in Boston, in 1872, was in all respects as spectacular as its name, and was quite the most imposing musical event that America had experienced up to that time. Three years before Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, or "Pat" Gilmore, as the celebrated bandmaster was known from one end of the country to the other, had accomplished the National Peace Jubilee in a highly satisfactory manner. Plans were at once begun for a second monster festival, to be international in its scope and on an even more extraordinary scale than the first.

It consisted of daily concerts between June 17 and July 4, by the first musical artists of the time, accompanied by a huge orchestra and chorus, a powerful organ, chimes of bells, anvils and artillery, in the vast Coliseum built for the occasion on the flats back of Huntington Avenue. The international character of the jubilee was expressed by devoting one day to each nation.

Therese Tietjens was at that time as well known in America as in Europe, and Gilmore sought first to secure her as his prima donna soprano. It was not then possible for her to come across the Atlantic. Gilmore afterward told of her moody moment of regret broken by a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "I cannot go. No," she exclaimed. "But I will take you to a great artiste, the best voice in the world for heroic singing to vast assemblages." Without waiting for permission or protest she tied on her bonnet and took the American director to the Mansfield house in neighbouring Finchley Road.

In a letter written some years later, Gilmore said: "I am not surprised to hear of young Mansfield's triumphs. I have known him since I first saw him as a boy at his home in London, where I went to engage his mother for the Jubilee of 1872. The son of such a mother could scarcely be anything but a genius. She was a magnificent woman and a great artiste, a dramatic singer of superb power and skill. She fulfilled thoroughly my idea of queenliness." Gilmore offered her a contract for $3,500 a week and all her expenses—terms which were at that time unprecedented between any artist and a European impresario.

Madame Rudersdorff accepted, bade her little family farewell, with promises of a speedy return, and sailed away to America. Her success in Boston had in it the essence of all her former triumphs. She roused the audiences which packed the Coliseum to the wildest enthusiasm; the papers teemed with praise; the most exclusive homes in Boston were at once thrown open to her; and the most desirable pupils were promised her if she would only remain and make Boston her home.

The suggestion had a sweet enticement. She was now

ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF MANSFIELD

From a photograph in the collection of W. C. Bamburgh

fifty years old and she had grown weary of the tedious life of travel and public work. The opportunities for her children in busy America likewise appealed to her. Never slow in making up her mind, her decision to stay came quick upon the suggestion.

She established herself in the Hotel Boyleston, which gave way later to the present Hotel Touraine, at the corner of Tremont and Boyleston Streets, and for her studio took an entire floor in a house a few doors away on Boyleston Street, adjoining the library which faced the Common on the site of the present Colonial Theatre.

She soon sent for the children, and Greta and Richard arrived early in the winter. Greta grew into a handsome and accomplished young woman, and a few years later became the wife of M. Batonchon and returned to France. Their home was in the city of Macon, where she died in 1905. M. Batonchon is a government expert on vineyards and grape-culture and was given the Cross of the Legion of Honour a few years ago in recognition of his services to practical science.

Richard's delight in coming to America may be imagined. It was his first sea-voyage. All his life tales of the ocean had fed his imagination with its happiest dreams. To come into the theatre of this romance, to dwell amid the majestic proportions of unbroken sea and sky, to witness the caprice of the elements in storm and calm, and all for the first time, must have been, to a nature as sensitive as his, an experience of vast emotion.

This influence may account in a measure for his sudden new interest. The India Service was abandoned and forgotten. His young mind now seized on the classics and with the enthusiasm and singleness of purpose with which he did everything, he read Shakespeare, Dante,

Virgil, Homer, Schiller, Goethe, Molière, and Racine all over again without the insistence of a master. His mother wished him to take advantage of the excellent library next door. But he would neither enter it nor touch a book which came out of it, declaring that they were unclean and full of germs. Perhaps he knew by what disinfectant the stalls in Cornhill kept their tomes immaculate, for all his savings after a proper cravat, a polish for his boots, and a flower for his coat, went into these second-hand shops.

His mother's acquaintance opened for him the most attractive homes in Boston. Her friends at once became Richard's, and one whom he allowed across the barrier of formal courtesy and a somewhat affected cordiality into the not cheaply given privilege of his friendship was sealed there for all time.

Julia Ward Howe was one of the first visitors to the Mansfield home. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow followed for rare evenings of Italian conversation, of which Madame Rudersdorff was so completely mistress that when Tomasso Salvini made a third in their group, she astonished the poet and delighted the tragedian with anecdotes told in the *patois* of the Mediterranean peninsula.

Richard met these and others, and they all recognised in the boy an intellectual adaptability which was often made the topic of speculative prophecy. So long as Longfellow lived Mansfield never came to Boston without making the pilgrimage to Cambridge, nor after those early days did he visit her city without making a flower-laden call at Mrs. Howe's home in Beacon Street. They both saw their friend triumph later on several occasions.

His mother's entertainments were notable. Money

came easily, she spent it freely. Her house was always open to her friends and Richard's. The new home was at once the rendezvous of all the visiting artists; among whom were Theodore Thomas, on from New York for interpretative suggestions from Rudersdorff on the first orchestrations of Richard Wagner's new operas which came to America; Maurice Strakosch, brother-in-law of Adelina Patti, the prophet of the musical elect in America when the appreciation of operatic and symphonic music was in its infancy here; Emile Sauret with his precious violins; Madeline Schiller, whose beauty transported as many as did her virtuosity at the piano; Clara Louise Kellogg, Arabella Goddard, and a host of others. None, however, received a welcome to compare with that given their old friend, Therese Tietjens.

Daughters of distinguished families sought the privilege of study under Rudersdorff, and her method soon became famous. Her pupils in many cases took eminent positions in the musical world. Among them were Ada Sinclair, Anna Drasdil, Lillian Bailey (afterward Mrs. George Henschel), Fannie Kellogg, Isabel Fassett, Anna Godwin, daughter of Parke Godwin, Mary Turner (afterward Mrs. Salter), Teresa Carreño, and Emma Thursby.

Of what he absorbed from the distinguished people who came into his life in the early days in Boston, Richard did not give specific indication. Even as a boy it was characteristic of him to observe in silence the things that impressed him, but little escaped. On the lighter side he was less contained. Few came to their home that his mimetic faculty did not instantly seize upon their salient idiosyncrasies. No less an authority than Miss Jenny Wren, the doll's dressmaker, would have admitted that he "knew their tricks and their manners." When they

went away he would delight his mother with a repetition of the visit, imitating them to the slightest detail, broadening the lines and heightening the colours with a marvellous sense of burlesque.

At sixteen Richard had much of the maturity of a man of age. He spoke English, French, and German, and without any trace of accent. He had some decent smattering of Latin and Greek, and he was equal to a crude conversation or a letter in Italian, Spanish, or Russian.

He lived at a continual banquet of music and song, and rich were the crumbs that he picked up. He learned to play the piano and the violin, he sang from the operas, and was equal to an imitation of most of the living artists of note. He absorbed what was said when he did not talk, though he appeared not to listen, and busied himself with a pencil, sketching nervously on any scrap of paper under his hand.

He had likewise attained a kind of maturity in growth, though he was never a tall man, and easily passed among his immediate seniors as a youth their own age. Ambition and his own restless activity were soon again whispering the question of a career. It became a continual topic between him and his mother. The choice lay between the employment of his budding talent for painting, his remarkable though uncultivated voice, his genius for music, and a certain practical leaning to a commercial career. There was no suggestion of acting. Early in 1873 circumstances offered him an opportunity to make the first of those experiments which later discovered to him his real vocation.

Among the homes where he was welcome was that of the merchant prince, Eben D. Jordan, whose children were of about Richard's own age. Together they often

visited the big store in Washington Street, and Richard soon conceived the idea that a mercantile career bound up every opportunity of his future. Mr. Jordan developed a strong and lasting attachment for young Mansfield from the first—a friendship that was genuinely reciprocated. He gave the boy a desk in his office and employment in connection with the foreign correspondence. It was Mansfield's duty to translate letters destined for France, Germany, and Italy, and, on the other hand, to render English versions of the letters from these countries. At times he varied this work with practice in writing advertisements, wherein his originality served him. He took the burdens of his new situation in life seriously.

He felt himself now quite mature, and seemed determined, and indeed destined, to skip directly from boyhood to manhood. It was an expression of his virile will. From the earliest moment that down feathered his lip, he coaxed it with a blade, and soon, to the astonishment of his friends, displayed a mustache. His mother had a royal temper of her own, and this assumption of his so enraged her that his choice immediately narrowed to home or his new ornament, and he wisely sacrificed the latter.

Mansfield remained in Mr. Jordan's employ for about two years. The confinement and routine must have been vexing to his erratic temperament. He inferred this jokingly in a note to his friend, John L. Lincoln, Jr.: "I cannot stand this place any longer. They have given me a hard stool to sit on, which is wearing out my only pair of trousers, and I cannot afford a new pair."

There was abundance of innocent fun at home. The Mansfields dearly loved a "party," in the informal sense of a gathering of their friends supported by an ingenious idea. Richard was equal to the idea.

One Easter Eve his friends were invited for an egg hunt. His mother announced that she had hidden thirty-six eggs about the house, and that no one would have any supper until all the eggs had been found. After a romping search in every hole and corner the young people had found thirty-five eggs, and finally gave up their search for the thirty-sixth. Their failure delighted Madame Rudersdorff, and she triumphantly produced the missing egg from her own pocket. She was an august personage even at play, and no one would have dared to search her even if he had thought to do so.

During a privileged afternoon with Julia Ward Howe, in the twilight of her eighty-ninth year, from out the stores of her golden memories she sifted this anecdote of her friend:

"I remember a surprise-party Madame Rudersdorff gave on Richie's birthday. They were nearly all young people present excepting myself. It was not a surprise-party in the ordinary sense, but you will understand when I tell you.

"In those days we were continually invited to meet distinguished musical artists at Madame Rudersdorff's home. She provided unsparingly as a hostess; she was really queenly in her hospitality. Hence her invitations were snapped up in every quarter.

"On this occasion we were invited to meet a newly arrived prima donna—I forget the name. The hostess and her distinguished guest received together. I remember her as if it were yesterday. She was youthful in appearance, uncommonly modest in demeanour. She wore a red-and-white silk dress with a prodigiously long train, and had many jewels, and an abundance of thick, wavy, dark hair which was the admiration of every one. Some

of us were put to it to talk to her, for she spoke only the European languages. Naturally there was a brave effort in some quarters, in especially high tones, for you may have noticed it that people who are unfamiliar with a language always shout it.

"The announcement, finally, that the great prima donna would sing produced an expectant silence. We were all struck by the phenomenal range of her voice. She seemed to be able to sing with equal facility a soft, dark contralto or a silvery soprano, capping off with an octave in falsetto.

"After responding to several encores, she at length astounded us all by lifting off her towering coiffure and announcing unaffectedly: 'I'm tired of this, mother. Let's cut the birth-day cake.' It was Richie. He and his mother had conspired in the surprise-party."

The summers were spent first in the country near Wrentham, Massachusetts, and afterward at an estate which Madame Rudersdorff bought and called "Lakeside." It was situated near Berlin, about thirty miles west of Boston. Here she lived in considerable state. Her studio, in which she gave her lessons, was situated on the first floor, with French windows leading out into the gardens. It was not uncommon for this eccentric lady to jump up in the middle of a lesson, exclaiming, "The cows are in the corn!" and rush out to corral the intruders. She loved to work in her garden, and made it a practice to get up at four o'clock in the morning in season, put on her long rubber-boots, and recreate herself hoeing and weeding among the vegetables.

The children had always had a failing for the broad bean. She cultivated a large patch of them, and so fond did Richard grow of this vegetable that no more tempting

surprise could afterward be offered him than a dish of these large, glossy brown beans.

Teresa Carreño was one of her most vivacious pupils. She braved Madame's temper and was equal to any mischief. One evening Madame Rudersdorff, Richard, and the pupils went over to Swampscott and gave a concert in the town-hall for the benefit of one of her pupils there. These generous efforts were not uncommon.

A feature of the Rudersdorff method was the production of tone through the nose with the mouth closed. Richard learned this of her and afterward employed it in his imitations of the violoncello in "Prince Karl." She provided her pupils a set theme to be used as an exercise.

On the evening of this concert she swept majestically to the front of the platform. Carreño was at the piano and for a prelude played the nose exercise! Every one recognised it, but no one dared laugh. Rudersdorff turned half about and exclaimed in a threatening whisper: "Stop that, you little devil!" There was dread foreboding of what would happen when she left the stage. By that time, however, her sense of humour had overcome her anger, and she joined in the belated laugh with the others. Carreño's audacity made her a heroine from that time forward.

Young Mansfield was not remembered in any sense as a theatre-goer. It could not have been because actors were few in the Puritan capital. The native conscience which curled at the edges when a theatre was mentioned, crowded to see John T. Raymond as Mulberry Sellers, Barry Sullivan, Edwin Booth, Lotta in "Little Nell," Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon," Sol Smith Russell and the Berger Family, the various minstrel companies and the stock company—when they appeared in such shrines

of culture as a Beethoven Hall, an Athenæum, or a Museum devoted to indifferent sculpture, painting, historical souvenirs, and good drama!

This smug begging of the question was not more characteristic of Boston than of the conscience of the period. There were few theatres, so-called, in America up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The larger cities all had their Lyceum, Athenæum, or Academy of Music, and every hamlet in the land had a Grand Opera House, where grand opera was never given by any chance. The prejudice against seeing Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Salvini, and Bernhardt evaporated when they appeared under the ægis of these alleged temples of some other kind of culture.

The best evidence that Mansfield did go to the theatre was the familiarity with the heroes of the stage reflected in his imitations, and the fact that toward the end of his four years in Boston he was dramatic and musical critic on a somewhat feeble daily paper called *The News*, which ceased to be soon after he left it.

He afterward disclaimed any value for the views expressed in these criticisms. They were dashed off in a hurry at the end of a day of hard work, the latter portion of which was only too often uncongenial to the point of antagonism. He was allowed no selection in the plays or the actors he was obliged to witness—everything and everybody had to be seen. When he resigned he told the editor it was impossible to criticise for a man who was the friend of so many bad actors.

These were but excuses. Mansfield would never have made a good critic. He had not a sufficiently judicial mind. His imagination, on the other hand, was so vivacious and his inherent, though as yet unmanifested,

dramatic sense was so keen that he would have been too impatient of the faults which would always strike him first and hardest.

He often said in the light of his later experiences: "I am sometimes inclined to think that criticism is no longer written to exploit the artist or the work of art which is supposed to be under discussion, but rather the personality or the cleverness of the writer." From this point of view he would have been a huge success. He had a brittle style, ready wit, unsparing satire, deep invective, and an unquenchable personality which would have made a journalistic star of the magnitude he afterward attained in the theatre.

One of his reviews of a concert took the form of an essay on "the functions of the drum in the orchestra." The drummer had jarred on his musical sensitiveness. His aspen nerves fell more and more under the dissonant spell of the offender, until finally the offence eclipsed all the other harmonies, and Mansfield rushed back to the office and poured his outraged feelings into half a column of information on how to play the drums.

It has been intimated that his mother had a spicy temper. It was more than this. There were times when her passions fairly broke into a storm. He understood her nature well and had a deep sympathy with her suffering when her nervous emotions reached and passed the breaking point, for in nothing was he more essentially his mother's son than in his temperament. At such times he never remonstrated. He simply left her presence in silence. When he returned later the stormy incident was ignored and her greeting was full of apologetic tenderness.

On occasions he packed up a few things and remained away from home for days or weeks, according to the wel-

come he dared promise his return. Such enforced exile brought no complaint to his lips. With a stoic grace he accepted it with its attendant poverty. Of course his mother never sent his allowances after him. Until he dared go back to her his wits were his only wealth, and none but one or two of his most intimate chums knew with what resources he managed to maintain the elegance of his appearance and the gaiety of his spirits. He could not economise. Even in these youthful days possession was always the swift sequel of desire. Poverty may have distressed him, but it never interfered with his patrician instincts and their expression. He always kept his eye to the windward quarter with a fatalistic confidence that something would blow over the horizon.

The development of the virile fabric of his nature intensified his personality and his will. One home became too small for two such pyrotechnical temperaments as his and his mother's. The boy could endure what the man would not. When they came back from the country in the autumn of 1875 it was agreed that he should set up for himself, which he did in one modest room on the top floor of Mrs. Rand's, at 23 Beacon Street, where the Bellevue Hotel now stands. There was a refined and exclusive atmosphere about Mrs. Rand's retreat, and it was characteristic of Mansfield to seek quarters within its fashionable doors, though his slender means drove him to the top floor at the head of five flights of stairs, and the first four ceilings in that house were extraordinarily high.

The first draught on his modest resources was a piano —always and inevitably a piano. His remarkable taste disposed the few pieces of furniture, the carefully selected rugs and curtains, and unable to buy pictures for the

walls he drew and painted a varied selection himself. With the number engraved on his visiting card he was domiciled. He began to give parties himself, delightful evenings of music and song and clever fooling—himself the chief performer—capped off with a supper of a quality which not only astonished his guests, but drove him into debt, and at the end of the month to his mother for a supplement to the modest yielding of his salary. She generally helped him out, but not always, and thereby hung his accumulating distress. It never occurred to him to cut down expenses.

It was while he was at Mrs. Rand's that Hans von Bülow first came to Boston. The great pianist was at the zenith of his career and his coming created a furore for weeks before and after. He was the musical lion of the period.

Von Bülow's first concert was announced for Monday, October 18, at Music Hall, the older music hall down the blind alley off Tremont Street. He was to introduce his virtuosity to Boston by the performance of Beethoven's Fifth Concerto for the pianoforte, in E flat, opus 73.

Mansfield was especially nervous at the prospect of having to write a criticism of a master's performance of a masterpiece. The day of the concert he discovered that Von Bülow had taken quarters under the same roof with him, at Mrs. Rand's. He instantly made up his mind what he should do and presented himself at the great pianist's room.

"Herr von Bülow," said Mansfield, "I'm a critic on one of the daily papers here and it will be my duty to attend your concert to-night and write a criticism of your performance. Of course it is too absurd for me, who knows nothing about music, to criticise a master-per-

former like yourself and a master-composer like Beethoven. But I want to write something that will be valuable to you and creditable to myself. Won't you please tell me something of the concerto and of your interpretation?"

Here was a new sort of critic. Von Bülow was much affected. He sat down at the piano, played and explained the fine points of each passage, and obligingly responded to all questions. It must have been a memorable hour. Mansfield himself warmed to the subject, which presently embraced other works of Beethoven, and by degrees a general survey of the musical horizon.

At last Von Bülow swung round on his stool and, eyeing the young man keenly, said: "You know more about music than you pretend."

"Oh, nothing more than I've picked up around home," protested Mansfield.

"But that is a great deal," pursued the pianist. "Yours must be a musical home, is it not?"

"I am the son of Madame Rudersdorff," replied his visitor.

"Madame Rudersdorff!" exclaimed the great musician. "Madame Rudersdorff your mother! She is here, here in Boston? Take me to her instantly."

Whereupon he threw his greatcoat about him, seized his hat and cane, and led his caller down-stairs.

Those who know the geography of Boston know perfectly well that there is a short cut from the head of Beacon Street to the corner of Boyleston and Tremont Streets, straight across the north end of Boston Common. But it was not every day that Mansfield could walk abroad with such a lion.

When he reached the corner of Beacon and Park

Streets he did not turn to the left, but kept straight ahead down Beacon Street along the west side of the Common, past the State House, past the front windows of swelldom, turned to the left as they reached Arlington Street, and crossed to Boyleston. As they turned again to the left to promenade the length of Boston's most fashionable shopping street, Von Bülow stopped and faced about on his guide.

"Young man," he exclaimed in thundering tones, "you are showing me off! Take me to your mother's house instantly!"

Mansfield never had patience with the long hair affected by the actors and musical artists of the period. Von Bülow was no exception. He had a leonine mane which gave Mansfield an easy opening for a paraphrase of Goldsmith's lines that at one and the same time hit off his pet aversion and repaid Von Bülow for any resentment he afterward showed the young man for his presuming vanity in showing him off:

> Man wants but little Herr Bülow,
> Nor wants that little long.

CHAPTER FOUR

(1875-1876)

He opens a studio—Teaches languages—Celebrates his success—The Sock and Buskin Club—Acts Beau Farintosh in "School"—The Vincent Crummels entertainment—Improvising a rôle—A clash on new "business"—The Buskins disband—He leaves for England.

SOMETIME before this Mansfield gave up his position in Mr. Jordan's office. It was inevitable that the hard-and-fast routine and the unimaginative and unemotional detail of commercial life would fret him beyond endurance. One day he came home and announced to his mother that he had resigned, and again a career loomed up as the one big question.

He had already displayed skill in draughtsmanship. When he got a box of paints his sense of colour manifested itself. His sketches became much in evidence. They displayed a delicate hand, a vivid fancy, and a native talent of a pronounced type, even if it did not amount to genius.

His efforts were submitted to his friends, the portrait painters, George Munzig and Benjamin Porter. Their opinion was vastly encouraging. Richard now decided that painting was his *métier*. His mother concurred and endowed his career to the extent of an allowance of one hundred dollars a month.

Munzig and Porter were already established in the

Studio Building, at the corner of Bromfield and Tremont Streets. In the top floor, under the slanting mansard, was found a vacant room for Mansfield. He installed a piano, borrowed some furniture, used his mother's old costumes to tapestry the wall, sketched unceasingly for a few days to cover the balance of the hideous wall-paper, added his own unerring taste in the bestowal of his chattels, and found himself established as an artist.

He drew in charcoal and painted in water-colours. The products were not sufficiently striking to make a fortune or insure a career. His friends came generously forward and bought the pictures. "But," he afterward explained, "when I had sold pictures to all my friends, I discovered I had no friends."

His journalistic connection was more or less casual, and it yielded him scarcely more than flower-money. Out of his mother's allowance he gave twenty dollars each month for the rent; he dressed like a prince, though he declared he lived like a beggar, and, as in Dick Swiveller's case, his exhausted credit soon began to close up the neighbouring streets.

There was an insistent laundress who made him especially unhappy. Once she had mounted the five flights to his eerie she was not disposed to leave empty-handed. He dreaded to open the door. A knock was too often the foreboding of a dun. So he cut a hole in the door. Thereafter he did not open until he had surveyed the visitor.

Having supplied all his friends with pictures, his affairs became precarious. Many years later a lady gave him an opportunity, of which his wit availed itself, by remarking: "They tell me you once lived by your paintings." "No, my dear lady," he replied, "I lived in spite of them."

One morning he went below to Munzig's studio. "George," he exclaimed, "I must have money. What shall I do?" Together they went over the situation, and finally his friend suggested that his unusual gift of tongues be converted into cash: "Give language lessons."

Almost any new idea was sure of acceptance. Richard prepared an announcement, in the most elegant terms, which stated that in response to an insistent demand he had consented to accept a few select pupils in the study of French, German, and Italian, and that the limited list was not yet quite full.

The class was diverted with music and fortified with tea. His own abundant versatility and magnetic good humour established him. Mansfield had decidedly made himself fashionable, and the "limited list" was soon filled with the smartest young ladies in Boston.

The language lessons did not last long. However, they did endure beyond the end of the month, and then the young ladies sent in their amounts promptly.

He was so elated with his new wealth that he went out at once and bought a new silver chafing-dish, every delicacy of the market, not omitting a comforting vintage of wines, and invited his pupils and their friends to such a spread as became the topic for months. Not a luxury was missing. Those who were present smack their lips to this day when speaking of it.

Two afternoons later he turned up again at Munzig's door. "George," he confessed, "I haven't a penny, and I am hungry." Together they went to a neighbouring tavern and feasted on a sandwich and a mug of beer.

In the autumn of 1875 he and several other young friends organised the Sock and Buskin Club. It was a select group of young men of artistic and social instincts,

and besides Mansfield included John L. Lincoln, Jr., George C. Munzig, S. Harry Hooper, Benjamin Porter, Charles H. Jones, Dr. S. Q. Robinson, Robert Burnett, H. Wainwright, E. C. Stanwood, Clarence Luce, Henry F. Train, F. M. Betton, J. D. Perry, Albert Watson, M. Masforrall, C. D. Wainwright, F. F. Downs, Fred Wright, John Hooper, and several others.

The Buskin, as it came to be familiarly known, was distinguished as perhaps no other club before or since, for there were no dues. Assets were to come from public entertainments in which the members would participate. Every one was equal to some amusing contribution and there was a general feeling that with Mansfield at the head and front nothing could fail.

They first met in Mansfield's room in the Studio Building; then they grew more ambitious and took a whole floor in a building in Boyleston Street near the Boyleston Chambers. One of the rooms was quite large and had a platform at one end where they rehearsed. The floor was sanded. The furnishings were not elaborate, but they were notably artistic. When the club was once comfortably settled the bills began to come in and the members had an opportunity to vindicate their economic plan of being.

To correct the void in the treasury it was decided to give a performance of Tom Robertson's comedy, "School," with "some variations rendered necessary by the exigencies of the occasion." The long cast and the crowd of school-girls gave an opportunity to every one. Each part, male and female, was accepted by a Buskin. Mansfield was elected stage-manager by acclaim. An evening was reserved at Beethoven Hall, around the corner in Washington Street, since known as the Park

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BEAU FARINTOSH IN ROBERTSON'S "SCHOOL"

From a photograph in the collection of T. Henry Hooper

Theatre. Great were the preparations, great the enthusiasm, and high the expectations of the young gentlemen's friends. George Munzig painted the scenery. J. D. Perry helped him. Jack Lincoln prepared and directed the musical programme. Tickets were sold only to friends of the members, but the supply was readily exhausted, and the life of the club was insured for some months at least. Madame Rudersdorff entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and volunteered to costume and coach the "girls."

The performance was given on the evening of January 14, 1876. There was a notable audience present, and, according to an observing reporter, "every one, to the last man in the gallery, came in evening dress." [1]

The performance was a great success with every one in the audience. There was prodigious applause and quantities of flowers, especially for the "girls." Mansfield always remembered the rather forceful stage whisper of his mother, who had taken a proscenium box: "Dear, dear, what a fool that boy of mine is making of himself." As will be seen later, she was not reconciled to a stage career for Richard.

[1] The cast was as follows:

Jack Poyntz	Mr. George C. Munzig.
Beau Farintosh	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Mr. Krux	Mr. Charles H. Jones.
Dr. Sutcliffe	Dr. S. Q. Robinson.
Lord Beaufoy	Mr. S. Harry Hooper.
Vaughan	Mr. H. Wainwright.
Bella	Mr. E. C. Stanwood.
Naomi Tighe	Mr. Henry F. Train.
Mrs. Sutcliffe	Mr. F. M. Betton.
Laura	Mr. C. D. Wainwright.
Tilly	Mr. F. F. Downs.
Milly	Mr. John Hooper.
Hetty	Mr. Fred Wright.
Clara	Mr. M. Masforrall.
Kitty	Mr. Albert Watson.

School-girls, servants, etc., by the Company.

It will be remembered that "School" is divided into four acts: First, Recreation; Second, Flirtation; Third, Examination; Fourth, Reconciliation. After the boys read the papers the next day it was suggested that they add a fifth act, "Damnation (by the press)."

The audience accepted the play in the spirit in which it was offered, a lark by a group of amateurs. "The papers were rather rough on the boys, especially the 'girls,'" Mansfield wrote a friend. He had his own baptism of criticism on this occasion. In a measure he invited anything they chose to say, for he afterward confessed that he had taken the affair very seriously and had gone himself to the dramatic critics and "I asked them, please, to treat us seriously—not as amateurs, but as artists who are doing their best."

The *Post* said: "Richard Mansfield as Beau Farintosh carried off a generous share of the honours and his impersonation indicated considerable dramatic talent and careful study."

The *Globe:* "Mr. Richard Mansfield was the Beau Farintosh and, excepting the usual amateurish tendency to overact, did very well."

The *Advertiser:* "Richard Mansfield was quite successful as Beau Farintosh."

It was the *Traveller's* reviewer, however, who took seriously his invitation to criticism and Mansfield often laughed over the duck simile. This paper said: "Mr. Richard Mansfield showed the highest dramatic talent, but a tendency to exaggerate was to be seen in the first three acts, and a Dick Swiveller tendency to attitudinise was discernible. We do not understand what standing on one foot like a duck means in superannuated beaudom. In the last act Mr. Mansfield was excellent and very

judicious and was entitled to the very warm applause he received."

Shortly after this, at a matinée on February 9, the performance of "School" was repeated for the benefit of the New England Hospital and St. Luke's Hospital. Mrs. Arthur Cheney proved a most interested patron and secured for the occasion Selwyn's Hall, afterward known as the Globe Theatre, across the street from the scene of the Buskins' first endeavour. The fame of the young actors was abroad in the town and the citizens came in such numbers that two thousand dollars was turned over to the charities. Mansfield had established the Buskins, but he had not established himself. When in response to knocks at his studio door he applied his eye to the peep-hole, he now opened fewer and fewer times.

One spring day he presented himself at the chambers of his friend Jack Lincoln with a declaration of independence. "Jack, those creditors are wearing me out," he protested. "It's hideously incongruous for a young gentleman to associate every step on his stairs with vulgar duns. I'm going to finish them off once for all."

"What are you going to do?" inquired his friend, who knew him well enough to believe absolutely in his resourcefulness, but far too well to believe it had taken a practical turn.

"I'm going to give myself a benefit," replied Mansfield. "I have a hall promised on Boyleston Street. I have scraped together enough to print the tickets and the programmes, and every detail of my performance is planned. There is only one thing lacking. I have no accompanist. You must do me that service."

Lincoln had no high idea of his own musical attainments,

but he consented to play on the promise that his name should not be mentioned in that connection.

"That's all right," rejoined Mansfield. "My name is not to appear either."

In a few days the curiosity of the town was piqued by the polite announcement of "An Entertainment to be given at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, June 1, by Mr. Vincent Crummels, on the Singers and Actors of the Day." Seats were priced at half a dollar and tickets were to be had at the Parker House.

Such secrets will leak out, and it was gradually whispered about that the joker behind the incognito "Mr. Vincent Crummels," was Madame Rudersdorff's son, Richard Mansfield. He was a popular chap, and his friends took hundreds of seats, leaving the balance to Curiosity, which seized them readily enough. The hall was packed.

The entertainment took the form of

A SATIRICAL LECTURE

Embracing the following humorous Sketches and Imitations.

Part I

An Imitation of a celebrated Prima Donna of the Royal Italian Opera Company, in "La Favorita." Recitative ed Aria.

The Response to an Encore.

A foreign Concert Singer of the Rubinstein Concert Company in her favourite ballad.

A celebrated Tenor in the last act of Lucia. Recitative, Scena ed Aria.

A well-known Contralto.

A duet by Mr. Vincent Crummels. "La ci darem," from Don Giovanni.

PART II

The Orthodox Shylock.
A great tragedian in the terrible tragedy, entitled "The Red Pocket-book."
Mr. Hardenberg as Fagin, the Jew, in Oliver Twist.
Mr. Raymond as Mulberry Sellers.
Mr. Maccabe in a Tragedy written for one Dramatis Persona. Mr. Maccabe as the Lady-Killer.
Sol Smith Russell as the Old Maid.
A few appropriate remarks by Mr. Vincent Crummels.

The "celebrated Prima Donna" of the first imitation was Therese Tietjens. The Response revealed nothing less than an imitation of his mother who sat in a box and enjoyed the effect immensely. "Home, Sweet Home" was frequently demanded of her at her concerts, and she produced an indescribably soft velvety tone with a slight vibrato which seemed to break the word "Home" into two syllables: "Ho-ome, Ho-ome, Sweet Ho-ome." It was this that Richard seized on and exaggerated to the point of caricature. The "well-known contralto" was Madame Ormeni and the "celebrated tenor" was Brignoli. Liebhardt was the "favourite concert singer of the Rubinstein Concert Company." Mr. Raymond and Sol Smith Russell were known to several later generations. Mr. Maccabe was an English platform entertainer who at that time enjoyed a fashionable popularity. Hardenberg was a well-known actor in the Boston Museum Company. Everybody in the hall knew the originals of Mansfield's programme and recognised his extraordinary mimetic skill with flattering applause.

But the hits in the announced programme were in nowise comparable to the roars aroused by the encores. He

let himself go in the most irresponsible manner. In Madame Rudersdorff's box was her guest and her former pupil, Anna Drasdil, widely known for her phenomenally deep alto voice. Her charming singing of the old English ballad, "Oh, Dear, What can the Matter be," made it one of the most popular pieces in her repertoire. She was a German by descent and never quite controlled her accent. When Mansfield came forward to acknowledge the applause bestowed on "Ho-ome, Sweet Ho-ome," he sang Miss Drasdil's favourite ballad in perfect imitation of her manner and enunciation: "Oh, Tear, Vot can de Matter pee." She led the applause herself, for he "brought down the house." He took his cue from this little impromptu success, and every encore thereafter was devoted to the eccentricities of well-known persons in the audience.

The next day he sealed up the hole in the studio door, threw back the bolt, and the echo of a knock was once more a lusty "Come in" from a distant corner of the room.

He was fond of his own way and generally had it. The wall of reserve that hedged about the little boy at school and which so many of his casual acquaintances later found an impossible barrier to a knowledge of his intentions and purposes, was already in evidence. He was not communicative, and there was something about his reserve that did not invite intrusion.

Whether or not he recognised this as one of the conspicuous points of an anecdote of himself he was long afterward fond of telling, it illustrates it well and at the same time it betrays a youthful relish for a practical joke.

Such was his fame as an amateur actor for one so young that his services were often in demand for the parlour plays. On one occasion when he had been invited to take

the leading rôle in a comedy which was to be given a week or two later, every one was afraid to ask him to come to rehearsal, with the result that he forgot all about the play and did not study his part. One day a note came reminding him the play was to be given that evening. After dinner he went early to the house on Beacon Street, asked for a book of the play, read it for the first time, caught the story and the character, and, with the supreme impudence of which he was in those days capable, started in to improvise. Of course the others could not speak their lines; they didn't fit his. He gave none of the cues they had studied for. He, however, improvised away with brazen assurance, and made a great hit, while every one else, with the correct lines of the play, was at sixes and sevens!

Early in the winter friends in Portland invited the Buskins to come to the Maine city and repeat their successful performance of "School" for a local charity. The lark appealed to them, and they appeared at Music Hall in that city on the evening of Saturday, December 16, 1876.

No one who participated in or witnessed that performance will ever forget it. Wintry blasts swept along the coast all day long, terminating late in the afternoon in a tornado which lifted the roof of the Portland Music Hall into the street! The thermometer registered fourteen degrees below zero. Nevertheless every seat had been sold and the players went through their parts in great-coats, furs, gloves, and hats. It is perhaps needless to say that "School" was given that evening with further "variations rendered necessary by the exigencies of the occasion." By their heroic work the young men saved for the local charity the money advanced for the tickets,

but the four acts of the comedy were given in one hour and twenty minutes.

The "irresistible force" of his will on this occasion met an "immovable body" with results which the recital will indicate. In the second act of "School" Lord Beaufoy (Hooper), Jack Poyntz (Munzig), and Beau Farintosh (Mansfield) came to Dr. Sutcliffe's School for a visit, and the stage business directed that they should sit at stage right on three chairs extending up stage in the order named. This put Farintosh the third or farthest up stage.

Mansfield had always followed the letter of the prompt-book till the rehearsals for Portland. Then he announced that he had some excellent new business and was going to sit on the chair nearest the footlights. The others protested vigorously. They considered a variation on the "business" as set down in the prompt-book a desecration and would not hear of it. Meantime Mansfield declared that no matter how it was rehearsed he was going to take the down-stage chair in Portland. This attitude so angered the others that the whole club declared a "silence" on him. This discipline seems to have broken the force of his resolve. As the three stood in the wings ready to make their entrance he whispered to Munzig, "I'll take my old seat." Nevertheless none relented from the silence.

The Buskins returned next day to Boston, and the following morning there was a rap on the door of Munzig's studio. It was Mansfield with a bundle in his hand. "George," he began, with his most winning smile, "here are a couple of birds mother sent, and she wants us to have lunch together." The birds were not doves, but they were quite as adequate as a peace offering. The

young men lunched together; that night they dined with Madame Rudersdorff at a sumptuous rate that indicated something of preparation, and they were warm friends thereafter as long as Mansfield lived.

The question of liquid refreshment was an embarrassment to the members of the Buskin Club from the start. The young men wanted their stimulants, but neither their families nor their friends would have countenanced a club bar. They avoided the point with an expedient which suggested the Mansfield resourcefulness.

The compromise was "a wine closet," and the members confessed to "a few bottles on the shelf." Sharers of their hospitality found their modesty somewhat exaggerated. But there were none of the appurtenances of a bar; no service, no pay. A member was supposed to go to the closet, help himself, write the amount of his indebtedness on a card and slip it into a box provided for that purpose. The sequel may be imagined.

The handsome proceeds of their entertainment a year before were long since exhausted, and insolvency menaced the dueless club. The last straw was laid on one night when, as was discovered the next morning, one of the members with more hospitality than scruple invited several men in to sample the "few bottles on the shelf." The first visitor the next day discovered no other occupants of the club than the hospitable member and his guests, and they were drowsily unconscious of the intrusion. Every bottle was empty. So was the check box! This bankrupted the Buskins and ended their brief but merry and eventful existence.

Mansfield and the Buskins took their departure from Boston at about the same time. He had not had any lessons in drawing or painting. His talents were all

native, and he drew and coloured with an instinctive, untutored skill. He argued with his mother that he could not continue in America with any hope of a distinguished career.

"Very well," she replied, "go to England. I'll give you a letter to Frith"—this was William Frith, the Royal Academician—"and I'll send you a hundred dollars a month."

This was, of course, a pittance to one of his extravagance, but early in the new year of 1877 he packed up, closed his studio, bade good-by to his friends, and sailed back to England to study painting.

CHAPTER FIVE

(1877–1878)

His apprenticeship in the theatre—Joins the German Reed Entertainments—Faints on the first night—His mother cuts off his allowance—Poverty and hunger—In provincial companies—Sings a duet for Gilbert and Sullivan—Plays Sir Joseph Porter in "H. M. S. Pinafore" on tour—Denied sixpence increase in salary and returns to London.

WHAT intention was in his heart when Mansfield left America will never be known. The study of painting was made the excuse. If his design to become a painter was sincere, it was, nevertheless, soon abandoned.

He did present his mother's letter to Frith, who received him with a formal kindness, and he studied casually at the South Kensington Museum, which he reached from the Pall Mall district, where he had lodgings, only after a weary tramp on foot. But there was lacking the enthusiasm and determination which had already become a characteristic of his genuine interest in an undertaking, and it is not surprising that the brush and palette were soon put aside and the canvases forgotten.

There was another call in his heart. Perhaps the performance of "School" and his appearance as Mr. Vincent Crummels, modest though his success was in each instance, stimulated him with a hope in a new direction. Behind him in Boston he left an unalloyed belief with his mother and his friends that his future lay with painting,

but from the time he reached London it is quite evident that he was possessed with no other idea than to become an actor, and the chronicle is now one of his apprenticeship in the theatre.

His pocket-book was soon flat. It is certain, however, that there was no more perfectly tailored and groomed young gentleman on the parade than he. His acquaintance quickly extended to the leading lights of the artistic and Bohemian world. Old Derby school-mates looked him up. Over a modest supper, fortified with ale and Scotch, and afterward at the piano, he had a hundred resources by which to make himself fascinating. His friends brought their friends. Among a certain set of young swells Dick Mansfield's chambers became one of the most popular rallying-points in London. This hospitality soon exhausted his credit all over the neighbourhood. Hunger began to pinch.

Perhaps he confided his dilemma to one or two intimates, for directly he had invitations to spend the week-ends at certain great country houses, where he sang and played for his friends and their guests after dinner. His extravagance, however, consumed the few sovereigns he could command. Nevertheless his talents were earning him something, and he wrote of it to his mother in America with high spirits.

He was taken to the Savage Club, where his cleverness was attested by the leading entertainers of London. When Corney Grain was taken sick in the spring of 1877, Mansfield was recommended as his substitute in the German Reed Entertainments. He was to receive eight pounds a week. This was a splendid salary for any young man, as salaries went then, or as they stand now on the London stage. To Mansfield it was a windfall.

German Reed had, a generation before, established in Regent Street a polite entertainment known as "The Gallery of Illustration." It was one of the sops shrewd London managers offered to the British Puritan who could not take theatrical entertainment from a theatre, just as his American cousin sipped his sanctimoniously through the straw of the Athenæums, Museums, Lyceums, Academies, and Opera Houses. Other preëminently proper places in the English capital at that time were Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Moore and Burgess's Minstrels, and the Polytechnic. German Reed's Entertainments consisted of two brief comedies with a musical interlude by some clever parodist or mimic. When Reed outgrew the quarters in Regent Street, he moved a little ways above into St. George's Hall in Langham Place. In this miniature theatre he made his entertainments the most select and fashionable diversion in London. From his little company he graduated ladies and gentlemen who took their places among the distinguished actors and actresses of the day. Reed and his wife appeared in the comedies, and after themselves his strongest card was Corney Grain, successor of the even more noted John Parry, who filled the interlude with an amusing medley of vocal and piano-forte humour.

As a member of this distinguished little coterie of entertainers, Mansfield felt that his fortune was made. His whole interest, attention, and hope now centred on April 20, the night of his début. He was assigned the small rôle of the Beadle in the comedietta, "Charity Begins at Home," which opened the evening. After that he was to change to evening dress and hold the stage alone for half an hour, after the manner established by Corney Grain. Every shilling he could scrape together went for

a wardrobe—linen, boots, cravat, a boutonnière, and other irreproachable appurtenances.

His friends crowded St. George's Hall for his first appearance. It was observed as he uttered the few lines of the Beadle that he was excessively nervous. When, later in the evening, he sat down at the piano and struck a preliminary chord, he fainted dead away.

Mr. Reed relieved him of his position at once. In discharging him, he said: "You are the most nervous man I have ever seen." It was not all nervousness, however. Mansfield had not eaten for three days. He had fainted from hunger.

It was many a year before he again worked up to the munificence of eight pounds a week, but this pathetic incident was later made an asset as employed by him in an attractive little comedy of his own writing.

The night of his disastrous début he dragged himself home to his lodgings discouraged and disconsolate, alone, ill, and penniless; but the cup of his bitterness overflowed the next morning. The American mail brought him a letter which was the sequel of a scene which must be recited here.

One day Madame Rudersdorff stormed into George Munzig's studio. In her outstretched hand she carried the fluttering sheets of Richard's latest letter. She was superbly dramatic in her wrath and paced the long room with the air of a tragedy queen.

"George Munzig," she exclaimed in tones of trenchant irony, "do you know what your friend is doing in London —your friend Dick Mansfield? He is giving entertainments; he's an entertainer! He accepts week-end invitations from school-friends like Lady Cardigan's son and others, and plays and sings for them, and takes five

RICHARD MANSFIELD, IN THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENTS

pounds for it! Your friend does this. He's no son of mine! I'm going right down to State Street and cut off every penny of his allowance!"

And she did, and wrote him punctually to that effect, "beginning," as he afterward declared, "in very plain English and emphasising her resentment in French, German, and Italian, and ending up in Russian, with a reserve of bitter denunciation, but no more languages to express it in." She declared that he had "entered on a slave's life" and her son was not fitted for it.

Mansfield was now on evil days indeed. He moved into obscure quarters and fought the hard fight. It was years before he would speak of these experiences. In fact, he rarely ruminated on the past in the confidences of either conversation or correspondence. Memory troubled him little and by the universal equation it withheld its pleasures. He dwelt in the present with his eyes and hopes on the future. It was always the future with him. No pleasure or attainment brought complete satisfaction. He looked to the past only in relation to the future, for experience, for example, for what to avoid.

Once when at the meridian of his fame,[1] he was asked to lecture before the faculty and students of the University of Chicago. For his subject he chose, "On Going on the Stage." That he might exploit to those before him the reality of the actor's struggle he lifted for the first time a corner of that veil of mystery which hung between his public and his past, and told of these early London days:

"For years I went home to my little room, if fortunately I had one," he said, "and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire, if I had a

[1] February, 1898.

fire. That was my life. When night came I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato, from the baked-potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes in my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands, I would swallow the potato. That is the truth."

The tragedy of those days was not without its humourous relief. "I can remember one evening in London," he recounted afterward at supper amid the luxury of his Riverside Drive home, "when I reached the pleasant condition of having had nothing to eat all day. I had just one shilling—my last—in my pocket. I was walking along, looking somewhat covetously into the pastry shops I passed, wondering how, on my pittance, I could dissipate the carking hunger to the best advantage. Suddenly I came upon a friend of mine, a vagabond like myself, but apparently then in much better luck. He was gorgeously arrayed in all the black-and-white splendour of evening clothes. He had a dinner invitation, he explained, at Lord Cavendish's, or some such great house; we'd go in somewhere and have something on the strength of it.

"We went into one of those Bodega places that are scattered over London, where you get a very decent glass of champagne on draught for sixpence. They always had a large cheese about, you know, from which you may help yourself, which is about the nearest approach England makes to the American free-lunch.

"Well, we tucked into the cheese, at least I know I did, and we had our glass of champagne each. Now I don't know whether you know it or not, but there is probably not a mixture in the world that is surer to create hunger than cheese and champagne.

"I did not need an appetite, I had a huge one already, but after that cheese and champagne I had a positive gnawing. I was mentally gloating over the shilling's worth of food I would go forth and feast on, when my friend, shuffling his hands nervously from pocket to pocket, turned to me and said:

"'I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry, but I seem to have left my pocket-book at home. If you happen to have a shilling about you—' and I had the satisfaction of paying out my last shilling for that hunger-raising cheese and champagne!"

The true Mansfield, Mansfield the indomitable, came out in the crucible of these trials. He wrote his mother, but he scorned to ask again for money, well as he understood the fiery temperament which is the expression of impulse. They exchanged most affectionate letters. But he was never to see her again.

The sale of an occasional picture, or the acceptance of a story or poem by a magazine, gave him barely sufficient to eke along. It was with difficulty he was able to put up a respectable appearance when he was so fortunate as to have an invitation to fashionable houses. But nonnutritive as were the unsubstantials that were exploited there in the form of cold collations, the truth is that had he declined these invitations he would have gone hungry.

His discovery of Mrs. Hall, mother of a group of charming girl friends in Boston, and of his old friends, Mrs. Howe and her daughter Maude, afforded bright spots in this otherwise cheerless period. The dinners to which these ladies invited him were often providential interpositions between him and starvation.

At length his wardrobe became so reduced that attendance at any but the most informal entertainments became

out of the question, and finally he had to give up these. Soon he was inking the seams of his coat and wandered about shunning friends for fear they would learn to what a condition he was reduced.

"Often," he admitted, "I stayed in bed and slept because when I was awake I was hungry. Foot-sore I would gaze into the windows of restaurants, bakeries, and fruit-shops, thinking the food displayed in them the most tempting and beautiful sight in the world. There were times when I literally dined on sights and smells."

He did every species of dramatic and musical hack work in drawing-rooms, in clubs, and in special performances in theatres. Sometimes he got into an obscure provincial company, but he said that his very cleverness was a kind of curse, since the harder he worked and the better the audiences liked him the quicker he was discharged. The established favourites of these little companies always struck when a newcomer made a hit.

His humour did not forsake him, but it became somewhat cynical. The equal helplessness of success or failure begot a kind of audacity which broke out in the most unexpected caprices.

In one instance, when he foresaw immediate dismissal, he executed a sweet revenge on a jealous comedian who, with Mansfield and one other, sang a trio. As each came forward for his verse the other two sat back on either side of the stage, then rose, joined in the chorus, danced a few steps, and fell back again into the chairs. While the comedian was working hard down front Mansfield ostentatiously took a large pin from the lapel of his coat, with great pain bent it as every school-boy knows how, and getting his cue suddenly to join in the chorus, quickly put the bent pin in his own chair. At the con-

clusion of the dance he swung round before the chair and assumed to sit down with violence. As he was just about to touch the chair he reached for the pin, and the audience, which had all this time paid no attention to the comedian, now roared with laughter.

On another occasion, in a little sketch called "A Special-Delivery Letter," he was intrusted with the part of the Squire who was to receive the letter—or rather, who was to call for it and not get it because the villain had stolen it. His only line was "I *am* surprised," and then he was to go off the stage. The manager explained that they could not pay much for one line, yet they couldn't get a super who could look like a country gentleman. Mansfield's pride was touched. He had to prove he was better than a super, and took the part with the proviso that he be allowed to work it up in his own manner, though he warned the manager that he would not be able to give satisfaction.

Once he got on the stage he bade fair never to leave it. When he was assured that there was no letter he improvised a comic scene of anger, resentment, and bluster which sent the audience into paroxysms of laughter. He delivered a tirade on every one in sight. His brother, who was a member of Parliament, would look into the special delivery department, his wife's cousin was a peer and the House of Lords would pass a measure abolishing the whole post-office system! Every other sentence was punctuated with "I *am* surprised!" The stage-manager shouted to him to come off and threw himself into a sweat threatening violence, but Mansfield finished his part as he had written it. That night he was discharged.

But nothing else he did equalled Mansfield's recital of his experience the night he condescended to the

plebeian rôle of a waiter and wore an apron. His whole "business" was to draw a cork, but he took pains to drive that cork home before coming on the stage. When his cue came to draw the cork he tugged and tugged in vain. His face grew scarlet and perspiration dropped from his forehead. Then he handed the bottle to another waiter who struggled with all his strength without budging the cork. Mansfield turned a deaf ear to the voices in the wings shouting for him to leave the stage. He took the bottle back again and with renewed effort finally dislodged the cork. The insignificant pop it gave after those Titanic efforts again brought down the house. His hit meant his dismissal as usual.

In 1878 Gilbert and Sullivan made their first great hit with their delightful operatic satire on the British navy, "H. M. S. Pinafore." Gilbert had for a decade been a popular dramatist. They had been collaborating, too, in several previous efforts, but this was their first triumph. In the autumn D'Oyly Carte planned a second and a third company to play "Pinafore" in the provinces. Having succeeded in no other direction, Mansfield went to his office and registered. One day, after much patience, he was granted an interview with the mighty Gilbert.

He was asked to sing and, turning to the pianist—who happened to be Alfred Cellier—Mansfield said, "Play 'La ci darem.'"

"You don't mean the duet from 'Don Giovanni'?" exclaimed the astonished Cellier.

"Play, play," repeated Mansfield imperatively. He was somewhat impatient, for instead of buying breakfast that morning he had put a boutonnière in his lapel.

When he finished the duet, alternating his deep, full barytone with his wonderful falsetto tones, he was given

the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty. It is a part requiring distinction of manner, a good voice, perfect enunciation, and agility in dancing. Mansfield had all of these, and his success in the part was very considerable, although none but the second-class towns were visited by the company of which he was a member.

The tour included Scotland and Wales as well as England. No town that had a hall was too small to be visited. The musical accompaniment was played on metallic pianos and asthmatic harmoniums. It would appear that both were used in Darlington—as Darlington was one of the larger towns visited this may have been the occasion for an "enlarged orchestra"—for a local paper said: "Mr. Horner, a gentleman well known for his musical ability, manipulated both the piano and the harmonium." Could the meaning have been that this gifted operative played both at the same time? At Colchester "the band of the Royal Dragoons played the overture." Then a piano accompaniment to the opera? Anticlimax!

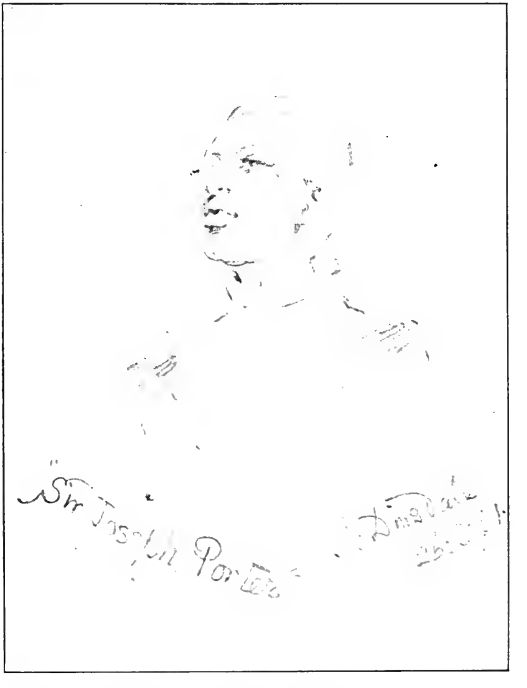
The only scrap-book that Mansfield ever kept covered these years on tour in "Pinafore." Its yellowed pages tell a story which must have warmed his heart. The notices it contains are in no sense criticisms—mere bald, crude reporting of the facts of the performance, but nearly always with some honeyed word for "the irresistibly comic interpretation of the young man, R. Mansfield, who played Sir Joseph Porter." Pasted inside the cover is a delicate pencil sketch of him in the character, drawn by his friend, J. Dimsdale, "September 26, 1877," and on the rough exterior he sketched with his own pen a merciless caricature of himself in the same rôle.

Augustus van Biene, the actor and musician, whose performance of "The Broken Melody" afterward in England rivalled in length of days and popularity "The Old Homestead" in America, was the musical director for a time. When he heard of Mansfield's later triumphs he exclaimed: "What dreams of success we dreamed! What castles in the air we projected even then! Some day we would astonish the world! And our joint salaries were just thirty-five dollars a week!"

"Richard Barker was the stage manager and Mansfield could never please him. After trying again and again, he once cried: 'Please, Barker, do let me alone. I shall be all right. I have acted the part.' 'Not you,' declared Barker. 'Act? You act, man? You will never act as long as you live!'"

Mansfield, writing some years after [1] for some young people who were allured by their impressions of the actor's life, referred to these first provincial experiences: "Have you any idea of what a dressing-room is like? In what places we sometimes have to dress? I have stood in Wales in the act of making-up—the technical term for painting your face—standing with one foot on a brick and with the other foot on a brick, and the water running all about me; with a little piece of cracked looking-glass in my hand; and the stage was made out of a number of boards laid across barrels, with the ladies dressing on one side of the stage and the gentlemen on the other side, and consequently the exits and the entrances had to be changed. We had two exits, one on one side where the gentlemen dressed, and one exit on the side where the ladies dressed, but occasionally we forgot and once I 'exited,' if I may be

[1] First Chicago address, February, 1898.



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K. C. B.

From a drawing by J. Dimsdale, 1879

permitted to use the term, on the side where the ladies dressed, and there were shrieks which were not written by the author of the play."

In America a comedian who could successfully carry the leading rôle in a touring comic opera would command and receive from one to two hundred dollars a week. For upward of a year Mansfield's weekly salary for playing Sir Joseph Porter was three pounds.

His own account of his revolt for an additional six shillings a week in the fall of 1879 and of what followed, written down in his own terms at the time of his telling, lacks only the spirit and magnetism of his recital:

"The management of that company was most exacting. For the slightest excuse, or none at all, salaries were cut, fines were imposed, or the victim discharged with short shrift. Before long I felt the halter draw, and, not yielding promptly to unjust demands, coupled with a request for a raise of six shillings in salary after a year's successful service, I was promptly set adrift with scarcely a shilling in my pocket. On the munificent salary of three pounds a week it was impossible to lay by anything, and so I journeyed to London with nothing in my pocket but a little contribution which a kind woman of the company forced on me just as I was leaving on my forlorn trip back to the metropolis. Several years ago I found this generous soul in destitute circumstances, over in London, and had the inexpressible pleasure of adding a little to her comfort.

"Reaching my poor lodgings in London, I soon fell into desperate straits. Without money or friends, and with no professional opening, I was soon forced to pawn my few belongings to pay for food. I did not know which way to turn, and was in such extremity that the

most gloomy reflections overwhelmed me and I could see no hope in life."

The recollection of the rebuffs, poverty, starvation, inability to find sympathy, because possibly of the pride which repelled it, the ill-fortune which snatched the extended opportunity just as he was about to grasp it, the jealousy of established favourites of the encroaching popularity of newcomers, the hardships of provincial travel and life in a part of the country and at a time when the play-actor was still regarded as a kind of vagabond, and was paid as such; the severity of the discipline he encountered from the despots over him—all painted pictures on his memory and fed a fire under the furnace of his nature which tempered the steel in his composition to inflexibility. The stern rod of discipline was held over him every moment and often fell with unforgetable severity. He was trained by autocrats in a school of experience more autocratic than anything known to the younger actors of this generation.

CHAPTER SIX

(1878–1880)

A dream and its realisation—Plays Sir Joseph again on tour—The first performance of "The Pirates of Penzance"—Improvising patter music—Plays John Wellington Wells in "The Sorcerer"—The spur of discontent—Resigns—Back again in London.

WHAT befell Mansfield while in the distressed state of mind and spirit before described cannot be better conveyed by resuming his own narrative last referred to:

"This was the condition of affairs when a strange happening befell me. Retiring for the night in a perfectly hopeless frame of mind, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed dreams. Finally toward morning this fantasy came to me. I seemed in my disturbed sleep to hear a cab drive up to the door as if in a great hurry. There was a knock, and in my dream I opened the door and found D'Oyly Carte's yellow-haired secretary standing outside. He exclaimed:

"'Can you pack up and catch the train in ten minutes to rejoin the company?'

"'I can,' was the dreamland reply. There seemed to be a rushing about while I swept a few things into my bag, then the cab door was slammed and we were off to the station.

"This was all a dream, but here is the inexplicable

dénouement. The dream was so vivid and startling that I immediately awoke with a strange, uncanny sensation, and sprang to my feet. It was six o'clock, and only bare and gloomy surroundings met my eye. On a chair rested my travelling bag, and through some impulse that I could not explain at the time and cannot account for now, I picked it up and hurriedly swept into it a few articles that had escaped the pawn-shop. It did not take long to complete my toilet, and then I sat down to think.

"Presently, when I had reached the extreme point of dejection, a cab rattled up, there was a knock, and there stood D'Oyly Carte's secretary, just as I saw him in my dreams. He seemed to be in a great flurry, and cried out:

"'Can you pack up and reach the station in ten minutes to rejoin the company?'

"'I can,' said I calmly, pointing to my bag, 'for I was expecting you.'

"The man was a little startled by this seemingly strange remark, but bundled me into the cab without further ado, and we hurried away to the station exactly in accord with my dream. That was the beginning of a long engagement, and, although I have known hard times since, it was the turning point in my career.

"How do I account for the dream and its realisation?" exclaimed Mansfield in answer to a rather incredulous question. "I have already said that I have no theory whatever in regard to the matter. I do not account for it. It is enough for me to know that I dreamed certain things which were presently realised in the exact order of the dream. Having no superstitions, it is impossible to philosophise over the occurrence. All I know is that

everything happened in the exact order that I have stated it."

One man's misfortune is another man's opportunity. W. S. Penley—he who was to be "Charley's Aunt" Penley—was playing Sir Joseph Porter in the first touring company. He fell ill early in December, and it was to take his place that Mansfield had been sent for. His début in the more important company was made at Bristol, December 10, 1879.

He now experienced the novelty and the delight of playing long engagements in the larger provincial cities. A fortnight at holiday time was spent at Torquay, and some impression of Mansfield's successs among a better class of artists may be gained from the Torquay *Times's* review:

"The success of the piece is made by the First Lord . . . and more elegantly embodied ludicrousness the stage has never exhibited. It is impossible to imagine how an actor could do more justice to an author's conception than Mr. Mansfield does to this effort of Mr. Gilbert's prolific brain. . . . We cannot but confess the success is due, in a very eminent degree, to the faultless acting of Mr. Mansfield as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B."

Two miles south of Torquay on the Devonshire coast is the village of Paignton. This little town at the time had a quaint bandbox, which boasted the imposing name of The Royal Bijou Theatre. On Tuesday, December 30, the posting boards before the Royal Bijou announced to the world—or to such a proportion as meandered past the theatre during the morning—that on that afternoon, at two o'clock, would be performed an entirely new and original opera, by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, entitled "The Pirates of Penzance, or Love and Duty."

This was the first performance [1] of this work on any stage, and the last, too, for some time. It was in reality a hurry-up copyright representation, demanded by English law for the protection of dramatic authors, and was given in this obscure town purposely. The "Pirates" had been produced in America, and this was an expedient to prevent its being pirated in England.

The "Pinafore" company playing in Torquay drove over for the afternoon and sang and acted the parts. It was an amusing experience indeed. There could scarcely have been a numerous audience; there never is at these impromptu performances, but it included Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Gilbert, and not-yet-Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Mr. Gilbert had completed the book, but Arthur Sullivan had not yet written all the music to his own satisfaction. The Major-General's patter song balked his most ingenious effort. It was marked "to be recited" in the part given Mansfield, but he was so amused at the ingenuity of the rhyme and rhythm that he committed the song to memory on the instant, and insisted on being allowed to sing it.

"But there is no music," protested the director of the orchestra.

"Just give me sixteenth notes in the key of G, two beats

[1] The cast is interesting not merely as a record, but also on account of the embryonic celebrities:

Major-General	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
The Pirate King	Mr. Frederici.
Frederick (a pirate)	Mr. Cadwallader.
Samuel } pirates	Mr. Lackner
James } pirates	Mr. Lehay.
Sergeant of Police	Mr. Billington.
Mabel	Miss Petrelli.
Edith	Miss May.
Isabel	Miss K. Neville.
Kate	Miss Monmouth.
Ruth (Frederick's nurse)	Miss Fanny Harrison.

to the measure, play soft and follow me," he replied, and began the song:

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,
I have information vegetable, animal and mineral,
I know the Kings of England, I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.
I am very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical;
I understand equations both simple and quadratical;
About binominal theorems I'm teeming with a lot of news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

He chattered the words off at a furious rate, but with a crisp, distinct enunciation that gave every syllable its value—making the tune up as he went along. Every one roared at the effect, and the composer was so amused that he never attempted to write any other music for this song.

Mansfield's effort attracted attention in London. The *World* said he "scored decidedly," and "his impersonation of the Major-General, though at present merely sketched, displayed marked originality of conception and dramatic talent."

From Devonshire the company went to Ireland, but played only in Dublin and Belfast. In both cities there were many points of intimate personal interest to Mansfield, especially in the capital, the former home of his grandfather and his mother. He crossed to England again, and such was the success of himself and his associates that almost the entire year of 1880 was spent in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Sunderland.

Mansfield had meantime added a new rôle and a pro-

nounced success to his experience. "The Sorcerer," by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, had been presented at the Royalty, London, in 1877, but D'Oyly Carte's travelling company first played it in 1880. To Mansfield was assigned the title rôle of John Wellington Wells, the remarkable travelling salesman of a firm of family sorcerers. Love philtres are his stock in trade, and the complications arise from his sale of them in a peaceful village. The story was suggested first in a sort of prose "Bab Ballad" which Mr. Gilbert wrote years before for a Christmas number of the *Graphic*.

Mansfield's old scrap-book hints that he took a leaf out of his experience in Boston, for in Wells the critics found they had "a modern Yankee of the 'cutest description." He received most praise for his patter song, "I am John Wellington Wells," and the dramatic delivery of the weird incantation scene.

During the engagement at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, late in June, he sprained his ankle while dancing, but pluckily returned to the cast in a fortnight. This ankle was always weak thereafter. The next time it went back on him proved not to be an unmixed misfortune, for indirectly it led him out into the white light of his first real triumph.

"The Pirates of Penzance" had its metropolitan premier at the Opera Comique early in 1880, and captured London. Its fame spread, and D'Oyly Carte's company added it to their Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire in the autumn. Mansfield resumed his original character, "the very pattern of a modern Major-General." The smartness with which he took off the mannerisms of military swells, his irresistible linguistic fluency and affectation, and his original manner of hesitating at the end of a line

to get a correct rhyme, were all noted by the appreciative reviewers.

He had demonstrated his talents to his own satisfaction in three markedly contrasted rôles at the head of an important, if provincial, company. But he evidently felt the fret of the routine. Gypsying in the northern cities was ineffably wearying to one of his temperament. He felt, too, the lure of London. He wrote to America: "I am making a living, but I am not making progress." That note of dissatisfaction never left him. It was the whip of his ambitions. Already a career was coaxing him. That he was making a living was not enough. That he was doing admirably what he was doing was not enough. The call was too strong, and shortly after the holidays he handed in his resignation and returned to London, determined to become a metropolitan actor.

This was rather forcing the hand of Fate. That, however, seems to have been a game that he learned early, and he played it all his life. He never waited for opportunity to hunt him up. It was his plan to create an occasion and then realise on it. The boys at Derby had already named him "Cork" Mansfield. London, however, appears not to have been waiting for him. Perhaps he had counted on this.

The curiosity of ambitious young comedians was at this time inevitably centred on the next product of the fertile imagination of the authors of "The Sorcerer," "Pinafore," and "The Pirates." Gilbert had for thirteen years been producing at the rate of four plays a year. Doubtless he wrote much also that was not acted. Here was a pen to watch, and there had been nothing from the miraculous nib for a twelve-month. Gossip in the clubs

and in the coffee-rooms began to be busy with rumours of an operatic satire on the reigning æsthetic fad.

Mansfield felt himself peculiarly adapted to play the exquisite. He decided again to beard the lion in his den. He was forth on this mission when he came face to face with the great Gilbert in the Strand. Before Mansfield could give greeting, Gilbert opened fire:

"Sir, they tell me you dared to change the business set down in my book. You shall never be cast in any of my operas again." And then he stalked majestically away, leaving Mansfield with the wind all spilled out of his sails, to drift as he could.

After a rudderless hour or two his friend George Giddens sighted him and towed him into the cosey harbour of the Savage Club. Under the sunny influence of his good friends there Mansfield soon forgot the recent squall and warmed to the spirit of the occasion. He sat down at the piano and presently had the room fascinated with his imitations, parodies, and instrumental absurdities.

After an hour or more of this a gentleman, who had been sitting quietly in a corner throughout his performance, approached Mansfield and introduced himself:

"I'm Frank Fairleigh——"

"And author of 'As in a Looking Glass,' are you not, Captain?" interrupted Mansfield.

"Yes," resumed Captain Fairleigh, "but, what is more to the point, I am one of the lessees of the Globe Theatre. My partner, Mr. Henderson, has in rehearsal a new opera comique by Offenbach. The company is completed, but I think we can make room for you. Come to our offices to-morrow at noon."

CHAPTER SEVEN

(1881–1882)

Joins the company at the Globe—His first parts in London—News of his mother's death—Anecdotes of Madame Rudersdorff—Acts Brigard in "Frou-Frou"—Woolstone in "Not Registered"—The Inn-keeper in "The Mascotte"—A call from Jordan—Sails for America.

NEXT day Mansfield repaired to the Globe and was admitted to the company. The operetta in rehearsal was Offenbach's "La Boulangère," the book being the work of the equally celebrated Meilhac and Halévy. The gentleman who was cast for Coquebert dropped out for some reason, and the part was given to Mansfield for what was practically his first appearance on the stage in London, as the effort in St. George's Hall had terminated unfortunately before it had begun.

"La Boulangère" proved to be a Parisian Bakeress who had made a fortune in John Law's Mississippi scheme. To improve her deportment she engages as her lackey, M. Coquebert, a gentleman in reduced circumstances. The fun of the lackey's part, as written, was somewhat anæmic, and Mansfield was allowed to enlarge his opportunity to amuse the audience. The piece was produced April 16, 1881, and Mansfield succeeded in making an impression. He rushed on, at one point, in manifest distress, and improvised a scene he was sup-

posed to have just witnessed between the soprano, the tenor robusto, and the basso profundo of a stranded Italian opera company. His Italian patter talk brought down the house.

In the autumn he moved to the Royalty. Burlesque had had for a long time been the form of entertainment associated with this house, and the finest talent in England had been in evidence here. The management now changed its policy, however, and the stage of the Royalty was for a time devoted to the light forms of comedy drama.

The first offering was "Out of the Hunt," "a fairly merry little play," founded on "Les Demoiselles de Montfermeil" of Barrière and Bernard, and produced on the eighth of October.[1]

It met with little favour. As Monsieur Phillipe, the proprietor of a hotel, Mansfield made an amusing sketch of a business-like little old Frenchman.

After a few days the parts of a new play were distributed, and on November 12 the company acted for

[1] The cast indicates who were Mr. Mansfield's associates at this theatre:

Jugertha Brown	Mr. G. W. Anson.
Lord Waverly Battleaxe	Mr. J. G. Taylor.
Walton Weare	Mr. F. Everill.
Monsieur Phillipe	Mr. R. Mansfield.
Mr. Ap-hazard	Mr. Lytton Grey.
Marshley Bittern	Mr. E. Sothern.
Waiter	Mr. C. Parry.
Chris Deverill	Mr. F. Rodney.
Sir Babbleton Deverill	Mr. C. Glenny.
Winsome Weare	Miss Lydia Cowell.
Hazel Brown	Miss C. Arditi.
Gerty Milford	Miss Maud Branscombe.
Louise Ap-hazard	Miss Edith Vancher.
"Ma"	Mrs. Bant.
Josephine	Miss J. Gompertz.
Tipps	Miss L. Comyns.
Orinthia Fitz-Ormond	Miss Lottie Venne.

"E. Sothern" of this cast was Edward H. Sothern, and this was his first London appearance. To be exact, he appeared first in a comedietta, "False Colors," which opened the evening's bill.

the first time on any stage Sydney Grundy's farcical comedy, "Dust," from the French of "La Point de Mire," by Labiche and Delacour. Mansfield played Herbert Olwyn. But he did not play it long. Whatever fun there was in the original play was dissipated in the adaptation, and "Dust" was retired after seven nights.

Comedy having failed, the Royalty returned to its old love—burlesque—by degrees. "Geneviève de Brabant," an opera comique, was first revived, Mansfield playing the Burgomaster, and then Henry Byron's "Pluto" was taken off the shelf, dusted up, and presented to its old friends on December 26. This was preceded by "The Fisherman's Daughter," an original comedy drama in two acts by Charles Garvice. Mansfield played Old Sherman in the shorter piece, but did not appear in Byron's burlesque.

Early in the new year he experienced his first great sorrow. Returning home to his lodgings one night he found a cable dispatch which told him that his best and oldest friend, his confidante, his first audience, his severest critic, the repository of his jealously given affections, the one person in all the world who really understood the jangling discords of his complex nature—his mother—was dead.

The Destroyer never before or after stepped between him and any one who was woven in the woof of his innermost affections. The poignancy of his suffering was sharpened by the helplessness of distance, his isolation from any one with whom he could relieve his overflowing heart, and the unsparing brevity and literalness of the message.

Letters, the preceding autumn, had told him of the fire which had destroyed her country house at Lakeside. Noth-

ing was saved. In an hour were swept away her entire operatic wardrobe and the precious souvenirs of a remarkable career. Fortunately, her celebrated laces—a collection based on the gifts of her friend, the Duchess Sophia of Baden, and augmented during many years by her own unsurpassed judgment—were on deposit in a vault in the city. But the fire swept the other trophies of her years of triumph—the gifts of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Tietjens, Prince Napoleon, King William II of Holland, Albert consort of Victoria, Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, and many of the minor princes to whose courts she had been welcomed.

She returned to Boston and took up her residence at the Hotel La Grange. She wrote less and less frequently to her son, and finally the letters stopped. Knowing her disposition he suspected nothing. She was in truth fatally ill, patient under terrible suffering, from which she was relieved on February 22, 1882.

Madame Mansfield-Rudersdorff, as she called herself, is buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston. Her grave is marked by a large boulder half overgrown with ivy. As long as Mansfield lived he kept a circle of scarlet tulips in bloom about the base of the rock, and the brown and green and scarlet made a striking harmony. Nearby sleep Edwin Booth and Phillips Brooks, and her own dear friend, Longfellow.

In her will Richard was made her sole heir, with the capricious proviso that no portion of the inheritance should pass into his hands so long as he remained unmarried.

Madame Rudersdorff's public life was crowned and closed fittingly with her triumph as soloist of the Peace Jubilee. She taught continually; at long intervals she

sang in oratorio in Boston and, on rare occasions, as a favour to her friends Strakosch and Mapleson, when illness embarrassed their plans, she sang her operatic rôles.

She appeared on the New York operatic stage but once. In 1878 she was especially engaged with the Adams-Pappenheim Company at the Academy of Music. On September 13 she sang Ortrud, in "Lohengrin," a rôle in which she is said to have been at the time without a peer.

As a boy Mansfield had been fascinated by the "histoirettes," endless as they were entertaining, which she told with inimitable mimicry of the great personages she had met, with graphic description of place and dress. In later life he recalled many of them, and his mimicry could have been no less amusing than hers. A few others of these anecdotes, reproduced from his own narrative in *The Theatre*, may not be out of place before this remarkable woman passes finally out of this chronicle:

"I am afraid that Madame Rudersdorff was at times more feared than beloved by her colleagues. In proof of this a strange incident occurred on the stage of one of the provincial towns. The opera for the evening was 'Lucretia Borgia,' with Madame Rudersdorff in the title-rôle. It was a part in which she greatly excelled, and in which her ability as an actress and her power as a dramatic singer found full scope. If I remember rightly, Signor ——— was the conductor, and the cast included, among others, another great prima donna of the day, and Mr. P———. Lucretia Borgia has to appear on the scene in a towering rage. Madame Rudersdorff, as was customary with her, worked herself up to the necessary pitch behind the scenes, and when she flew on the stage she was indeed terrible to behold.

"So at least thought Mr. P———, for in answer to her burst of passion (which takes the form of recitative) not a note could the thoroughly frightened tenor produce. So lifelike was her representation that Mr. P———, believing himself really in great peril, could remember neither music nor words. In vain Madame Rudersdorff repeated the last few bars of the recitative, the tenor could neither cry out nor sing. In vain Madame Rudersdorff and Madame ——— interpolated some recitative of their own composition, and in Italian besought him to 'take courage and go on.' In vain the orchestra repeated the cue. Not a sound from the terror-stricken tenor. The opera was at a standstill.

"Fortunately, the conductor (a celebrated composer, now living) was equal to the occasion, and the orchestra played what the tenor should have sung. After the curtain had fallen, Signor ——— made his way behind the scenes: 'What on earth do you mean,' said he, 'by making such a mess of it?' 'How the d—— could I tell,' replied the crestfallen tenor, 'that Madame Rudersdorff was going to be in such a towering rage?'

"Madame Rudersdorff was wont to be as good as her word. Whilst on tour in Ireland the tenor fell ill, and was replaced by a youthful aspirant to operatic honours of exceedingly diminutive stature and of mean capacity, whose birthplace was Dublin, and whose friends had engaged the manager. But the little man could neither sing nor act, and his conceit was, strange to say, as great as his ignorance. Madame Rudersdorff soon lost patience with him and determined to rid the company of this incubus.

"The opportunity soon occurred and in Dublin. It doesn't much signify what opera was being performed,

but Madame Rudersdorff wore a very long dress. The unhappy tenor could in no way avoid this very long dress; in whatever position he placed himself, somehow or other he always found himself standing on her train. He would no sooner disentangle himself and seize the opportunity to strike a picturesque attitude, when lo! he beheld the pale pink shimmer of Madame Rudersdorff's robe beneath his feet.

"Madame was exasperated beyond all endurance, her finest effects were spoiled by the persistent awkwardness of the youthful aspirant. 'If you step on my dress again, I give you my word, I will trip you up!' The light tenor fled in horror to another part of the stage. Again he was compelled to approach in order to sing in a trio—a few bars, and behold, he was firmly, but unconsciously, planted on the dress once more. Madame Rudersdorff seized her dress with both her hands and stepped swiftly on one side. The youthful aspirant's legs were drawn from under him and he measured his length on the stage.

"Only those who have played before an Irish audience can form any idea of the effect this produced on the house. In vain he gesticulated wildly, in vain he endeavoured to sing, he actually attempted a protest—the result was only shriek after shriek of laughter. It is not necessary to add that the very light tenor never again appeared in Dublin.

"During the reign of the late and somewhat eccentric Emperor of Austria, Madame Rudersdorff was for some time at the court of Vienna; and if ever I had reason to doubt the reported insanity of his majesty, it was on account of his decided partiality for the great prima donna. Her tales of the Viennese court were many and amusing, but I can only remember a very few likely to be of any interest to the theatrical world.

"The Esterhazy family had attached to their mansion or palace a private theatre, in which it was the delight of their friends and themselves to give representations of plays then in favour before the Emperor, the Court, and the élite of Vienna. Madame Rudersdorff was naturally in great demand, and, besides being called upon to fill the chief rôles, she spent no little time in instructing the Princesses in the art of stage 'get-up.' Despite all her exertions, however, the performances did not always run as smoothly as might have been desired, and one in particular seems to have come to thorough grief.

"I cannot remember what particular play it was the Esterhazys had announced, but, whatever it was, the Emperor graced the performance with his presence, seated in a delightfully comfortable fauteuil very near the stage; and all the court was there in grand gala. The Emperor having been coaxed to silence (for he was an imperial chatterbox), the first act commenced, and everything went well until the elder Esterhazy, stabbed to the heart, had to fall dead on the stage, and chose to fall just beneath the huge candelabrum. Now, most unfortunately, owing to a draught in the upper regions, the waxlights of the candelabrum were dripping, and one by one drops of hot wax fell upon the upturned face of the prostrate count. He bore it like a Spartan for some time, then he began to wink violently (the Emperor leaning forward was eagerly watching the situation), and at last, an extra hot drop having stung him between the eyes, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'Der Teufel mag mir todt sein—ich aber nicht!' (The devil may be dead here—but not I!), and walked himself off amidst the laughter of the audience and to the great delight of the Emperor.

"Silence, after a while, having been restored, the second

act commenced, but proved even more disastrous than the first. The author had introduced a supper in the first scene, and the Esterhazys, by no means content with the shams which a regular stage supper affords, had provided a most gorgeous feast—real champagne, huge pâtés de foies gras, and many other delicacies. To this the *dramatis personæ* sat down and proceeded to enjoy it. Now the Emperor was particularly fond of champagne, it amounted almost to a passion with him. He fidgeted in his chair, he leant forward, he moved closer to the stage, and it was very evident to all the court that the imperial mouth watered. More champagne was brought on; his Majesty could stand it no longer, he sprang on to the stage, at the same time exclaiming: 'Na! wenn's Champagner giebt, da bin ich auch dabei!' (What, champagne! Then I must join you!) It is needless to say that the last act was not played that night.

"The eccentric Emperor's reception of poor Dreyshok has become historical, although I think Madame Rudersdorff, who was an eye-witness, was the one to relate it first. Music was very often the only means of keeping his Imperial Majesty quiet, and Madame Rudersdorff had commenced a small concert by singing 'The Last Rose of Summer.' This so pleased the Emperor that he made her repeat it six times, and it was only on venturing earnestly to plead fatigue that his Majesty refrained from insisting on a seventh performance.

"Dreyshok followed, and it being his first appearance at court, he was naturally very anxious to please. The weather was intensely warm, and the myriad lights of the candelabra and the objection the Emperor entertained for open windows, made the heat of the salons unbearable. Yet Dreyshok laboured bravely, and when he rose

from the piano to make his bow, the perspiration was literally streaming from his face; and to render the poor pianist's situation still more painful, he dared not dry his face with his pocket handkerchief before the Emperor, for fear of offending against court etiquette. However, it was evident that his Majesty was pleased; he advanced smiling toward Dreyshok, and Dreyshok awaited with bowed head the compliments which were doubtless forthcoming. 'Lieber Herr Dreyshok,' said Ferdinand in the broadest Austrian accent, 'I have heard Moschelles, I have heard Thalberg—I have heard all the great players, but I never, I never—(and Dreyshok bowed very low)—I never saw anybody perspire as you do.'"

During the early months of 1882, Mansfield played in two special matinée performances. His characters were Ashley Merton in "Meg's Diversion" and Brigard in "Frou-Frou." The latter play was presented at the Globe Theatre for the purpose of introducing Miss Hilda Hilton. Beerbohm Tree played the Baron de Cambri, and Arthur Forrest, who later played leading rôles with Mansfield in America for ten years, was the Henri de Sartoris.

The bill at the Royalty was changed on April 10 to "Sindbad," the burlesque, preceded by a domestic drama, in two acts, by Arthur Mathison, entitled "Not Registered." Mansfield appeared in the latter piece, supporting the rôle of Theophilus Woolstone. It was his last work at this house. He soon afterward moved to the Comedy Theatre, where "The Mascotte" was enjoying a long run. An insignificant rôle was given to him, the inn-keeper, and he was on the stage less than five minutes in the last act. Yet he spent an hour and a half every night making-up to play that five minutes.

Spring was at hand now and the season was waning. Almost any other young actor of five and twenty years would have felt some satisfaction with what he had accomplished. Not so Mansfield. He was disappointed with himself. The struggle had been hard and he was bitterly poor. One night, sick in body and depressed in mind, he left the stage and threw himself upon the rickety chair in his dank, noxious dressing-room. Too weary and listless to even take off the shell of the character he had been impersonating, he did not hear the door swing quietly on its hinges or notice the figure in the doorway. But as the sharp, hearty, familiar "Well?" broke the stillness, the young man was on his feet in an instant and had the warm hand of the other in his own iron grasp. It was his good friend, Eben Jordan, and the old gentleman was the first human being from that group of dear friends across the water whom Mansfield had seen since his mother died.

They supped together that night, and the story of Mansfield's five years in England was rehearsed. The sun was threatening St. Paul's when they separated, but Mr. Jordan had persuaded Mansfield where his opportunity lay. The next day he resigned from the Comedy Theatre company, and soon he was on the ocean bound for America.

CHAPTER EIGHT

(1882)

The New York stage as Mansfield found it—His first American appearance—Dromez in "Les Manteaux Noirs" at the Standard—Vedder father and son in "Rip Van Winkle"—The Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe"—A sprained ankle causes him to return to New York—Joins the Union Square Theatre Company—Rehearses Tirandel in "A Parisian Romance"—The rôle of the Baron Chevrial is given to him—His premonition of the result.

WHO can say what brave dreams were or were not in Mansfield's heart when he decided to throw his gauge on the American stage? There is much to support those who contend that the early eighties furnished a period in the American Theatre not surpassed by any other epoch of any other stage in the world. The artists of other countries found a welcome here, such as their own stage did not offer the foreigner, and native talent was questionably near its zenith.

A. M. Palmer was closing a memorable tenancy of the Union Square Theatre with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Frederick de Belleville, Owen Fawcett, Eleanor Carey, J. H. Stoddart, John Parselle, Maud Harrison and Sara Jewett.

Wallack's new theatre boasted John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan, Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards, William

Elton, Madame Ponisi, Effie Germon, Fannie Addison Pitt, Arthur Forrest and Herbert Kelcey.

Augustin Daly's list was equally formidable, with Ada Rehan, John Drew, Charles Leclerq, Mrs. Gilbert, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, James Lewis, Charles Fisher, Bijou Heron, Digby Bell, W. J. Le Moyne, Harry M. Pitt, and Isabelle Evesson.

Edwin Booth was at his best. Lawrence Barrett was never in better form. Joseph Jefferson had accomplished, and was acting with his ripest comedy, the rôles that were to give his name endurance. Clara Morris enjoyed the fullest possession of her powers and popularity, and Mary Anderson was her loveliest.

Bernhardt made her first appearance in New York in 1881. Tomaso Salvini, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry came in 1882. The great Ristori followed only two years later. Modjeska and Janauschek had both entrenched themselves in American positions of eminence. Macready, Forrest, and Cushman were not so remote but that their attainments were in the personal experience of many of the generation which was to judge the new aspirant.

It took courage and confidence of a stern mettle to enter these lists. But Mansfield never did the easy thing, and his belief in his own destiny was fixed, though he had as yet done nothing by which to command others to accept his own estimate of himself.

It cannot really be said that he preferred difficulties but they had a subtle attraction for him. He met them always fearlessly, firmly, struggled with them, and mastered them. It was characteristic of him to scent afar the smoke of the artistic battle waging in New York—by comparison with which London's theatrical atmosphere was lethargic—and to rush into the arena.

He came to believe afterward that he had made the one mistake of his life in coming to America. Public opinion here he believed to be provincial, and as such he believed the other nations gauged us, in the sense that a career in America meant nothing abroad; it gave no real position to the artist who ventured before foreign audiences, whereas a foreign artist who appeared in New York was acclaimed before he spoke his first line and had the responsibility not so much of making as of breaking his reputation. Mansfield felt that had he attained his position in England, the conquest of America would have been a hundredfold easier. In other words, in America a foreign artist was assisted by his reputation at home, whereas the judgment given an alien in Europe is hard and fast on merits according to local standards and precedents.

When he arrived in New York he found that his reputation, such as it was, had preceded him—a drawing-room entertainer and a provincial comic-opera comedian. Wallack, Daly, and Palmer declined his services with thanks. From theatre to theatre and from manager to manager he went, full of self-assurance, declining to consider any other than important parts, but his self-assurance was lacking in conviction for men who did not want a provincial comic-opera comedian. Having exhausted the dramatic field, he was forced by dwindling means to forego his ambition and take what he could and not what he would.

Among the many theatres he haunted was the Standard, where an operatic company was organizing to play a recent London success, and determined to be content only with the best, he applied for the leading rôle. On such visits he saw no reason for self-depreciation through

a false sense of modesty. He told what he believed to be the truth about his capacity with the result, in most cases, of a general impression of undisguised conceit.

D'Oyly Carte's interest in the company may have had some effect here, for in this instance the door opened to him and he was cast for Dromez, the miller, in Bucalossi's "Les Manteaux Noirs," or "Three Black Cloaks," as it was afterward Englished. The Standard Theatre stood opposite Greely Square on Sixth Avenue, and was afterward known as the Manhattan Theatre. Entirely unknown to the public, Mansfield here made his first appearance on the professional stage in America, September 27, 1882.[1]

His success that night with his audience, who, after his first song and scene, greeted his every reappearance with applause, was echoed in the critical chorus of the next day. His fun was of ripe and mellow quality, though delightfully inconsequential and unforced. The appeal of his performance was not the phenomenal fashion in which his voice ranged in several registers, or his native fashion of trailing his text through several languages, or the agility of his toes at well nigh impossible angles, but in the fact that he took the trouble to act Dromez as well as to make him up and costume him. Mansfield understood an audience's respect for sincerity, and he never found anything

[1] The cast was as follows:

Don Luis de Rosamonte	W. T. Carleton.
Don Jose	A. Wilkinson.
Dromez, the miller	R. Mansfield.
Nicolas	W. Gillow.
Manuel	William White.
Palomez	J. Furey.
Don Philip of Aragon	J. H. Ryley.
Isabel, Queen of Castile	Fanny Edwards.
Clorinda	Joan Rivers.
Gomez	Billie Barlow.
Lazarillo	Mina Rowley.
Girola	Mme. Selina Delaro.

too difficult to do or too trifling to slight. In this instance his performance of the old miller was as perfect as the slender opportunities permitted. He was the success of the opera, but it was as an actor that he made his hit.

In a night he established himself as a comedian, and he might have played in comic opera successfully the rest of his life had he been content.

Unfortunately, the enterprise, as a whole, had no endurance. Its life was forced over four weeks to enable the company to perfect itself in a new piece. On October 28 almost the identical list of singers gave renewed energy to the business of popularising the new Planquette operetta based on Washington Irving's legend of "Rip Van Winkle." The book of the opera was "written" by Meilhac, "adapted" by H. B. Farnie, and "revised" by Dion Bouccicault.

To Mansfield was given the rôle of the old Dutch innkeeper, Nick Vedder. But he also persuaded the management to allow him to play Nick's son Jan in the last act. The willingness of a leading artist to do double service caused some amusement. Evidently this new arrival was manifesting "eccentricities." But neither then nor later was it his custom to take others into his confidence about his intentions or hopes.

Invariably, before this production and again after, the success of this fable on the stage has been the opportunity of the actor playing Rip to appear first as a youth and later as a grizzled old veteran. On this occasion, however, the attention of the audience was for two acts riveted on an ingenious bit of senile characterisation by Mansfield as old Vedder, and in the third act they were further astonished by his reappearance as Nick's own son, Jan, a round-faced, hearty, happy, lusty nimble-

heeled, dashing young Dutchman of about twenty. The finish with which each character was played, the marked contrast between the two, yet the trace of the old father in the youthful son, were the values he depended upon for his favour with his audience. And he won.

It cannot be said that he carried the piece to any success. However happy he was in his work, it was but an incident, though he devoted himself to it with prodigious interest. One chronicle credited him with having written the comedy scene in act two between Nick, Katrina, and the Burgomaster. The *Dramatic Mirror* found that "the little German *volkslied*, 'Gestern abend da,' introduced and admirably sung by Mr. Mansfield, was in the surrounding gloom like a ray of light in a shady place." The management decided to retire Rip as soon as something new could be made ready.

The choice fell on the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera which these authors at first called "Perola." This title was afterward changed to "Iolanthe, or the Peer and the Peri," and in this they departed from the initial "P" for the first time since success stamped their career of comic-opera collaboration. They evidently had the alliterative group—"Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Patience"—in view when they had chosen "Perola, or the Peer and the Peri." The superstitious may believe that "Iolanthe" would have been more fortunate with its earlier name. Other authors followed routine in naming their plays. Tom Robertson's list is distinguished by titles of a single short word—"Home," "School," "Caste," "Dreams," "Society," "Progress," "Ours," "Play"; Charles Hoyt's farces always began with the article "A"—"A Tin Soldier," "A Hole in the Ground," "A Brass Monkey," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Temperance

Town," "A Texas Steer"; Augustus Thomas at one time gave promise of naming each of his delightful plays after one of the States of the Union.

Mansfield was under discussion for the leading comedy rôle of the Lord Chancellor in the New York production of "Iolanthe." He was sent instead to Philadelphia to join the D'Oyly Carte company preparing to present the same opera there, acting in "Rip" until he left New York in the middle of November.

While in Philadelphia he lived at the Lafayette Hotel, then situated on Broad Street near the corner of Chestnut, where one evening he gave unexpected proof of his skill as an actor off the stage as well as on. His slender means and a desire to nurse his restless nerves as far as possible from the noises of the street drove him into an inexpensive room at the top of the house. Before the days of fireproof buildings the danger in height played a large part in the price of hotel rooms.

He never could sleep if he retired early, and it was two o'clock one morning when his last pipe went gray and he was making ready for bed. Just before putting out the lights he rang the bell for the hall boy to bring some drinking water. He made several trips to the button on the wall, but no one answered. Bad service always annoyed him, and with mounting anger he drew on a dressing gown and went to the elevator to inquire the reason for such inefficiency. For five more minutes he stood pressing the elevator bell-button, still no one came. Manifestly the servants had chosen this small hour of the morning for a lark, doubtless with cards and dice, below in the porter's room. Thoroughly aroused, he started to walk down to the office.

The long journey down nine flights of stairs gave him

ample opportunity to decide on the terms of his complaint. As he never cherished resentment, he was less than half way down when his sense of fun asserted itself. The scene he would act flashed upon him. Inevitably there was a twinkle in his eye as he rushed down the last steps and across to the desk, though his whole manner was eloquent of terror, indignation, and helplessness.

"What is the matter with this house! Where are the servants! Why are no bells answered!" he cried, bursting suddenly upon the astonished clerk. "Fifteen minutes ago a maniac broke into my room. I was alone and unarmed, for a small revolver with which I threatened him [he never had a weapon in his life] was empty. Only with the most consummate tact did I manage, without his discovering my purpose, to creep around to the call button. There I stood with my back to the wall, my hand behind me, pushing that button for fifteen minutes—manœuvring for time, arguing, threatening, begging that maniac for my life. Can you conceive of the situation, your hope of everything hanging on idle, neglectful servants who do not come? Finally I took my life in my hands, with a desperate ruse diverted his attention for a second, sprang out of the door, and rushed down here!"

Mansfield's voice and manner left no emotion of the situation unexpressed. The clerk stood petrified with terror and apprehension. At last he found his voice and asked in a chattering tremolo: "W-w-where is the man?"

"I don't know," replied Mansfield. "Roaming about the house, I presume. He has frightened all the fear out of me. Send the elevator boy. I'm going back to bed."

The night of his début as the Lord Chancellor was almost at hand when he was obliged to abandon the rôle to another. While rehearsing he became violently ill with

acute indigestion. This distress harassed him all his life and at times completely disorganised his nervous system, which was in his art an invaluable asset but in his life a treacherous enemy. When the distress became acute he would, with the exercise of heroic will power, control his nerves while acting, but the collapse afterward was as complete as it was inevitable.

Even when a boy his stomach was his *bête noir*. So he wrote in 1873, in an album of questions and answers which belonged to his friend, Miss Abby Alger, daughter of the Rev. William Alger, of Boston. The interest in these confessions is decidedly heightened by the fact of their having been written in his sixteenth year.

What is your favourite colour? Rouge.
What is your favourite flower? Cauliflower.
Your favourite painters? Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine and Turner.
Your favourite musicians? Bach (?).
Your favourite piece of sculpture? Laocoon.
Your favourite poets? Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Schiller.
Your favourite poetesses? Browning.
Your favourite prose authors? Dickens and Thackeray.
Your favourite character in Romance? The character in the last novel I read.
Your favourite character in History? Wallenstein.
Your favourite book to take up for an hour? "David Copperfield" or "Pickwick Papers."
What book (not religious) would you part with last? Horace (Odes).
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? The eighteenth century.
Where would you like to live? On the Lac di Como.
What is your favourite amusement? Boating.

What traits of character do you most admire in man? Energy and perseverance.

What traits of character do you most admire in women? Grace, wit, and modesty.

What trait do you most detest in each? Humbug.

What is your idea of happiness? Renown and wealth.

What is your idea of misery? Lying in a swamp amidst the mosquitoes.

What is your *bête-noir?* Dyspepsia.

What is your dream? (He altered this question to "When do I dream?" and wrote under "Dyspepsia" the word) Ditto.

What do you most dread? A bore.

What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics? All brass and no brass.

What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? Ambition.

What are the sweetest words in the world? Dinner!

What are the saddest? "My boy, the servants have left us and you will be obliged to wash up the dishes, clean your boots, cook your breakfast, make your bed and stop at home."

"Iolanthe" was produced in Philadelphia, December 5, without Mansfield in the cast. Presently another company was organised to tour in this opera, and the D'Oyly Carte management lent him to play the Lord Chancellor. He was soon again in health, and appeared in this character first on Monday evening, December 18, in Baltimore.

It is a rôle which requires remarkable agility in dancing. The début was accomplished in a wholly gratifying manner, and his success threatened him with a career on tour in the lesser cities of America, a mere continuation of the routine in England from which he had fled.

If ever a blessing came disguised as a calamity, it now

befell Mansfield. On Wednesday night, on the occasion of his third performance of the nimble Lord Chancellor, that ankle which he had sprained two years before in Edinburgh again betrayed him. In spite of the severity of the sprain he finished the performance, but after the opera he insisted on taking the midnight train for New York. What impelled him, penniless, to resign and beset again in the middle of a winter season the apparently hopeless New York situation?

He may have had in mind a previous talk with A. M. Palmer, when he applied for a place in the celebrated Union Square Stock Company. Mr. Palmer was suavely diplomatic and generously courteous at all times. He had told Mansfield there was "no opening at present," but invited him to inquire again.

On his arrival in New York Mansfield had the cabman put him down at the door of the Union Square Theatre. For two hours he waited for Mr. Palmer to arrive at his office. Finally the manager admitted him. Fearful that a knowledge of his real condition would prevent his engagement, Mansfield walked and stood before him on the swollen foot in spite of the pain. When he left he limped across the icy pavements into Union Square and fell fainting on a park bench.

But he had not come in vain. Palmer had given him a bit to act, the small part of Tirandel, a young swell, excessively *ennuyé*, in a play then in rehearsal, "A Parisian Romance," translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, by A. R. Cazauran, attached to Mr. Palmer's staff.

The rehearsals were easy, for Tirandel never stands up except to sit down. The ankle mended rapidly. Mansfield was delighted with the group of distinguished

artists in which he found himself as a member of one of the most celebrated companies the American theatre boasted.

But contented he was not; he could not be. His ambition was always reaching out. Years afterward he said to the writer, during a lull in a dress rehearsal: "This responsibility and fatigue is overwhelming. See that bright, care-free, contented young fiddler there. He only plays a second violin, yet he is happy. I can't understand it. If I played second fiddle I should want to play first. Then I should want to lead. But I should next want a bigger orchestra, and yet a bigger. One who conducts must be able to compose, and I should want to write magnificent music. If I attained success as a composer, I should not be satisfied if I were not able to take first place."

"And then?"

He was silent, for he did not prefer always to admit practical conclusions. In a moment he sighed and confessed:

"Then I should not be content."

He entered with spirit into the interpretation of Tirandel, an easy morsel for him, but he watched another rôle with consuming avarice. In his heart he yearned to play the Baron Chevrial, already assigned to J. H. Stoddart, one of the most accomplished and popular artists in any New York company.

The story of the memorable sequel is told by Mr. Stoddart himself in his published "Recollections of a Player":

The peculiar attributes of the part caused Mr. Palmer some doubt, for a time, as to a correct and judicious cast for it. Mr. Mansfield had been engaged, but as he was comparatively untried in legitimate work, his position in

the theatre was thought to be a minor one. After the reading of the play the company were unanimous in their opinion that "A Parisian Romance" was a one-part piece, and that part the Baron, and all the principals had their eye on him. After some delay and much expectancy the rôle was given to me. I was playing a strong part in "The Rantzaus," and my friends in the company congratulated me upon the opportunity thus presented of following it up with so powerful a successor. Miss Minnie Conway, who was a member of the company and had seen the play in Paris, said that she thought the Baron a strange part to give to me. "It's a Lester Wallack kind of part," she said.

This information rather disconcerted me, but I rehearsed the part for about a week, and then, being convinced that it did not suit me, I went to Mr. Palmer and told him I felt very doubtful as to whether I could do him or myself justice in it. He would not hear of my giving it up, saying that he knew me better than I did myself; that I was always doubtful; but that he was willing to take the risk. He also read a letter which he had received from some one in Paris, giving advice regarding the production, in which, among other things, it was said that Baron Chevrial was the principal part, that everything depended on him, and that "if you can get Stoddart to look well in full dress, he is the man you must have to play it."

I left Mr. Palmer, resolved to try again, and do my best. Mr. Mansfield was cast in the play for a small part, and, I discovered, was watching me like a cat during rehearsals. A lot of fashion-plates were sent to my dressing-room, with instructions to select my costume. As I had hitherto been, for some time, associated with vagabonds, villains, etc., I think these fashion-plates had a tendency to unnerve me more than anything else. So I again went to Mr. Palmer and told him I could not possibly play the Baron. "You must," said Mr. Palmer. "I rather think Mr. Mansfield must have suspected something of the sort, for he has been to me asking, in the event of your not playing it, that I give it to him. I have

never seen Mr. Mansfield act; he has not had much experience here, and might ruin the production."

At Mr. Palmer's earnest solicitation, I promised to try it again. I had by this time worked myself into such a state of nervousness that my wife interfered. "All the theatres in the world," said she, "are not worth what you are suffering. Go and tell Mr. Palmer you positively cannot play the part." Fearing the outcome, I did not risk another interview with my manager, but sought out Mr. Cazauran, and returned the part to him, with a message to Mr. Palmer that I positively declined to play it.

When the part of Chevrial was given to him, Mansfield was fascinated with his opportunity, but he kept his counsel. He applied every resource of his ability to the composition of his performance of the decrepit old rake. He sought specialists on the infirmities of roués, he studied specimens in clubs, on the avenue, and in hospitals: and in the privacy of his own room he practised make-ups for the part every spare moment. The rehearsals themselves were sufficiently uneventful. He gave evidence of a careful, workmanlike performance, but promise of nothing more.

While he was working out the part Mansfield scarcely ate or slept. He had a habit of dining with a group of young Bohemians at a table d'hôte in Sixth Avenue. The means of none of them made regularity at these forty-cent banquets possible, so his absence was meaningless. One evening, however, he dropped into his accustomed chair, but tasted nothing.

"What's the matter, Mansfield?" asked one of the others.

"To-morrow night I shall be famous," he said. "Come see the play."

His friends were accustomed to lofty talk from him.

His prophecy was answered with a light laugh and it had passed out of their memories as they drifted into the night. This was one of those intuitions to which he often confessed, and it told him that the years of apprenticeship were behind him and the artist in him was on the eve of acknowledgment.

CHAPTER NINE

(1883)

His first appearance as Chevrial—The criticism of old Maurice Strakosch—Famous in a night—Sustenance substituted for stimulants—On tour with the Union Square Company—Appears in Boston for the first time as a professional artist.

A. M. PALMER'S tenancy of the Union Square Theatre furnishes one of the bright chapters in the history of the American theatre. It reflected in a notable degree the sound intelligence, shrewd judgment, graceful character, and irresistible personal charm of its director. Across his stage passed a harmonious procession of distinguished artists. For upward of a dozen years one successful play followed another in a sequence that was extraordinary. He rarely disappointed the high expectations raised by his previous performances, and each time that he opened his doors on the first night of a new work a list of those present furnished a digest of all who were most able, brilliant, and fashionable in the life of the metropolis.

So on the night of January 11, 1883, the theatre was radiant with an expectant audience—half convinced in advance by the record of the Union Square's past, but by the same token exacting to a merciless degree—to see

their old friends in the first performance in America of "A Parisian Romance." [1]

Mansfield made his entrance as the Baron Chevrial within a few moments after the rise of the curtain. It was effected in an unconcerned silence on the part of the audience.

There were, on the other hand, the deserved "receptions" of old favourites by old friends, as Miss Jewett, Miss Vernon, Miss Carey, Mr. DeBelleville, Mr. Parselle, and Mr. Whiting came upon the scene.

When Chevrial, finding himself alone with Tirandel and Laubanière, exposed his amusingly cynical views of life and society, some attention was paid to a remarkable portrait of a polished, but coarse, gay though ageing voluptuary. The scene was short and he was soon off, though not without a little impudent touch, in passing the maid in the doorway, that did not slip unnoticed.

[1] The cast was:

Henri de Targy	Mr. Frederick DeBelleville.
Signor Juliani	Mr. Joseph W. Whiting.
Dr. Chesnel	Mr. John Parselle.
The Baron Chevrial	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
M. Tirandel	Mr. Walden Ramsey.
M. Laubanière	Mr. G. S. Paxton.
M. Vaumartin	Mr. Owen Fawcett.
M. Trevy	Mr. A. Kaufman.
M. Falaise	Mr. A. Becks.
M. Duchalet	Mr. W. Morse.
Ambroise	Mr. Charles Collins.
Pierre	Mr. W. S. Quigley.
Marcelle de Targy	Miss Sarah Jewett.
Madame de Targy	Miss Ida Vernon.
Rosa Guerin	Miss Maude Harrison.
Baroness Chevrial	Miss Eleanor Carey.
Mme. De Luce	Miss Nettie Guion.
Mme. De Valmery	Miss Eloise Willis.
Maris	Miss Nellie Wetherill.
Gillette No. 1	Miss Florence Levian.
Bertholdi	Miss Annie Wakeman.
Gillette No. 2	Miss Nellie Gordon.
Lombardi	Miss Flora Lee.
Bochsa	Miss Jennie Stuart.
Adela	Miss Estelle Clinton.

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From an oil painting by Edgar Cameron

The dramatic disclosures which followed brought the act to a close with applause that augured well. Henri, Marcelle, and Mme. De Targy were called forward enthusiastically.

The second act revealed the Baron's chambers. With the exception of two minutes he was on the stage until the curtain fell. The Baron's effort, so precisely detailed, to reach and raise the dumb-bells, from the floor; the inveterate libertine's interview with shrewd Rosa the danseuse, who took the tips he expected would impoverish her and thus put her in his power, for the purpose of playing them the other way; the biting deliberation of his interview with his good Baroness and Henri who comes to ruin himself to save his family's honour—all held the audience with a new sensation. As he pushed his palsied arms into his coat and pulled himself fairly off his feeble feet in his effort to button it, turned up to his door humming like a preying bumble-bee, faced slowly about again, his piercing little pink eyes darting with anticipation, and off the trembling old lips droned the telling speech: "I wonder how his pretty little wife will bear poverty? H'm! We shall see"—the curtain fell to applause which was for the newcomer alone. He had interested the audience and was talked about between the acts.

Mr. Palmer rushed back to his dressing-room and found him studiously adding new touches to his make-up for the next act. "Young man," exclaimed the manager, "do you know you're making a hit!" "That's what I'm paid for," replied Mansfield without lowering the rabbit's-foot.

The third act was largely Marcelle's. The Baron was on for an episodic interval, but succeeded in that he did not destroy the impression already created.

The fourth act revealed a magnificent banquet hall with

a huge table laden with crystal, silver, snowy linens, flowers, and lights. At the top of a short stairway at the back was a gallery and an arched window through which one looked up the green aisle of the Champs-Elysée to the Arc de Triomphe, dimly visible in the moonlight. The Baron entered for one last glance over the preparations for his *petit souper* for Rosa and her sisters of the ballet at the Opéra.

The effectiveness of his entrance was helped by his appearance behind a colonnade, and there he stood only half revealed, swaying unsteadily while his palsied hand adjusted his monocle to survey the scene. There was a flutter of applause from the audience but, appreciatively, it quickly hushed itself. He dragged himself forward. The cosmetic could not hide the growing pallour of the parchment drawn over the old reprobate's skull. He crept around the table and, with a marvellous piece of "business," by which he held his wobbly legs while he slowly swung a chair under him, collapsed. The picture was terrible but fascinating. People who would could not turn their heads. His valet was quick with water and held the glass in place on the salver while he directed it to the groping arm. The crystal clinked on Chevrial's teeth as he sucked the water.

Presently he found his legs again and tottered up to the staircase. The picture of the black, shrivelled little man dragging his lifeless legs up to the gallery step by step was never forgotten by any one who saw it. At the top he turned and said in thrillingly ominous tones: "I do not wish to be disturbed in the morning. I shall need a long sleep"; and dragged himself out of sight. He had been on the stage five minutes and had said scarcely fifty words. The picture and the effect were unmistakable. The

audience capitulated. There was a roar of applause which lasted several minutes.

The whispered discussion of this scene was such that scarcely any attention was paid to the stage until the Baron returned. Almost immediately afterward the ballet girls pirouetted into the hall in a flutter of gauze, and the places at the table were filled. No one listened to the lines, all eyes in the house were focussed on the withered, shrunken, flaccid little old Baron who sat at Rosa's right, ignored by every one about him as they gorged on his food and drank his wines.

Soon he drew himself up on his feet and raising his glass said, "Here's to the god from whom our pleasures come. Here's to Plutus and a million!"

The gay throng about the table echoed the toast: "To Plutus and a million!" and Chevrial continued:

"While I am up I will give a second toast. Here's to Rosa! The most splendid incarnation that I know!"

Placing the glass to her lips for a first sip the lecherous old pagan's own lips sought the spot, sipped, and he sank back into his chair.

What else went on till he rose again no one knew or minded. No eye in the house could wander from the haggard, evil, smiling, but sinister old face. Presently he was up once more and, with his raised goblet brimming with champagne, he offered a third toast:

"Here's to material Nature, the prolific mother of all we know, see, or hear. Here's to the matter that sparkles in our glasses, and runs through our veins as a river of youth; here's to the matter that our eyes caress as they dwell on the bloom of those young cheeks. Here's to the matter that—here's to—here's—the matter—the matter that—here's——"

The attack had seized him. Terrible and unforgetable was the picture of the dissolution. The lips twitched, the eyes rolled white, the raised hand trembled, the wine sputtered like the broken syllables which the shattered memory would not send and the swollen tongue suddenly could not utter. For one moment of writhing agony he held the trembling glass aloft, then his arm dropped with a swiftness that shattered the crystal. Instinctively he groped up to the stairs for air and light. He reeled as if every step would be his last. Rosa helped him up to the window, but recoiled from him with a shriek. Again his hand flew up, but there was neither glass, wine, nor words. He rolled helplessly and fell to the floor, dead. The curtain fell.

It was probably the most realistically detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage had ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise. Then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the footlights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and make-up of the dead Baron. There was no occasion to change his clothes; he wore the conventional evening suit. The effect of shrivelled undersizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anticlimax.

Mansfield had come into his own. The superb art of his performance had dwarfed all about it; the play was killed, but he was from that moment a figure to be reckoned with in the history of the theatre.

Next day the papers acclaimed him, but with the studied

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conservatism which can scarce believe what it has seen; with the understanding which is not sure of itself, and hence fears to betray itself.

In the audience, however, was old Maurice Strakosch, who knew the artists of both hemispheres. He fairly ran across to Irving Place and up to a house full of musical celebrities, several pupils and friends of Madame Rudersdorff, Bohemians who dared offer welcome to a midnight caller. Emma Thursby was among them, and she tells how the great man, crimson with enthusiasm, trembled with his agitation as he called every one about him to give his criticism of the event in the broad, sweeping, affectionate terms of one who knew whereof he spoke and really knew that he knew:

"I have to-night witnessed a wonderful event. I have been to see 'A Parisian Romance.' The actor who played the Baron Chevrial was unknown till to-night. To-morrow he will be famous. My friends, it is the birth of a great career, the coming of a great artist! A GREAT artist! And do you know who he is? He is Richie, our Richie, Richie Mansfield!"

Next morning Mansfield woke up to find himself indeed famous. Famous in his twenty-sixth year! Yet David Garrick, as "a young gentleman who never before appeared on any stage," electrified London, in "King Richard III," in his twenty-fifth year. Edwin Booth in his twenty-fifth year made his first metropolitan triumph as Hamlet. Henry Irving was somewhat older, in his thirtieth year, when he made his first emphatic individual success as Mathias in "The Bells." In other instances, genius in great actors usually manifested itself later. On the contrary, it is generally in evidence much earlier in women.

Mansfield soon suffered the bruises of the first step in his long climb to greatness. His triumph was very sweet, its obligations were exacting. A hearty recognition of his powers at this time would undoubtedly have had a lasting influence on his temperament and on his attitude toward the world. Those who came in contact with him, however, were impatient, unyielding as he was unyielding, and his progress was embittered by the envy of those whose path lay parallel with his. His case was in some way analogous with that of Mozart, whose father wrote of his boy's beginning: "Thus indeed have people to scuffle their way through. If a man has no talent, his condition is unfortunate enough; if he has talent, he is persecuted by envy, and that in proportion to his skill."

From a story related by an eyewitness of the incident, it is quite evident that Mansfield was from his earliest years on the stage as hypnotically transfused with the character he was acting as he certainly was later. He spent a couple of hours each evening "getting into his character," just as he related that his mother worked herself into a terrible rage behind the scene before making her appearance as Lucrezia Borgia, and he did not drop it until he left it with its trappings in his dressing-room.

As the story goes, one evening during the first months of Baron Chevrial at the Union Square Theatre, after the death scene, some players broke the spell he had created, and in which he still dwelt, by a coarse joke and a careless laugh. He turned on them instantly and they received the sharp edge of his resentment. But he delivered the rebuke wholly in the polished, cynical, staccato manner of the Baron. It was Chevrial's censure, not Mansfield's. He did not for an instant come out of the character.

When he began to play Chevrial he nursed the impres-

sion that he was not equal to the vital energy of the performance without stimulants. One night a friend, who happened to be a doctor, saw him sip the pint of champagne, which was the allowance he felt the work demanded, and pointed out that he was making a false start, for soon a pint would be impotent and his system would demand a quart; champagne would soon be too weak, so would whiskey, then brandy, and the way led straight to drugs. Mansfield recognised his friend's logic, and after that night determined not to touch stimulants from the time he rose in the morning until he reached home after the performance, when he allowed himself Irish or Scotch, with soda, during a friendly hour of relaxation. Sustenance was a different matter. During a long taxing performance he often took a dish of broth, a sandwich of minced beef, or some such simple food.

"A Parisian Romance" was carried by Mansfield's acting through to the termination of the season at the Union Square Theatre on April 7. It was customary for Mr. Palmer to take his company on tour, and the engagements played that spring included a week in Newark; a week at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, then at Broadway and 41st Street, New York City; a week at Haverley's Theatre, Brooklyn; a week in Philadelphia; and three weeks at the Park Theatre, Boston.

The first week in Boston was devoted to an earlier play of the Union Square Company, "The Rantzaus," in which Mr. Stoddart had achieved success. The public, however, would buy tickets for nothing but "A Parisian Romance," and Mansfield, on May 14, made his first professional appearance in Boston on the identical stage where he had first acted Beau Farintosh in "School" eight years before. It was a proud return for him. His

performance of Chevrial made him the hero of the season and after it was seen no other play was given.

His old friends gave him a welcome that he never forgot. He could have devoted every wakeful moment to entertainments in his honour but, even so early in his public life, he insisted on denying himself diversion at the expense of the strength he felt he owed his art and his public. With one other, a friend of them both, his first visit when he reached Boston was to Mount Auburn to the grave of his mother, a filial pilgrimage he repeated afterward whenever he visited that city. When he could tear himself away from other engagements he hunted up the old haunts—the Studio Building, Mrs. Rand's, the quarters of the short-lived Buskins, and the Boyleston Apartments, which was the scene of the nearest approach to home he was able to remember.

The season closed May 26, and he sailed at once for his summer vacation in England, under contract with Mr. Palmer to return in the autumn and continue with the Union Square Company.

CHAPTER TEN

(1883–1885)

With the Union Square Company in San Francisco and on tour Eastward—Rifflardini in "French Flats"—Purchases the rights to "A Parisian Romance"—Begins his first starring tour—Struggles and disaster—Joins the company at the Madison Square Theatre and acts Von Dornfeld in "Alpine Roses"—In "La Vie Parisienne" at the Bijou—To England and back—Baron de Marsac in "Victor Durand" at Wallack's—Nasoni in "Gasparone" at the Standard—Summer in London—Experiments—Returns to America and creates Kraft in "In Spite of All."

THE fall of 1883 disclosed Mansfield on the threshold of the struggle upward which covered the next fifteen years, and whose issue was a place near, though not yet on, the heights. The figure disclosed along the way is one of assurance, force, and courage, though for the greater part of the climb he drags a mill-stone of debt. There are bold, successful rushes. There are, too, many reverses from which he does not fail to stagger again to his feet and push along with new valour.

The autumn tour of the Union Square Company began in San Francisco, at the California Theatre, August 13. The first week was given to "The Banker's Daughter"; the second, to "The Rantzaus"; the third, to "Daniel Rochat" and "The Lights o' London." "A Parisian Romance" was not acted until the fifth week.

Mansfield did not accompany the other players across the continent. He arrived from England early in August and remained in the East for several weeks.

With him he brought an Englishman, Philip Beck, who was engaged as his business manager. "What," exclaimed one paragrapher, "does a stock actor with one hit to his credit want with a manager?" And this sneer found a general echo.

It was characteristic of him to do things that others did not understand and not to offer any explanation. Seemingly born to the purple, he had starved elegantly a few years before in London, and it was like him to invest his first dividends in his self-confidence and a retinue—though it was a retinue of only one.

His fellow-players could not understand this "eccentricity," and "young Mansfield's manager" became a joke. The glib whiffets of the press began that petty persecution which never ended till he laid down to his last rest. But he made no confidants in the face of raillery, and "what need a stock actor with one hit had for a business manager" was learned soon in the orderly course of his own devices.

Mr. Palmer, the previous spring, had sold out all his interest in the Union Square, including the plays, to Sheridan Shook. Mansfield had his eye on "A Parisian Romance" for himself, to be the corner-stone of the career of which he was dreaming.

He joined the Union Square Company in San Francisco late in August, and he made his first appearance there, September 10, as the Baron Chevrial. During the latter half of the following and final week, "French Flats" was put up for the four final performances. This farce had been acted in New York several years before,

but it was not until this occasion that Mansfield acted in it for the first time.

He quite walked away with the honours as Rifflardini, a French tenor, who is beset with the fear that his precious voice is going, and on every and all occasions bursts into trials of his high notes. The piece itself was a trifle, and Mansfield never considered Rifflardini as more than an amusing bit of fooling.

On the way East he played at the Tabor Opera House, Denver; the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis; Haverley's Theatre, Chicago; the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia; and the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. His appearance in Denver, St. Louis, and Chicago was his first in these cities. The entire Union Square repertoire was acted at first, but the interest in Mansfield's Baron Chevrial gradually brought "A Parisian Romance" forward as an almost exclusive feature.

Offers now began to search him. The Directory of the Madison Square was especially forward. Mansfield, however, knew why he had engaged his own manager, and made no alliance. In November he resigned from the Union Square Company, with whom he appeared the last time while they were in Brooklyn. They came directly across the river to their home theatre and produced "Storm Beaten." He purchased the rights to "A Parisian Romance," and announced a starring tour!

"All brass and no brass," as he had written in Miss Alger's album, was his capital. A company was assembled—and a creditable group of players it was with Leonard Outram as Henri de Targy, May Brokyn as Marcelle, Mrs. Charles Watson as the Baroness Chevrial, Mrs. Sol Smith as Madame de Targy, and Isabel Evesson as Rosa Guerin—and he made his first appearance as a

star at the Park Theatre, Newark, where he acted December 6, 7, and 8. The week following he made his stellar début in New York City, at the Third Avenue Theatre, then under the management of McKee Rankin.

Next he went to Montreal for a week at the Academy of Music—the only house in which he acted thereafter in that city—to Leland's Opera House, Albany, for a cheerless Christmas, across the State to Buffalo, and to Louisville for a week beginning December 31, 1883. Business was wretched. The savings from his recent salary were exhausted before the opening of the tour, and from his meagre share of the heart-breaking receipts there was scarcely enough to pay the company. For himself he took only enough for lodging in the most ordinary hotels. The "jumps were made on the trunks"—a well-known device in the old days of easy railroading before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, when the railroad agent would advance tickets to the next city on an order against the company's to-be-hoped-for advance sale there, and took the checks for their trunks and other baggage as a pledge.

As the stay in Louisville dragged its weary length along, Friday gave no promise of more money on the week than enough to pay hotel bills and half salaries. Advertising, posting, and paper, and transfer accounts were all rolling up on successfully manipulated credit. Beyond this loomed the expenses of transportation to St. Louis. That night the house was poor enough, though rather better than before, and Mansfield in his gratitude planned a surprise for his audience. The enthusiasm of those present was very great all through the evening, but especially after the fourth act, when there were endless calls and cries for a speech. His stage manager was sent before the curtain to say that if they would remain after

the next act, Mr. Mansfield would be glad to make his acknowledgment of their compliment. When the last curtain fell on "The Romance," ready hands were found to roll a piano down to the footlights. Mansfield reappeared and said he would try to entertain them for a few minutes with an improvisation, which they might call "Our Concert Party." No one left. The musicians remained in their places, the actors and the stage-hands crowded the wings. His songs and anecdotes, imitations, and musical whimsicalities kept the audience in a roar, and they recalled him for more and more and more, until a pianissimo passage was interrupted with the strokes of twelve o'clock from a neighbouring clock tower.

Next morning the impromptu became the talk of the town, and both Saturday audiences demanded the extra measure, to which he good-naturedly acceded. The attendance was somewhat larger than earlier, and with these small additional receipts and by other means, he was able to continue his tour, and reached St. Louis, where he played at the People's Theatre. The following Sunday he managed to raise money enough to make the journey to Cincinnati, but he was unknown in that city and the theatre remained empty all week. The struggle was hopeless, and his first starring tour collapsed on Saturday night.

Out of his own pocket he emptied his last dollar, and at least had the satisfaction of buying tickets back to New York for every member of his company. He waved them off cheerily and stayed behind, without a penny, to shift as best he could. While in Cincinnati he and his valet lived at the Hotel Emery.

Smothering his pride, he confessed his dilemma to Walter H. Maxwell, the cashier of the hotel, and asked

the loan of one hundred dollars. He did not ask in vain nor did he fail punctually on his arrival in New York to remit the sum of the loan. They never again met, but ten years later Mr. Maxwell ventured to recall this incident in asking for seats, which he received with this note which indicated the red blood in Mansfield's veins:

I *do* remember you, and I remember you with great gratitude—you assisted me in the hour of need. I hope I shall never forget your kindness. You are aware that you may command my services at all times.

Very sincerely yours,

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

If I can be of more material service please let me know.

During the season of Mansfield's first disastrous independent effort Henry Irving made his first tour of America in a shower of gold.

When he reached New York Mansfield found an opening awaiting him at the Madison Square Theatre, and on Thursday evening, January 31, 1884, he appeared with the stock company there in "Alpine Roses,"[1] a drama by Hjalmar Boyesen, based in part on several of his short stories.

The *Evening Post* of the following day contains an informing account of Mansfield's relation to the enterprise:

"The Count von Dornfeld, who is constantly upon the stage, has the slightest possible dramatic significance

[1] The cast was not uninteresting:

Ilka	Miss Georgia Cayvan.
Irma	Miss Marie Burroughs.
Uberta	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.
Hansel	Mr. George Clarke.
Count Gerhard von Dornfeld	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Countess von Dornfeld	Mme. Liska von Stamwitz.
Herr von Steinegg	Mr. Thomas Whiffen.
Julius Hahn	Mr. W. J. LeMoyne.
Wimple	Mr. W. H. Pope.
Rondel	Mr. Harry Hogan.

. . . characters which are not sympathetic in themselves cannot excite sympathy, no matter how cleverly they are drawn. . . . Mr. Richard Mansfield, to whom was assigned the thankless part of the Count, sacrificed himself to the exigencies of probability. He played the character as written: a colourless lounger with nothing to recommend him but courage and honourable instincts. He is not likely to get much credit for the performance, but his work was highly finished and artistic throughout. His reading of Irma's pledge was especially clever. Mr. Mansfield's conceit is always too obvious, but he is a very bright young actor and will have a career when he has learned to put a less extravagant estimate upon himself."

He remained with the company for upward of fifty performances. He withdrew to come into Broadway to the Bijou Theatre management, to which he was loaned by the Madison Square Directory, and soon after his retirement "Alpine Roses" ceased to bloom. The project at the Bijou was a production of "La Vie Parisienne" —one of Offenbach's lightest works, with an English libretto by H. B. Farnie—which was accomplished on Tuesday evening, March 18.[1]

[1] The principals in the cast were:

The Baron von Wiener Schnitzel (By kind permission of the management of the Madison Square Theatre.)	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Joe Turrididdle	Mr. Jacques Kruger.
Delancey Splinderbarre	Mr. Nick Long.
Lord Silverspoons	Mr. Charles W. Dugan.
Snip	Mr. Samuel Reed.
Toby	Mr. George Schiller.
Tanon Bisch	Mr. Alen M. Bell.
Flounce	Miss Marie Bockel.
Gabrielle	Miss Fannie Rice.
Trixie	Miss Blanche Stone.
Christine von Schnitzel	Miss Kate Davis.
Lady Katherine Wyverne	Miss Alice Vincent.

Among those who had small parts were Henry Rolland, Arthur MacDonald, Percy Sage (as Baby Green), Joseph Silver and Laura Burt. Gustave Kerker directed the orchestra.

The advertisements read rather quaintly to-day with their boasts about the "unprecedented *gas* effects." Electric light was not used on the stage until several years later.

Mansfield was the redeeming feature of a very sad occasion. It was said that "whenever he came on the stage a smile of relief appeared on every face." One song, which he sang in English, French, German, and Spanish tickled the people mightily, but on the whole this Baron was one of whose acquaintance he was never heard to boast.

On his return to New York he had taken chambers in West Twenty-ninth Street, which his taste made notably elegant. His midnight suppers soon began to be talked about, for he was developing into an incomparable host, as will appear later.

In May, 1884, he slipped away on the steamer *Samaria* to England, and was lost to sight for upward of six months. If he was negotiating a London engagement, it was evident that nothing agreeable presented itself, for he returned to New York just before Christmas, and was immediately announced at Wallack's Theatre.

The Wallack Company had produced Henry Guy Carleton's "Victor Durand," a contemporary play of French life, on December 18, 1884, with Lewis Morrison as the Baron de Mersac, a polished French villain who furnished the unsympathetic interest. On January 15, 1885, Mansfield succeeded Morrison as the Baron—he seemed destined to play Barons as fast as the playwrights could provide them; and he gave this specious villain an air of refinement and a tone of plausibility which heightened the effect of the play.

Foreseeing the early retirement of "Victor Durand,"

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN 1884

From a photograph taken in Boston

which, on February 16, succumbed to the inattention of the public, Mansfield accepted another comic-opera engagement, and moved up Broadway a few blocks to the scene of his American début, the Standard Theatre. Here, on February 21, he appeared for the first time with the Duff Opera Company, singing the leading comedy part in Millocker's comic opera, "Gasparone." [1]

The critics commended him as "an exceedingly fertile and graceful comedian, who lifts the Podesta far above the other characters of the play," though "in fairness it deserves not to be so"; his by-play was "extremely subtle," and "he led the minuet with a delicious grace."

"Gasperone" lasted until April 4, and Mansfield was cast for Sir Joseph Porter in "H. M. S. Pinafore," which followed, but there was a disagreement, he resigned and returned to England. It was an unprofitable winter in every respect. There had been less than four months of employment, and surely neither De Mersac or the Podesta added anything to his artistic stature.

He naturally snapped at the first opportunity offered in London. There was in preparation at Drury Lane a drama by Elliott Galer, entitled "A True Story Told in Two Cities," and he was cast for Lord Cholmondelay, but it came to nothing. Mansfield next joined a cast which was to present "Gringoire" at the Prince's Theatre, and did there act Louis XI, to the Gringoire of Norman

[1] It was produced with this cast:

Nasoni, Podesta of Syracuse	Richard Mansfield.
Sindulfo	W. H. Fitzgerald.
Count Erminio	Harry S. Hilliard.
Luigi	John E. Nash.
Benozzo, innkeeper	Alfred Klein.
Messaccio, smuggler	Charles Stanley.
Carlotta	Emma Seebold.
Lora	Mae St. John.
Zenobia	Hattie Nefflin.
Marietta	Alice Vincent.

Forbes and the Louise of Dorothy Dene, at a special matinée June 22. Personal friends of the participants were the only ones present, and a masterly embodiment of the senile old French tyrant was projected without attention or record.

Discouraged, and again on the verge of starvation, he returned to America in August, and was engaged to support Minnie Maddern (afterward Mrs. Fiske) at the Lyceum Theatre. The new play was "In Spite of All," of which the genesis is not without interest. A decade earlier there had been a play called "Agnes," in which Agnes Ethel made a wondrous fine effect. In some way the story of this American success fell into the hands of Victorien Sardou, who wrote his "Andrea" from it—perhaps in the same way as it was later claimed that he wrote "La Tosca" from Maurice Barrymore's "Nadjesda." Sardou's "Andrea" was Englished later and became Charles Reade's "Jealousy." This fell under the hand of Steele Mackaye, who waved his magic pen and it was altered into "In Spite of All."

This play was presented first at the Lyceum Theatre (the old Lyceum on Fourth Avenue, sometimes called "The Snuggery") on September 15, 1885.[1]

It is said that Herr Kraft was written in for Mansfield. He provided an amusing and at times deeply touching characterisation of the impresario, which assisted materially in the pleasant success of Miss Maddern and the play.

In a letter (September 23) to a friend he wrote: "I am

[1] The cast was:

Alice Claudenning	Miss Minnie Maddern.
Stella	Mme. Selina Delaro.
Carol Claudenning	Mr. Eben Plympton.
Mr. Hartman	Mr. John A. Lane.
Jack Knickerbocker	Mr. Joseph Frankau.
Herr Antonius Kraft	Mr. Richard Mansfield.

getting such splendid notices all around. I do believe the dark clouds have disappeared for a time at least. And the play is quite a success. Mackaye says the next play is to be written for me at the Lyceum—he is at work on the scenario."

But this plan came to naught. Mansfield accompanied Miss Maddern on tour, and very soon John Stetson, the rough-and-ready Boston manager, was tempting him, and he resigned just before Christmas and went to Boston.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

(1886–1887)

The stellar temperament—Sings Ko-Ko in Boston—Originality—Creates Prince Karl at the Boston Museum—Acts Prince Karl in New York—A summer run—Beatrice Cameron joins his company—"I Love the Woods"—Touring in "Prince Karl"—Diffident about thanks.

MANSFIELD was born to "star." This manifested itself in every aspect of his life. At the head of things he had complete command of the situation and of himself. Anywhere else he went to pieces, his strong personality shattered proportions, and order was not restored until he eliminated himself or took the lead. His personality demanded complete self-assertion. He could not put himself in conformity to extraneous conditions. But he had a genius for putting environing persons and things in harmony with himself. As a lad at school he could lead the boys in studies or in a race, but he was not successful in taking his place in a team. At the head of his own table he was a miracle of hospitality, cordiality, and deference, and spared no personal exertion to charm his guests. But he was never a guest except at great personal sacrifice to his preference and composure.

He lamented this, and often wished he had more of the faculty of social blend. He once exclaimed to a friend: "Come, let's have some fun. Others have fun, why can't

we?" Extreme sensitiveness had much to do with this, and in his later years his great fame gave him a painful aversion to the attention which his appearance in public places attracted. His inability to understand the second violinist whose ambitions stopped short of a position at the head of all composers was but an expression of a will which fretted under any leash. He could not serve. This made as well as dominated his career. In the early days of "finding himself" in Boston his inconstancy was due to lack of command of his resources. In the days of struggling for bread and for position on the stage he lived in an agony of unrest as a supporting player compelled to interpret the point of view of another stage manager. With the best intention, he gave a performance which was unrepresentative of him because it was not complete self-expression.

So even when his salary in these first years on the American stage was large and occupation might have been continuous, his unrest tossed him from company to company, from drama to opera, and back again, apparently compassless. He designed to be an actor, never a singing comedian, yet when he left "In Spite of All," it was to revert again to comic opera. The work, experience, or association was not what he wanted. It was the money to enable him to liberate himself on to the plane to which he firmly believed his destiny drew him. His head was full of plans of a large nature, but his pocket jingled only small change.

The winter of 1885–1886 saw a vogue for Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" in America which had scarcely been duplicated since the years of the first Dickens's dramatisations, when three different companies in New York played "David Copperfield" the same night.

In Boston an old church in Hollis Street, an obscure little alley-way running a distance of scarcely more than a hundred yards, was converted into a theatre bearing the street's name, and was opened early in November with John Stetson's company in "The Mikado." [1]

John Howson had not made a success of the leading rôle, and the shrewd Stetson saw by the declining receipts that his valuable property would be ruined if something were not done to revive interest. He demanded new life of Howson, but the comedian protested that he played Ko-Ko as he had learned the part in London under Gilbert's tuition, and declined to change the "business" of his performance in any respect. There were high words and a resignation. F. A. Leon, the understudy, played while Stetson hunted a new Ko-Ko. He wired Mansfield, who was at the time playing with Minnie Maddern in Liberty Hall, Pittsburg, and baited his telegram with a large salary. Mansfield came within ten days.

His grasp of the situation was eminently characteristic. He had never seen Howson, but inquiry discovered that he had been loud, pompous, and boisterous. Mansfield's friends all came in fear and trembling the night of his first appearance as Ko-Ko. There was, of course, the Mansfield surprise. The opera had been running for months, and every line and every entrance and exit were familiar to the public. The deepest anxiety seized his friends when the cue came for Ko-Ko's entrance. In-

[1] The cast was in part:

The Mikado	Mr. Arthur Wilkinson.
Nanki Poo	Mr. S. Cadwallader.
Ko-Ko	Mr. John Howson.
Pooh-Bah	Mr. Brocolini.
Yum Yum	Miss Laura Clement.
Pitti Sing	Miss Hattie Delaro.
Katisha	Miss Rosa Cooke.

stead of the blustering, romping, pompous Jap the public were accustomed to, they saw Mansfield tiptoe quietly but with an unmistakable authority to the footlights, throw up his head, open his mouth very wide and whisper the lay of the Lord High Executioner who was "Taken from the County Jail," in a wee, light voice quite pianissimo. But his tones were charming, his diction perfect, his business original, and the whole effect so irresistibly comic that he was a success on the instant. Had his predecessor been a quiet man, Mansfield would undoubtedly have made his Ko-Ko pompous and fortissimo, and none the less successful.

Mansfield joined "The Mikado" on the seventy-sixth night of its run and he carried it to its one hundredth and sixty-first representation, sustaining the interest against numerous rival Mikado companies in the city and in the suburban towns.

Archibald Clavering Gunter had at this time given no indication of the success he was later to make with "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas." He came to Boston in January to introduce himself to Mansfield, who was living at the Parker House, and to read him the manuscript of a new play he had written. The character with which he hoped to interest Mansfield was that of a German Prince who acted as courier to a party of Americans in Europe and fell in love with one of them. The piece as Gunter had written it was a melodrama, but Mansfield saw possibilities in it for a farce, and the author remained with him and worked over his suggestions.

From the first Ko-Ko was galling to Mansfield. His own success and the renewed life he had brought the run at the Hollis Street Theatre failed to recompense him for acting the clown. He was eager to do Mr. Gunter's

comedy, and finally decided to resign from "The Mikado." Stetson saw disaster ahead if he lost Mansfield. As he owned the Globe, he offered Mansfield this theatre in which to produce the new comedy if he would continue with "The Mikado" until it had worn out its welcome. Mansfield was delighted and entered with renewed interest on the performance of the Lord High Executioner. He soon discovered, however, that Stetson, plumed by the renewed life he had given the "Mikado" craze, was actually preparing to present another company in this same opera at the Globe during the time promised him.

He exuded his humours in every fibre. His friends could tell his state of mind and temperament before he entered a room by his knock on the door. The day he learned of the second Mikado company there was a feeble tap at George Munzig's door in the old Studio Building. It was Mansfield, and he was disconsolate: "It's all up, George. Stetson has betrayed me." But four days later there was a firm triple knock on the same door panel with the force and resonance of a hammer's blow. Again it was Mansfield. "It's all right, George. Martinot has deserted the Museum. They're up a stump. I've seen Field and he has promised to produce my new comedy." The exploit was rehearsed with a myriad of new details and the friends went off to celebrate with venison which Mansfield compounded in a chafing dish, with savoury garnishments of olives, leeks, butter, sherry, mushrooms, and jelly, and the friends drank the success of the new comedy in champagne—and the sun shone once more in his heart.

The Boston Museum for years possessed a stock company which was in its day as much the pride of the Massachusetts capital as Colonel Higginson's Symphony

Orchestra came to be later. To be admitted there as a visiting star, to exploit an unproduced play, was one of the most flattering concessions any young actor could have asked.

Dion Boucicault had made this winter of 1885 and 1886 memorable with a long run of his play, "The Jilt." When the popular Irish playwright-actor concluded his stay, Sadie Martinot deserted with him. In this emergency Sardou's "Diplomacy" was revived for a few weeks —with John Mason as Julian Beauclerc, Charles Barron as Henri, Charles Kent as Orloff, Alfred Hudson as Baron Stein, and Annie Clarke as Countess Zicka—and Mansfield's new comedy was put in rehearsal.

As "Diplomacy" showed no strength, Mansfield was asked to act Baron Chevrial for a week, to which he consented in spite of the study, responsibility, and rehearsals of the other play. The branch of the Museum Company which had no parts in the coming production took the parts in "A Parisian Romance." It was a busy stage during March—with performances of the current bill and two plays in preparation—Mansfield the presiding genius of both of them, and continuing his own performances in "The Mikado" at another theatre!

When his former manager, A. M. Palmer, heard that Mansfield was to act Ko-Ko for the last time on Saturday night, March 27, and to appear the following Monday night in "A Parisian Romance," he wired him: "For God's sake, don't make a fool of yourself!"

Mansfield, on the contrary, saw a distinct value to himself in being able to present the marked contrasts between the comic-singing Japanese, the decrepit French roué, and the debonnaire young German he had up his sleeve. Not only variety, but contrast, was the keynote of his choice

of plays. A glance through the sequence of his later creations, when he controlled the choice of characters and plays will show that he delighted in pointing his versatility by alternating tragedy, comedy, and farce, youth with old age, the sinister with the sympathetic. Even in arranging a week's repetition of the plays of his repertoire, his unsparing purpose was to alternate "the grave and gay," to shift from "lively to severe."

"A Parisian Romance" was acted at the Museum for one week, beginning March 29, with John Mason as Henri, Annie Clarke as Madame de Targy (a charming performance which she repeated as a member of Mansfield's company twelve years after); May Davenport, daughter of E. L. Davenport and wife of William Seymour, as Baroness Chevrial; and Maida Craigen as Rosa.

There was until a few days before production some doubt as to what the new play might best be called, but it was finally christened "Prince Karl," and as such was acted for the first time on the stage of the Boston Museum, April 5.[1]

On the same evening, at the Boston Theatre, down in Washington Street, Denman Thompson first presented "The Old Homestead." He played nothing else the rest of his life and became a very rich man. Mansfield might have continued to play "Prince Karl" the rest of his life, but he repudiated it and other like opportunities, and died hundreds of thousands of dollars poorer than he might have been.

[1] With the following principals:

Karl von Ahrmien	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Spartan Spotts	Mr. Charles Kent.
J. Cool Dragon	Mr. William Seymour.
Marky Davis	Mr. James Nolan.
Mrs. Daphne Dabury Lowell . .	Mrs. Vincent.
Mrs. Florence Lowell . . .	Miss Maida Craigen.
Miss Alicia Euclid Lowell, of Vassar .	Miss Helen Dayne.

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN
"PRINCE KARL"

From a photograph, copyright, 1897, by
J. M. Hart & Co.

Faithfully Yours
Richard Mansfield
1897.

"Prince Karl" was acted at the Museum for four weeks, and was then transferred, with the identical cast, to the stage of the Madison Square Theatre, New York City, where it was played first on May 3.

Mansfield's own appreciation of the play, of its success, of his own obligation, and of what he dared hope is expressed in a letter, written at the moment of leaving Boston, to a friend who had written his congratulations on the New York opportunity:

I cannot express the pleasure I feel. This engagement, like the first one at the Union Square Theatre and the last one at the Boston Museum, came as a surprise to me. Of course, I contemplated following up my success at the Museum by a starring tour and it was to have been made under the direction of Mr. Field, but I did not expect that my season would begin so soon, and that I should be given an opportunity to present my latest characterisation in the Metropolis, and at such a theatre as the Madison Square. These managers have paid me a great compliment, and I thoroughly appreciate it. I could not make my reappearance in New York under circumstances more gratifying to me as an actor and a man. The audiences at the Madison Square Theatre are composed of the very best people in New York. I shall be surrounded by the same capable actors and actresses of the Museum company who have contributed so much to my success here in Boston, and with whom I am on the most friendly terms, each of whom is, I believe, interested in my success, and, best of all, I shall have on either side of me Manager Palmer and Manager Field, who are closely associated and identified with the two greatest successes of my professional life. What more could I wish for? Mr. Field has been very kind to me, and has done all in his power to make my stay as his house pleasant, and Mr. Palmer has ever treated me courteously, kindly, and generously. He aided me by his advice when I most needed it, and

gave me encouragement when adverse criticism and the annoyances, which I am sorry to say are consequent on success in theatrical life, had wellnigh caused me to lose hope. The value of the friendship of two such men to a young actor cannot be overestimated or too highly prized.

While I am pleased at the prospect which the immediate future presents, I am, nevertheless, nervous and anxious as to the result of the experiment. It is a question whether New York will receive me with favour in "Prince Karl," which is so diametrically the opposite of the Baron Chevrial, and I frankly confess that it would be a severe blow to me, after my great success here in your city, not to have Boston's favourable judgment endorsed by the people and critics of the Metropolis. I am afraid even that my success here may lead the New York people to look for too much from me. They may expect to witness a very great artistic triumph and they may judge the piece and my performance by too high a standard. "Prince Karl" is simply a fairy story, full of improbabilities and intentional absurdities; it is farcical, melodramatic, and romantic, and it is designed solely for a pleasant evening's entertainment, and as such I hope it will be regarded.

Have I succeeded or have I failed is a question which can only be answered by next Monday evening's audience. Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that if I fail it will be due to no lack of hard work and conscientious effort on my part. I shall give the public the best there is in me, and earnestly and honestly strive to hold its good opinion.

Reticent in some respects in bestowing its appreciation New York eventually took "Prince Karl" to its heart. The farce was criticised severely, but the incomparable light comedy performance of Mansfield as the Prince was praisefully recognised as the antithesis at every point of anything he had yet revealed. The humour was of character rather than situation and incident, and his

unfolding of the rôle of the young Prince was pervaded with a distinction and manly heartiness, with an intensity and nervous power, giving vigour alike to humour and sentiment, that indicated a rare histrion. The stage had been saturated with plebeian German dialect, and Mansfield's well-bred accent of the patrician German had a charm of novelty as well as of grace, melody, and humour. George William Curtis called his performance "the perfection of fooling."

He worked incessantly on the play and on the character, and in a few weeks they presented many new aspects. He wrote an entirely new last act, and in the third act introduced a musical monologue, which the Prince rehearsed quite naturally for the benefit of his young bride. No one who heard him can forget the cleverness with which he imitated the great pianist who cannot be heard at the musicale for the conversational hum about him, the musical drollery of his violoncello solo—*sans 'cello;* and the burlesque comic opera in which he sang tenor cantate, basso profundo, colourature soprano, and even the irrelevant but inevitable chorus which broke in on every possible and impossible occasion with "Let us sheer ze bride, ze merry, merry bride!"

Of these beginnings in New York he wrote a confidant under date of May 16, 1886: "To-day we commenced our third week at the Madison Square in 'Prince Karl.' I am carrying it. Although the first week I only cleared fifty dollars and last week one hundred dollars, if it only goes on doubling like that we will be satisfied. This week the Museum company is not with me and I have an entirely new company, so Mr. Field does not share with me, and I am entirely alone—boss of the show! I suppose you will say, 'Ah, Dick will like that'—but I don't

very much. It's terribly hard work, and the new company had to be gotten ready in three days, and I fear they will give a terribly bad performance to-night; and then the anxiety is great, for I cannot afford to lose money. However, I think the play has caught on and we shall make a success of it. Seems funny, doesn't it, my being manager of the Madison Square Theatre? Supposing, just supposing, it ran all summer! This is the turning point in my career if I only succeed!"

There were no notable names in the new cast except that of Clara Fisher Maeder who came to act Mrs. Daphne Lowell. But to the appearance of one of the unknown names, that of Beatrice Cameron, there attaches much significance in this chronicle. Mrs. Maeder was in the twilight of a distinguished career. Miss Cameron was at the beginning.

She was a frail wisp of a golden-haired girl with a countenance alive with sweetness and intelligence, and bristling with a nervous force as compelling as her natural grace and charm were winning. Her home was in Troy, N. Y., where some success in amateur exhibitions directed her attention to the professional stage. She came to New York and soon after appeared, at a special matinée, at the Madison Square Theatre in "A Midnight Marriage," which was produced by Mrs. James Brown Potter. Not long after she secured an engagement with Mr. Robert Mantell in "Called Back," in which she played a boy. Next she acted with one of Charles Hoyt's companies, then fell heir to the pretty part of Constance in Bronson Howard's "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and directly appeared in "Arrah-na-Pogue," which Charles Stevenson was acting. This tour having concluded, she sought a part for the summer, hard enough to get, before the days

MISS BEATRICE CAMERON

From a photograph, copyright, by Elliott & Fry

of the summer stock company, and with delightful candour called on Mr. Mansfield and said she wanted to act Florence. He searched her refined, sanguine face and capitulated at once. Miss Cameron justified his judgment by a fascinating performance of Florence, and the company settled down like a happy family for a merry summer.

The weather was mercifully cool for this time of the year, but every evening ices were served between the acts in neat boxes from Maillard's on the corner under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with a little silver spoon engraved "With Prince Karl's Compliments." Young ladies began to wear Prince Karl finger rings, and the Prince's portrait became a "photographic best-seller." Prince Karl won his way into the crevices of every one's affection, even into the correspondence of Americans abroad, as is witnessed by an amusing letter which Nat Goodwin wrote home from Nüremberg:

"The only difference I can see between the ancient gentlemen who built these castles and the successful men about New York is that the former got broke building them and the latter by going to see 'em. Their prices are regulated in this innocent land by the extent of the ruin and the baggage of the sight-seer. They know a Yankee gripsack as far as they can see one. . . . The imitations of Dick Mansfield as Prince Karl are numerous and excellent. At Cologne (what's in a name? by that of Hunter's Point 'twould smell as rank) we met a perfect type of the Prince, buttoned up in a very green second-low comedy uniform. He conducted us to a very nice hotel and undertook to speak English. As I am a superior German scholar, after a contortionary half hour we enlisted the services of a third, and during the afternoon I made them understand that I was weary and wanted to

lay down. My imitation of George L. Fox [the celebrated clown and pantomimist] accomplished this, and I got a room."

Mansfield in those days had apartments in the Croisic, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. Here he began his collection of furniture and china, art objects, rugs, silver, and tapestry. Fortunately, the appreciation of the antique had not then become general, and he was able to accumulate a marvellous collection without going into debt, at least without plunging himself so irrevocably into bankruptcy as the same treasures would have a decade later. He had in fact been genteely in debt for years.

Whispers that floated out from his supper parties hinted of his courtliness and grace, his abundant satire and delicious wit, his vaporous moods of irresponsible teasing, romping, and pretence, or how "when worthy minds waited upon his prismatic own he was impetuously eloquent and decorous, full of lofty thought and superb expression."

Beau, wit, poet, painter, musician, and master of his own and many kindred arts, he began to be talked about as a personage as well as an artist. His study, his professional occupation, and his aversion to personal publicity sealed the crevices in the wall which always hemmed him in. And who shall say it was not as much a wall of seclusion as of exclusion? Once over the barrier and inside the garden of his confidences, intimacies, and affections, those whom he admitted found a blithe, gay, unaffected friend.

Prince Karl's merry course soon brought up against a stone wall in the person of William Gillette, the author of "Held by the Enemy," who had a contract for time at the Madison Square Theatre beginning August 16.

Mansfield offered a bonus of two thousand dollars for an extension, but it was refused, and his New York run was forced to a termination, Saturday night, August 14, after 117 performances.

At the end of the play, on his farewell night, he expressed his gratitude to the public in an amusing speech, and later gave a supper to a room full of good friends, who included W. J. Florence, Ballard Smith, General George A. Sheridan, Tom Ochiltree, and others. Colonel Ochiltree was a Texas Congressman who became a celebrated figure in New York life as a story-teller, bon-vivant and gallant. On this occasion Mansfield ventured some compliments in introducing Ochiltree, to which the Texas wit is said to have replied: "That's right, Mansfield, plenty of taffy while I'm alive and less epitaphy when I'm dead!"

Next day Mansfield hurried off for a breath of the Maine woods with Boston friends who were waiting him. While there he wrote these verses, "I Love the Woods," which later were printed:

I love the woods.
Oh, give me but that crag of rock
On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
Nor murmur at my lonely lot.

I do not need the silken garb
The cushioned couch or seasoned food;
I do not need the tongue of men
To voice the word that "Life is good."

I do not need the amber scent,
The honeyed smile and tutored song,
Or crowd of glittering sycophants
That in the walls of Crœsus throng.

I love the woods.
When o'er the distant line of hills
The rosy morning peeps its head,
And stars that through the night have watched,
Now quench their light and go to bed,

I rise from couch of perfumed pine
And seek the purling brook that flows
Between its fringe of velvet moss,
Where tiny turquoise blossom blows.

I need no marble fountain rare
To purify and lave and clean,
And when I say my grateful prayer
'Tis in His mighty dome of green.

I love the woods.
My silent friend, my faithful dog,
The horse that hastens to my call,
The birds that sing above my head—
They constitute my all in all.

I breathe the forest's filtered air,
The breeze that cools the mountain brow,
The snow-clad summit's atmosphere,
And praise the Lord I'm living now.
I love the woods.

Mansfield's tour the next season began at the Park Theatre, Boston, August 30, and he played in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Cleveland (where he celebrated the first Christmas at the head of his own company, save the sad one in Albany during the disastrous first tour in "A Parisian Romance," and had a tree, presents, and supper on the stage for the members of his company and the employes of the Park Theatre), Chicago,

three engagements during the wnter of 1886–1887, Louisville, Detroit, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, back to Washington, Philadelphia, New York for three weeks at the Union Square Theatre, Harlem, Williamsburg, Boston at the Park Theatre, and the larger New England cities, concluding and disbanding the company April 25.

"Prince Karl" was played exclusively, and those who saw him were charmed, but the substance that follows a reputation came slowly. In most cities he appeared for the first time. What was made by large audiences one week was lost through beggarly attendance the next. The net result was broken ground and seed planted. He refers to this tour in one of his letters: "We expected to do a great deal better than we are doing, but I suppose it was not to be expected. After all, I am comparatively unknown to the masses, and I must plod on and bide my time, and every year I shall do better and better." In another he says: "I must work hard to lay the secure foundations of my fortunes. I am very tired and weary of it all, it's such a struggle, but I am determined to conquer!"

In the papers of this winter one reads: "Mr. Mansfield has written a new first act for 'Prince Karl'"; again, in Boston, "Mansfield should act Shylock"; and, in the *Dramatic Mirror*, "Five members of Mr. Mansfield's company have been disabled by illness from two to four weeks, but not one cent has been deducted from salaries." This was his rule even in the days of hardest struggle. Many an actor can testify to salary continued through months of illness, hospital bills paid, many thoughtful attentions, and a position held open on his return. Once in Canada a stage mechanic fell ill and died. Mansfield inquired of his manager what he was doing about the funeral. When he heard that the members of the com-

pany were subscribing to a fund, his indignation broke out in no unmeasured terms: "No collections in my company. Never. Return every cent. Pay all the bills and charge them to my account." In this and other ways his hand went continually into his pocket. He had a curious diffidence about being thanked, he was embarrassed to the point of a brusqueness that was not always understood.

He never expected the return of a loan, and, knowing this, his servants sometimes made the most of it. There was, however, one old valet, John Metzger, who, having borrowed five dollars, presented himself before his master one morning with a broad grin on his face and a somewhat worn bill in the palm of his hand. Mansfield glanced at the extended hand: "Dear me, what on earth is that, John?"

"You did me the honour," began the valet——.

"Do you expect me to take that filthy rag? Ugh! It's a nest of germs. Do you want to poison me? Take it away. Take it away! Burn it! Do anything you like with it. But don't try to kill me with it."

To all appearances he was furious, but John understood the little comedy, and he shuffled away with thanks in his heart which he dared not utter for the unutterable kindness in his master's.

The next Monday, after closing the "Prince Karl" tour, Mansfield opened with the Boston Museum company as the Baron Chevrial. Four of Boston's leading physicians, accompanied by Dr. Compton of Liverpool, came on April 30 to investigate the scientific features of the celebrated death scene, and in a paper to their medical society they reported it a remarkably faithful study. This engagement at the Museum was a prelude to the new play in preparation for some time and now quite ready.

CHAPTER TWELVE

(1887–1888)

Creates Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the Boston Museum—His own views on the dual character—Creates De Jadot in his own "Monsieur" at the Madison Square—Another summer run—On tour with a repertoire—Mr. Hyde at a midnight supper—Henry Irving suggests a London season at the Lyceum.

MANSFIELD was eminently catholic in his reading, his devotion to the classic and standard authors in no way precluding an interest in the latest novel. He dearly loved a mystery tale, if of the sea so much the better. Among the books he picked up the previous spring was Robert Louis Stevenson's new story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and it held him captive to the very end.

He foresaw an extraordinary triumph if his powers could visualise to an audience, as his imagination presented to him, the contrast between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the weird transformations of the man into the fiend and back again, and the gradual absorption of the good man by the evil man as expressed in the increasing difficulty of controlling the reversion from Hyde to Jekyll. He foresaw not only his opportunity to project a powerful performance on the stage, but the ethical effect of the noble moral which underlies this fable of the struggle between good and evil in man and the inevitable control

of the good by the evil if experimented with instead of being firmly curbed in the beginning.

When he laid the book down it was to write to the author for the privilege of making a dramatisation. Stevenson concurred heartily, and the English and American rights to any play from this source were soon contracted.

Mansfield was playing in Boston at the time, and he urged his friend, Thomas Russell Sullivan, to make the play. Sullivan doubted the possibilities of a drama in the little story which offered all the difficulty of duality in the hero and no hint of the conventionally prescribed love interest and lighter relief. Mansfield at once exposed a scenario which his imagination had already conjured up, repeated a few of the Hyde passages with ghastly gutturals and in demoniac posture that frightened his friend out of several nights' sleep, and urged him to read the book again, with the gentle warning, "If you don't dramatise it, some one else will." Sullivan accepted the commission and delivered the play during the winter.

It departed from the book only in the elaboration of merely suggested detail, and in developing a love story between Dr. Jekyll and a beautiful young creature, Agnes Carew, the daughter of Sir Danvers Carew, who is murdered by Hyde. In essence it reflected faithfully the duality of the character, the transitions, and the tragic moral of the final submersion of Jekyll in Hyde.

It was rehearsed barely two weeks while he played "A Parisian Romance," but he brought to the first rehearsal, as he did always when preparing a production before or after, a perfectly composed characterisation. His rehearsals were largely to set up the environment of the com-

pleted central figure. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was first acted on any stage at the Boston Museum, May 9, 1887.[1]

Mansfield approached the experiment with grave forebodings. Could he in the presence of a vast audience effect the transformation from Hyde to Jekyll in such a manner as to strike absolute conviction? He afterward confessed: "That night in the third act where as Hyde I grasped the potion, swallowed it, writhed in the awful agony of transformation and rose pale and erect, the visualised embodiment of Jekyll—an ague of apprehension seized me and I suffered a lifetime in the silence in which the curtain fell. In another instant I realised that silence was the tribute of the awe and terror inspired by the reality of the scene, for through the canvas screen came a muffled roar which was the sweetest sound I ever heard in my life, and I breathed again."

At this time he played "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" only one week. It was far too emotional, tragic, and absorbing either for himself or for his audiences during the summer. He kept it in the background from May 14 to September 12, that same year, 1887, when he acted it in New York City, first at the Madison Square Theatre. The praise his performance received from the press was in most quarters unreserved, and his audiences did him

[1] With this cast:

Sir Danvers Carew	Mr. Boyd Putnam.
Dr. Lanyon	Mr. Alfred Hudson.
Gabriel Utterson	Mr. Frazer Coulter.
Poole	Mr. James Burrows.
Inspector Newcomer	Mr. Arthur Falkland.
Jarvis	Mr. J. K. Applebee, Jr.
Dr. Jekyll } Mr. Hyde }	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Mrs. Lanyon	Miss Kate Ryan.
Agnes Carew	Miss Isabelle Evesson.
Rebecca Moore	Miss Emma Sheridan.

the compliment to pack the theatre and proclaim the unforgetable effect of his acting.

He was sometimes criticised for not making Jekyll more normal, affable, companionable. But this would not have been in harmony with his conception. He believed in simplicity and directness. His aim was to mark the contrast between the two entities, but without losing sight of the salient, dominant point of each character. He conceived and exhibited Jekyll as a man haunted by the most terrible loathsome fiend that the mind could conceive in human form. He had to indicate yet restrain the carking secret of his soul, the ceaseless terror of the uncontrollable change which might come at any moment—in the street, in the house of his friends, in his sweetheart's presence. Jekyll was a haunted man. A man set apart. Only an unimaginative actor would have played him for ease, indifference, geniality.

One of Mansfield's purely theatric devices for horror was to convey the suggestion that Hyde was coming. This was effected with an empty stage, a gray, green-shot gloom, and oppressive silence. The curiosity was fascinating and whetted every nerve. At such a stage as this (the audience having seen Hyde before) the anticipation and the prolonged anticipation, the searching of the black corners for the first evidence of the demon all begot an hypnotic effect on the hushed, breathless spectators that held them in the fetters of invincible interest. Then with a wolfish howl, a panther's leap, and the leer of a fiend Hyde was miraculously in view. It was at such a time as that that strong men shuddered and women fainted and were carried out of the theatre.

People went away from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" afraid to enter their houses alone. They feared to sleep

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"

in darkened rooms. They were awakened by nightmare. Yet it had the fascination of crime and mystery, and they came again and again.

Such an effect as that described, while a testimony of his stage management, he deprecated as no gauge of his quality as actor. It was to the last act that he pointed with all the pride which he took in this performance. During twenty minutes he held the stage alone with only one interruption. The scene represented Dr. Jekyll's cabinet in broad daylight, and disclosed the harassed man overwhelmed with the knowledge that the drugs with which he had controlled the changes were accidental in composition and not to be duplicated. The transitions to Hyde were increasingly recurrent, in fact Hyde controlled Jekyll and Jekyll no longer controlled Hyde. His soul-sadness, his tender despair, his haunted anticipation of the reversion to bestial Hyde as the convulsions seized him, his pitiful, agonised attitude as he stood before the mirror dreading to remove his hands for fear of the demon's face they would reveal, his cry of joy as he discovered that the change had not yet come and he was still Henry Jekyll—these were all accomplished by Mansfield with simple, lofty, and invincible art, and produced effects on the spectator more profound and quite as thrilling as the theatric scenes preceding.

Every one speculated on the secret of the transformations which they saw yet could not believe. He was accused of using acids, phosphorus, and all manner of chemicals. The mystery spread to London, where some one declared it was "all perfectly simple. He uses a rubber suit which he inflates and exhausts at pleasure!" Mansfield told the simple facts and caused them to be repeatedly published, that his only change was in the

muscles of his face, the tones of his yielding voice, and the posture of his body, which as Hyde he poised in a crouching position on his toes, swaying and bounding with an agility which gave a weird, spectral quality in the half lights of the night. Believe him? Of course not. Such candour was too transparently suspicious and only further stimulated the amateur theorist.

Mansfield found so little understanding of the characters of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the discussions of his performance that he consented finally to write his views at length. They appeared in the New York *Sun* of December 31, 1887. The concluding paragraphs are quoted:

To me the last act is immensely touching. Jekyll, aroused to the full horror of the situation; Jekyll, the loved, the admired, the wealthy; Jekyll, who had the world at his feet, and all the pleasures and all the happiness the world could afford, if he chose, in his grasp; Jekyll, in his youth, in his strength, with the knowledge that he is closeted with death—and such a death! It seems to me that if there ever was a moral powerfully taught, it is here. I wish I could act it as well as I feel it.

The gentlemen who say in the journals that there is no necessity to make the play so strong, that there is no use in displaying so horrible a character upon the stage or of lingering over the agony of Jekyll, seem to forget that as long as the actor acts, he will consider the highest form of his art the display of the most powerful passions of men, and that he will strive at all times to choose such subjects as will best afford him opportunity to sway and impress his audience. It is our aim and our end in view. I do not delight to hear that just so many women have fainted of an evening in the theatre, but I, my art, and my nature, receive a fresh stimulus and inspiration from the

breathless silence and the rapt attention of my auditors. As long as the dramatic art flourishes, despite all men may say or write from private motives of their own, the world will go to see that which stirs and moves it; and it will ever support the actor who puts his whole heart and soul, all his enthusiasm, his energy, his earnestness, his sincerity into his work. In reply to the criticism that the moral contained in this story of Jekyll and Hyde could be taught equally persuasively by gentler and prettier means, I have only to point to the great masters, and ask why Shakespeare piled horror upon horror in "Richard III" and "Macbeth," why Othello smothers the beautiful Desdemona and then cuts his throat or stabs himself, why everybody is killed in "Hamlet," and why even "Romeo and Juliet" carries us to the tomb? You may say, "the thoughts and the language of Shakespeare," and I stop you. Find me a Shakespeare to-day and I will certainly engage him. In the meanwhile I am satisfied, for want of better, with the thoughts of Stevenson and the dramatisation of a young American scholar, Sullivan. It is the best I can find, and the best I can give you. For myself, I give all I have. In time, if God spares me, I hope it will be better. I shall try.

Meantime, the summer had not been passed in idleness. After accomplishing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in Boston, he disappeared from the public eye for a fortnight, but it was to gather together his family of players and rehearse "Prince Karl," which was the bill when he began a summer season in New York at the Madison Square Theatre, on Monday evening, May 30. He turned the little foyer and auditorium into a conservatory of bloom and fragrance, and in June gave the 500th performance of the courier Prince.

Besides acting and travelling continually the previous winter, rewriting the first and last acts of "Prince Karl,"

and supervising the dramatisation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Mansfield, with the dash and energy and artistic fecundity so characteristic of him, found time to write an original comedy. It was a trifle, to be sure, and he did not dignify it more pretentiously than as "a sketch." He wrote it under pressure in three days.

One afternoon he read it to the ladies and gentlemen of his company, and their appreciation led to its rehearsal. Every one was sworn to secrecy on the point of authorship, and "Monsieur" was announced for July 11.[1] But, as a celebrated Frenchwoman has said: "A secret known to two is no longer a secret," and here was one known to a score. Gossip ferreted the facts and Mansfield "owned the soft impeachment."

The story was a slender trifle and followed the fortunes of a young French gentleman of sensitive, noble nature and an imperfect English accent, a singer and composer, who came to New York, and in the attempt to earn his living by his art almost starved. He succeeded, however, in winning the love of Alice Golden, the spirited daughter of a pair of *nouveaux riches*. At a musicale given by Alice's parents, M. de Jadot, who had been invited that he might entertain the company, fainted at the piano from lack of food. When Alice restored him, they disclosed their mutual affections. The result of this avowal was that

[1] The cast of the first presentation of "Monsieur" was:

Andre Rossini Mario de Jadot	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Alice Golden	Miss Beatrice Cameron.
Mrs. Elisabeth Ann Golden	Miss Josephine Laurens.
Mrs. Mary Pettigrew	Miss Annie O'Neill.
Mrs. Morton	Miss Helen Glidden.
Sally	Miss Johnstone Bennett.
Tom Vanderhuysen	Mr. John T. Sullivan.
Edgar J. Golden	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Morton Saunders	Mr. Joseph Frankau.
Popples	Mr. Harry Gwynnette.
The Hon. Charles Mt. Vernon	Mr. John Parry.

the young couple married in defiance of the girl's parents, and lived, loved, and suffered the pinches of poverty together in an attic, while M. de Jadot was trying to find a manager to produce his opera or to give him an entrée on the stage. Their friends did not desert them, but, on the contrary, called much at their attic, and Alice's father showed a disposition to make up, which was temporarily checked by her mother. Finally, when Alice's parents were on the point of being ruined by a swindler, it turned out that M. de Jadot's uncle had died in France and left him the title of Count and "an estate of millions." The young Frenchman was as sweet in prosperity as he had been brave in adversity, and the curtain fell upon smiling peace and plenty.

Mansfield's acting of De Jadot would have redeemed a slenderer trifle than "Monsieur." He imbued his hero with a naïve interest that made him continually amusing, without ever permitting the audience to forget that the poor beggar before them was patrician to the finger tips. His broken English came in delicate bits, and was as artistic in indicating the little musician's French origin as Prince Karl's English had been in betraying the German influence. Because the public demanded his imitations and musical parodies, and they helped draw the so-much-needed receipts to the little house, he made a place for them in the second act; but one of the tenderest and yet most amusing incidents of the play was his preparation of "the sandwich of cheeken" for his poor starving little wife, and his delicious fooling in serving it to her with the air and manner of a *grand garçon* in a restaurant.

The scene in the first act, when he began bravely to sing, his throat gradually dried, his voice choked and he fainted, was a transcription from his own first experience

on the stage in London in the German Reed Entertainment. Some people affected to see in the little comedy a palpable hit at Mapleson and at manners and musical taste in New York society at the time. As for Mansfield, he neither made claims nor entertained high hopes for his sketch. Nevertheless its wit, delicacy, sprightliness and human charm made it possible to continue the run for eight weeks during the hottest season of the year.

He always contended that "Monsieur" would have made more of a success with the public, if the public had been able to make more of a success of the pronunciation of the title. The name of a play should be striking to the eye, easy to remember, and tripping on the tongue. Monsieur is, as a matter of fact, one of the very hardest words in the French language for an American to pronounce. The public tried and failed, and covered their failure with a burlesque of it, and so the little play was taken less seriously than if it had been called "The Frenchman," or some other simple name at first as it was later.

The run of "Monsieur" terminated on Saturday evening, September 10, and the Monday evening following "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" received its first performance in New York with results already indicated. He was deaf to all persuasions to continue beyond October 1, the date originally fixed for leaving the Madison Square Theatre, and, as always, gave the public less of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" than was wanted, and so kept the appetite stimulated.

He now had a repertoire of four popular characters—the Baron Chevrial, Prince Karl, Monsieur de Jadot, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—a group admirably calculated to disclose his versatile artistry in impressively contrasting phases. They constituted his offering for a tour which

began at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, October 3, and included engagements in the following sequence: at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago; John Ellsler's Park Theatre, Cleveland; the Bijou, Pittsburgh; the Holliday Street, Baltimore; Albaugh's, Washington; the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati; Macauley's, Louisville; the Olympic, St. Louis; and then, for the first time in his career, and with some pride, no doubt, after his former struggles and disappointment, he brought his company by special train to New York for an engagement of four weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, his first on this stage. The tour was resumed January 16 at the Globe Theatre, Boston, whence it extended to Colonel Sinn's Park Theatre, Brooklyn; the Grand Opera House, New York; White's Grand Opera House, Detroit; the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; Albaugh's, Washington; the Academy of Music, Jersey City; the Park Theatre, Brooklyn; the Museum, Boston, for four weeks beginning May 7, and to the Madison Square Theatre, New York, for a month, which terminated his season on June 25, 1888. On his final Friday at the Madison Square Theatre, he entertained his fellow-artists at a specially acted matinée performance. Hundreds were unable to find seatings, but the throng admitted gave him an ovation to which he responded feelingly, with assurances that the praise of his brother artists was more reassuring than any other he had received.

Since he assumed the rôle of Ko-Ko on January 14, 1886, he had acted over two years and a half consecutively, summer and winter, with two respites of two weeks each, which were devoted almost entirely to rehearsals and the arduous labour of preparing productions. Of vacation he had taken just exactly four days!

Now, as always, he was an enigma to the contented and the unimaginative. To so many of this type an actor's life is a mellow career of gossip and good-fellowship. From the first Mansfield realised his latent gifts. Others may have sneered at his aspirations, but he believed in destiny, and believed, though he never admitted it and scorned it when suggested, that fame had its seal on him. He did not know how he would reach the goal, but his eyes were ever on the stars, and with his whole heart, soul, talents, confidence, and strength he worked to fulfil his obligations.

His perseverance, unflagging devotion to his art, his deep sincerity allied to his native talents, now recognised as of a high order, were winning him something of the eminence of which he dreamed and in which he was determined to force the public to place him. The winter of 1887–1888 developed several incidents, some trifling, but amusing, some illustrative of his character or progress, and some significant of events to come.

It has been said that Mansfield repudiated any artificial means in effecting his marvellous transformation from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. His friend, De Wolf Hopper—for whose comic skill on the stage and irresistible personal good-fellowship off the stage, Mansfield always entertained sincere admiration—attests the facts in this anecdote:

"I was supping with Mansfield one night in his rooms at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, after our respective performances, while his Jekyll and Hyde was in the first bloom of its terror-spreading triumph. There was a single heavily hooded green lamp over the table at an angle which lighted our faces and threw the rest of the spacious chambers into cavernous shadows. I remember

there was even a bell in a neighbouring tower which broke into the subsequent recital with weird opportuneness. Mansfield seldom talked shop and never off the stage exploited his professional achievements. He sang, played, narrated with a witchery of expression and improvised scenes with alluring fecundity. But the sock and buskin was far away in his dressing-room. This night, however, he yielded to my plea and told me of his sensations when he appeared first as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in Boston; of that critical make-or-ruin first change from Jekyll to Hyde; of the ghastly silence of the audience for seconds that seemed minutes and shrieked failure in his heart; and then the whirlwind of applause; the exhilarating, overwhelming sense of success. I was spellbound by his graphic eloquence. The shadows tightened all about us, and I saw nothing but his luminous countenance. In a burst of sympathetic enthusiasm I asked what he did and how he did it. And then and there, only four feet away, under the green light, as that booming clock struck the hour—he did it—changed to Hyde before my very eyes—and I remember that I, startled to pieces, jumped up and cried that I'd ring the bell if he didn't stop!"

The final four weeks of the season were played in the most oppressive heat. When, on Saturday, June 23, he picked up his morning paper and read a list of the deaths of man and beast from sunstroke the day before, he declared he would not act or be so inhuman as to ask his fellow-players to act in such heat, closed the theatre until the following Monday, and gave his company congé.

The great popularity he established for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" disclosed the fact early in the season that the book was insufficiently protected under the copyright law. Other versions of every type, from indifferent to unmen-

tionable, sprung up like mushrooms all over the country. One manager, touring in the remote sections of New England, advertised that his Mr. Hyde was the most terrible of all and had to be kept chained in a box car en route and in the theatre. He had the town hall crowded every night. The only one, of all those at this time playing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," who at all threatened Mansfield's interests was a German-American actor named Daniel Bandmann. Of the two performances, the Lounger in the New York *Dispatch*, of July 18, 1888, says: "Bandmann, whose prominence in this matter is next to that of Mansfield, could not stand the test of comparison with the young actor. New York saw both of them essay the rôle, and while it shivered at Mansfield, it only smiled at Bandmann. The former was weird, the latter grotesque."

Henry Irving was again in America for the season of 1887–1888. On every hand he heard of the young genius whose rise was meteoric. Firmly entrenched in his own position at the head of the London stage, by a diplomacy which drew every one to him and held them in bonds of sweet fealty, Irving's wisdom foresaw a rival artist, if in any one in America, in Mansfield, whose published programme included Nero, Shylock, Richard III, and Cagliostro.

He saw the younger actor and invited him to come to London and appear in his own Lyceum Theatre. Flattered beyond measure, Mansfield paused to consider no expediency, deferred readily to Irving's terms, and agreed to begin his season in London on the third of September next following. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was announced for the opening bill.

Mansfield wrote a characteristic note to a friend at this time:

"For the last three seasons I have spent the Fourth [of July] within the walls of a theatre. How I shall pass the coming Fourth I know not. Probably, however, hard at work. I have much to do before the company sails and before I leave. One day to me is much like another. It is either a little more work or a little less. The glitter, the glamour, the fêting, and petting that I have read about, and which I imagined once upon a time to be part and parcel of an actor's life, have never found me out. I am a quiet, steady, plodding old war-horse, and I carry my knight, in times of peace and in battle, and Sir Labour is waxing stouter every day. Good-by, if I do not see you before my departure. When I come back I trust you will receive me none the less kindly for the fact that I swam home."

But he was to leave earlier than he anticipated. His rest was cut short, his work trebled, and his sweetest hopes threatened with dire disaster by the announcement that Bandmann had engaged the Opera Comique in London, and would act "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" there, on August 6—one month before Mansfield!

Mansfield had faith in himself, but he believed that "faith without works is dead." He girded for the fight! Hundreds of dollars were spent in spirited cables, the date of his opening was advanced to August 4 (two days before Bandmann), though the fact was not announced. His company was scattered to the mountains and sea-shore for their vacations, but he hurriedly gathered them together, and they quietly slipped away for England, on the steamer City of Rome, early in July!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

(1888–1889)

In London—Rivals—Begins season at the Lyceum with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—Beatrice Cameron produces "Lesbia"—He acts Chevrial and Prince Karl—Attendance poor—Plans to retrieve—Leases the Globe—A benefit at Derby School—Decides to act the Duke of Gloster—In retirement at Bournemouth

On his arrival in London, Mansfield established himself at Long's Hotel in Bond Street, and visiting royalty rarely surrounded themselves with more luxury. America had recognised him first, and, coming to England as an American, he assumed the obligation of sustaining American dignity.

The difference between the two countries in extending welcomes was brought home to him with unforgetable directness. There was a total absence of the exuberant journalistic hysteria which in those years seized a visiting actor at American quarantine and trumpeted him into a success of curiosity days before his dêbut. Mansfield found London perfectly calm. His old friends called and there were renewals of former friendships, cementing of new ones, many merry parties and quiet pilgrimages to spots hallowed by youthful memories. The truth is, however, that his prevailing sentiment was one of anxiety not alone about the impression he hoped to make, but lest Bandmann succeed in getting his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" before the public first and remove the cream of novelty

from his presentation. He harassed himself, too, with an alleged belief that Bandmann might walk off with the honours in spite of the fact that New York had repudiated the imitator and laughed with derision when it should have been hushed with awe. It was ever his disposition to magnify obstacles, however inconsequential, and fancy them where they did not exist at all.

The first Jekyll-Hyde in the field appeared, however, from a completely unexpected quarter. On Thursday, July 26, an actor-manager of several minor theatres and of some provincial repute, named Howard Poole, produced a dramatic version of the Stevenson story at the Theatre Royal, Croydon, about ten miles out of London. He attracted no attention and made no impression. He was immediately enjoined, and Stevenson and his publishers, the Messrs. Longmans, repudiated all versions of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" other than Mansfield's, as unauthorised.

Henry Irving concluded his performances at the Lyceum Theatre on July 7. Sarah Bernhardt followed him at once on July 9 in Sardou's newly produced "La Tosca" and others of her great rôles. She held the stage until Mansfield assumed his tenancy of the theatre with the initial performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," on Saturday evening, August 4.[1]

[1] The cast of the play on this occasion was:

Dr. Jekyll / Mr. Hyde	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Dr. Lanyon	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Gabriel Utterson	Mr. John T. Sullivan.
Genl. Sir Danvers Carew	Mr. Holland.
Poole	Mr. J. C. Burrows.
Inspector Newcomer	Mr. W. H. Compton.
Jarvis	Mr. F. Vivian.
Mrs. Lanyon	Mrs. D. H. Harkins.[2]
Rebecca Moore	Miss Emma Sheridan.
Agnes Carew	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

[2] Helen Glidden.

The London critics at once confessed that on the plane of what is weird, sombre, saturnine, and mystical there had been nothing in the experience of living theatre-goers comparable to Mansfield's performance, excepting Henry Irving's Mathias in "The Bells." Mansfield's triumph was complete after Bandmann's effort the following Monday, August 6, of which Clement Scott wrote in *The Theatre:*

"The version is bad. . . . Only in the first and last acts is there any dramatic interest. . . . The adapter has made Dr. Jekyll in love with Sybil Howell the daughter of a clergyman who is murdered by Hyde in presence of the audience. The principal incidents of the story are closely followed, but in doing so there are introduced comic scenes, such as are witnessed only at pantomime time. . . . Mr. Bandmann's Dr. Jekyll is a canting, sanctimonious humbug of Pecksniffian appearance; his Mr. Hyde a malevolent dwarf-like creature with large teeth, that was ridiculous from its monkey-like tricks which only prolonged laughter and derision where they should have inspired terror."

The piece was withdrawn by Bandmann after the second performance!

The most distinguished people in London acknowledged the spell of Mansfield's performance, and among them came United States Minister Phelps, who wrote him: "I am proud of you, of the American company and of the perfect taste of the whole production. It was an eminent success." The public, however, remained away with heart-breaking persistency. Vogue, based even on the highest, soundest, and most vigorous achievements, is not attained in a night in London. The English are slow to yield either their interest or their affections; but once they bestow either, they are constant as the stars.

There appeared to be a turn in the tide later and he wrote to his friend, E. A. Dithmar.

I suppose you think I am unkind, unmindful, and ungrateful not to have written to you once I have been over here—or perhaps you will understand how hard worked I have been and how tired when I reached home and was unable to sit still and write to my friends. It has been a hard fight, with much against us, but I think we have conquered. At all events, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is in for a long run and will not be taken off during my tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre. The audiences are very enthusiastic, much more so than in America, and it does seem as if the profession here had a desire to acclaim me. Terris has been twice and wrote me a note saying: "I thank you for the most artistic treat since Irving's 'Louis XI.'" Everybody writes and speaks in the same vein. Frith, the painter, who is an old man and has seen everybody, told me (I hope he meant it) I reminded him much of Macready and that my voice was finer. . . . I have just received a card from the Hon. Louis Wingfield notifying me that at a special meeting of the Garrick Club I was elected an honorary member. Toole, Beerbohm Tree, and Wingfield were my sponsors. . . . I need hardly tell you that the expenses here are enormous, and I would warn any American actor to think twice before he tackles the British lion—every hair of his tail costs gold, and we are safely through it, thank God! I have ventured, perhaps, where angels would have feared to tread, and succeeded; but had I known exactly—well, I might have been frightened away.

Miss Cameron's talents as an artist and her charm as a woman had made a deep impression on Mansfield from the first. With a desire to enlarge her reputation and with a hope of strengthening the evening bill, he advanced her as Lesbia, in a one-act classical comedy of that name,

by Richard Davey, a London playwright and journalist of some pretension and culture. "Lesbia" was made the curtain-raiser from September 17, 1888, when it was first produced on the Lyceum stage.[1]

The little play had no inherent vitality, and the mild interest with which it was received was due entirely to the charm and talent of Miss Cameron and her associates.

Meantime "A Parisian Romance" was in preparation, and afterward he told an incident of these rehearsals which illustrated significantly the amateur's idea of the stage. There came to him a beautiful and gifted young gentlewoman, Lady Emily ———, who wished to go on the stage. He thought he saw in her an ornament who would add to the patrician verisimilitude of his ensembles. Lady Emily was given the part of a fluttering young society woman, and she had little to do but to be at ease and she had less to say. As rehearsals progressed it became evident that on the stage she was neither graceful nor natural. Mansfield took her in hand and tried in vain to have her sit, stand, and walk properly. Finally, in despair, he appealed to her: "My dear Lady Emily, why do you sit in that position? Would you assume such a pose in your own drawing-room?" With her attention attracted to herself, she confessed she would not. "Then why do you do it on the stage?" he asked. With naïve candour, she replied: "I presume because I am acting." He spent a deal of valuable time teaching people how not to act.

In spite of his optimistic letter to Dithmar, "Dr.

[1] With this cast:

Lesbia	Miss Beatrice Cameron.
Catullus	Mr. John T. Sullivan.
Sibilla	Mrs. Sol Smith.
Affra	Miss Johnstone Bennett.
Claudia	Miss Maude White.

Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" limped no further along than the end of September, and "A Parisian Romance" received its first London presentation at any hands on October 1. The denotement of Mansfield's powers, as displayed in the Baron Chevrial, were freely acknowledged. The characterisation was written of glowingly as "a minute and Denner-like piece of work" . . . and of possessing "what the poet calls 'the mind breathing in the face.'" But sweet phrases, however much they may have moved the actor, did not move the public. Peering out nightly at the empty benches, Mansfield saw a crisis approaching. Unwilling at any time to expose in the English capital so vaporous a trifle as "Monsieur"—for he had no vanity about certain of his own accomplishments—he played his last card on Friday evening, October 10. The run of "A Parisian Romance" was interrupted for one night, and "Prince Karl" received its first London performance, preceded by Horace Wigan's one-act comedy, "Always Intended."

The occasion was made the benefit for a Whitechapel charity, and his patrons included: the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary), the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the United States Minister, and Mrs. Phelps, Sir Richard Taylor, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Henry Labouchere, M.P., Joseph Hatton, Edmund Yates, and a score of other prominent persons.

A cable to the New York *Times* gives an interesting and exact account of the evening:

A benefit for the poor of the East End of London does not possess much interest for the swells of the West End, and the front of the house was not on the whole so brilliant a night as on Mansfield's first appearance here. But the

pit and galleries were jammed with people who howled and stamped after every act till Mansfield came forward. They gave him a double recall after the last act. In the first place, the humour of the piece, which is American, appealed mainly to people of the orchestra seats, who had travelled on the Continent. It then caught the pit and the galleries with but little delay. In London, what with working men's holiday clubs and cheap excursions to the Continent, it is hard to find an industrious and intelligent English working man who does not know something about a trip on the Rhine, where the scene of the play is laid. So Mansfield's amusing conception of the duties of a courier, and the rôles of the other members of the company as helpless American tourists in the merciless hands of Continental hotel-keepers, took much better here than it did in New York. Then the puns, which in New York are considered as veritable chestnuts kept the Londoners, in the stalls, to whom they were new, in convulsions of laughter. No one was more surprised at their instantaneous success than Mansfield himself.

Miss Beatrice Cameron, as the rich widow, looked prettier, dressed better, and acted more effectively than she has since she has been here. She received almost an enthusiastic ovation. As to Mansfield and the rest of the company, they were as good as usual in the piece and much more at home in their parts than in the two previous plays.

"Prince Karl" was merely put on one night as a feeler. There is scarcely any doubt that Mansfield will continue it during the remainder of his engagement at the Lyceum.

With some of the critics here he will get no praise, whatever he does. But if the expression of opinion, of the best of their number to him personally, and among themselves in the foyer to-night, is any criterion, then it may be taken for granted that Mansfield will soon draw as big houses at the Lyceum as did Mary Anderson.

"Prince Karl" became the evening bill on the Monday evening following, in spite of the somewhat severe blow to his pride that his former more serious efforts as an artist should be less popularly received than a light comedy which he held far below the standard of his ambition.

The attendance was now larger, but not yet profitable. The performances were still given at a loss. This, added to the huge indebtedness which had piled up during the preceding twelve weeks, presented an obligation and an outlook to distress the stoutest heart. It was really all along a struggle from hand to mouth. Every shilling went to his company, and a weekly promissory note for $3,000, bearing interest, was handed Mr. Irving for the rental of the Lyceum. One week, Mansfield's manager, Mr. E. D. Price, came to him with the news of a crowning catastrophe. Two hundred pounds, their share of the week's receipts, had been stolen from the safe in the office of the theatre. Too late he realised what he overlooked in his spontaneous eagerness to do great things when Irving offered him time at the Lyceum—that he had allowed himself to be booked in London at the wrong time of the year; that financial success there is a growth and not a shower; and, finally, that, on the same boards with the most popular actor England had doted on for generations, and a man in the full flower of his important achievements, and, preceded by the greatest living actress at the zenith of her power and fame, he had challenged criticism with three mediocre, unpretentious plays, displaying two characters essentially repugnant to the sympathies, and a third which defined only the superficial elegancies of his art.

Impoverished and exhausted, his material depleted, and nothing ahead, apparently, but to close his season and,

as he had prophesied, "swim home," his mettle was challenged. He was ever a man for an emergency, never more undaunted than in seeming defeat. He now manifested his courageous spirit and his indomitable pluck. He would not leave London defeated. The hoped for success of Chevrial, Karl, and Hyde, even at the best, could not have been comparable to the triumph he now determined to wring from the intolerable situation. It is not drawing the long bow to say that London was profoundly astonished the morning it read Richard Mansfield's announcement that he had leased the Globe Theatre and would, before he left the British capital, act the Duke of Gloster in Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Richard III." He would measure himself at the shoulder of the greatest English actors.

He had never seen this play performed, but its incomparable invitation to the artist of powers and resources had long been beckoning him. For financial substance he turned to his old friend, Eben D. Jordan, and his staunch admirer responded handsomely.

He was not able to secure the Globe immediately on the termination of his lease of the Lyceum, December 1. One week he devoted to seven appearances at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, and on his way back to London indulged himself in an enterprise which had been near to his heart ever since he arrived in England. One of the first to rush to greet him on his arrival was his dear old master, the Rev. Walter Clark, from whom he learned that the Derby boys were struggling with a subscription for a new racquet court. Mansfield at once promised to come and play in Derby and devote the entire receipts to the boys' subscription. This he accomplished, on his way back from Liverpool to London, Monday, December

10, 1888, at the Grand Theatre, where he gave not only one performance, but two!—"Prince Karl" in the afternoon and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the evening. He afterward spoke of this as one of the proudest occasions of his life.

A Derby paper of the next day said: "At the close of the evening performance Mr. Mansfield had quite an ovation, being again and again recalled, and, a speech being insisted on, he in a few well-chosen words expressed the pleasure he felt in being in Derby once more, and the pride he had always felt and should continue to feel in his old school. He felt especial gratification at the enthusiastic reception he had received at their hands. The audience included, of course, scores of Derby-School boys, and some of them found a vent for their enthusiasm by taking the horses from Mr. Mansfield's carriage and dragging him in triumph up to the school." Once there he did not fail to look up the platform of his boyish histrionic experiments.

Returning to London he opened his tenancy of the Globe Theatre, "entirely refurnished during a possession extending over thirty-six hours," Saturday evening, December 22. The play was "Prince Karl," with the identical cast of its first presentation at the Lyceum, save for Madame Carlotta Leclerq as Mrs. Daphne Lowell and Weeden Grossmith as Howard Algernon Briggs. It was preceded in the bill here by "Editha's Burglar," with Lionel Brough. The music at the Globe now became a feature. It was directed by Edward German.

The attendance during the holidays was encouraging, and Mansfield applied himself with all the resources of body and mind to the preparation of "King Richard III." Ill luck, however, had another rap for him, and it fell the

second week in January when his throat, which had been affected by the climate from the moment winter set in, gave him painful concern. Sir Morell Mackenzie attended him, declared he was suffering from congestion of the larynx, and must stop acting at once or he might suffer permanent injury.

It was an emergency for quick action. Mansfield was equal to it. He called his company together, advised them of Sir Morell's diagnosis, but said he would act until Saturday. Meantime he arranged for revivals of the old comedies, leading with Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," in which he cast his own company, with the addition of Lionel Brough for Tony Lumpkin and beautiful Kate Vaughan for Kate Hardcastle.

Once out of harness he redoubled his energy in preparing his new rôle and his Shakesperian production. He felt the need of single-mindedness, for the responsibility of every detail fell on his shoulders. He gathered about him experts on every aspect of the tragedy. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., F.S.A., designed the costumes and armour; Egerton Castle, F.S.A., and J. G. Waller, F.S.A., advised on "military archæology," and Mr. Castle and Walter Pollack assisted in mounting the fighting scenes; William Telbin, Bruce Smith, and E. G. Banks designed and painted the scenery; and Edward German composed an overture, entr'actes, and incidental music. Such cohorts made it obvious that he was tremendously in earnest.

Of these preparations he wrote later in *Harper's Weekly:* "The man I remembered best of all in the studios was Seymour Lucas, for cause that he had one day offered to pledge his only table ornament, a silver cup, to relieve my necessities; and I would have done the same by him,

even to my evening boots built of fine patent leather, with silk bows very near the toes to make the feet look small. It was, then, to Seymour Lucas I applied for direction in the matter of a historical production of 'King Richard III.' . . . The supers were being drilled in the art of ancient warfare by Captain Egerton Castle. . . . German travelled down to me [he was in Bournemouth] to talk about the music, and I hired a piano, and with locked doors we strumped and hummed and whistled and sang until that portion of the idea had taken form."

The article in *Harper's Weekly* (May 24, 1890), referred to, opens with a reference to his retirement to the country, whither he had gone to study, and the first paragraphs are repeated here for the sake of the ingratiating sketch of English rural life and the denotement of the writer's native geniality:

"Fagged out by a season of hard work, I had gone to Bournemouth to regain my health and strength, and to find vigour to commence a new attack upon the bulwarks of popular favour. I took with me the half-formulated plans and ideas of a regenerated 'Richard III.' . . . My chief and only pleasure was found in the companionship of an old Welsh mare; barring a corn on the off forefoot, a sound and noble specimen of the good old English cob.

"Rain or shine I mounted this tawny-coloured steed and trotted toward Christchurch. After all, there is no road like an English road, and no lane like an English lane; and if at the end of it there be a ruined abbey, a quaint old hostelry, and the downs stretching across the sea line as far as a keen eye can reach, there may be hope for enjoyment.

"I never ask my way or inquire regarding sights—sight-seeing itself is my abomination—so I came upon

Christchurch one fine morning in a haphazard sort of manner and rode into the old cobble street and passed the ivy-grown abbey without a suspicion as to where I might be. It was fine—that was all. I liked it; it was a place for the painter. I saw an inn, and, as is usual, by its side a stable, and I was back again with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller in a moment. My crop was on my hip as I rode through the gate and gave the call for the 'ostler; and when he came limping out, he was the same old 'ostler, lame from a kick, with the same red hair, and the same knowing eye, and the same touch of his forelock, and the same old, very old, striped waistcoat. If anybody else had come forward looking in any way different, I should have awoke and fallen off my cob; it wasn't in the nature of things to expect any one else, and nobody else came. We had never met, but the man knew me and I knew him. 'Oats!' I said; and he touched his greasy cricket cap, threw the reins over his arm, and as I moved up the steps to the side entrance to the house, the broad hindquarters of the mare disappeared behind the stable door—not, however, without one hind foot slipping a little on a stone.

"I knew where the coffee-room was, and I knew I'd find a good fire. I knew that if I pulled a rope by the mantel-shelf I should hear the sound of a bell clanging through the house. I knew that a more or less good-looking girl would answer the summons. Here my first doubt set in—she might be good-looking and she might not. I did not desire to have my senses in any way shocked by the sight of an ill-looking person. I was in too soothed and comfortable a frame of mind. She came; I knew it, although I was hanging over the fire with one spurred boot on the fender. I waited a little

while in order to nerve myself for the shock; then I turned. I was very grateful. She was well-favoured. We, too, had encountered each other before. It required no introduction. I had chucked her under the chin in every part of England, and she expected it just as much as she expected the shilling, and I expected her to say, 'Lor', sir!' Some bread and cheese and a pint of ale—old ale; there is some old ale here, I know it, as mild as milk and as powerful as Hennessy.

"It rained, it pattered on the window pane, and the room became darker and the fire more cheerful. I lolled in the shiny brown chair, threw my head far back, and there was shortly a fragrance of tobacco smoke. I knew there was a very old man in the house who had lived there for generations, and in due time he entered. He was part of it all, so was the rain, and the mare in the stable crunching her corn, and the 'ostler 'sh-shing' as he rubbed down a horse by the door, and the yellow-white Scotch whiskey, too, in the short, round tumbler, with a foot to it, by the host's elbow. He droned about crops and visitors and the curate (he knew I knew them all). 'Salmon was coming in fine.' 'I'd better stay and have a slice crimped.' I shook myself, went out and looked at the weather, got on to my cob and rode home thinking; but I was away back all the time in the forties and—how perfectly contented! I rode out that way every day, and never sought for anything different; it satisfied me, sometimes with a wild gallop on the downs or a jump or two over a low hedge. . . .

"In the meantime I was making up my mind more and more every day, either on the downs or in the coffee-room at Christchurch, as to what sort of a man Richard o' Gloster was; and *now* no one can make me think he was

otherwise than as I am when I wear his coat and cap. You may not like him, but he is a 'being,' which is more than the ranting, raving, sulking monstrosity you have been accustomed to was."

For two months, so far as the public knew anything of Mansfield, he was in complete retirement. They were for him, however, months of strenuous labour, zealous study and dire apprehension. The night he appeared first as Chevrial he was unknown, there was no expectation. He had much to gain, but he had neither investment nor reputation to lose. Now he faced an epoch-making crisis in his career. His increasing celebrity had stimulated expectation; to realise an ambition he had plunged into an indebtedness of upward of sixty thousand dollars; and he was challenging fame in one of the most exacting of Shakespeare's characters, a rôle hedged about with hard and fast tradition, and indissolubly bound up in the history of every great British actor, including Irving, who was the only living exponent of Richard on the English stage.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

(1889)

Produces "King Richard III"—Conquering a riotous pit—Smashing traditions—His note on King Richard—Making friends—A letter from Robert Buchanan—A visit from his old master—Returns to America.

MANSFIELD first acted the Duke of Gloster in Shakespeare's tragedy, "King Richard III," on Saturday evening, March 16, 1889, at the Globe Theatre, London.[1]

The first performance was very nearly ruined by the occupants of the pit. The brutalities of the professional wreckers in these cheap seats is traditional in London. From the earliest days of the theatre they have dictated to the managers, created babels which made it impossible to hear plays, and driven actors from the stage.

[1] The cast was:

King Henry VI	Mr. Allan Beaumont.
Prince of Wales	Miss Bessie Hatton.
Duke of York	Miss Isa Bowman.
Duke of Gloster, afterward King Richard III	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Duke of Buckingham	Mr. James Fernandez.
Duke of Norfolk	Mr. W. R. Staveley.
Earl of Richmond	Mr. Luigi Lablache.
Lord Stanley	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Sir Richard Ratcliffe	Mr. Reginald Stockton.
Earl of Oxford	Mr. J. Burrows.
Lord Mayor of London	Mr. Joseph Frankau.
Sir James Blount	Mr. Leonard Calvert.
Sir William Catesby	Mr. Norman Forbes.
Earl of Surrey	Mr. J. Parry.
Sir Robert Brokenbury	Mr. Merwyn Dallas.
Berkeley	Mr. J. G. Slee.
Lord Hastings	Mr. W. H. Crompton.
Captain of the Guard	Mr. H. Wyatt.
Tressel	Mr. Arthur Gilmore.
Sir James Tyrrel	Mr. C. Stewart.

There were occasions when Garrick himself could not withstand the pit.

During the weeks immediately preceding Mansfield's appearance as Gloster the pitites had been particularly active. A few evenings before they had broken up a first night's performance at Mrs. John Wood's Theatre, keeping up such a turmoil that the entire play was presented practically in dumb show.

A friend brought Mansfield word that there would be a hostile demonstration against his Richard, and on the advice of a Londoner high in authority a dozen police officers in plain clothes were to be sprinkled through the pit. If any one made an outbreak, disapproval was to be expressed, and if he did not subside he was to be taken out and locked up.

The crowd at the pit entrance to the Globe before the doors opened on the first night was so great that the peace-officers could not get near it, and the mistake was made of allowing them to enter by a private doorway. The struggle for precedence in getting in was so frenzied

Sir Thomas Vaughan	Mr. Edgar Norton.
Sir Walter Herbert	Mr. F. Smiles.
Sir William Brandon	Mr. Sydney Price.
Earl of Pembroke	Mr. H. Druce.
Marquis of Dorset	Mr. M. Buist.
Lord Lovell	Mr. L. Dubarri.
Bishop of Ely	Mr. A. Sims.
Garter King at Arms	Mr. F. Tipping.
Wyndham	Mr. F. Vivian.
Court Jester	Mr. F. W. Knight.
Standard Bearer	Mr. F. Broughton.
Queen Elisabeth	Miss Mary Rorke.
Lady Attendants to the Queen	Miss Burton, Miss Langton, and Miss Olliffe.
Duchess of Yorke	Miss Carlotta Leclarcq.
Lady Attendant to the Duchess	Mrs. Whittier Chandos.
Margaret Plantagenet	Miss E. Orford.
Edward Plantagenet	Miss N. Bowman.
Lady Anne	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

Priests, Monks, Acolytes, Men-at-arms, Citizens, Merchants, Pages, Archers. Aldermen, Children, &c., &c.

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "KING RICHARD III"

that the first dozen were bruised and battered and nearly stripped of their clothing. When they saw that others had been admitted before them, they passed the word to those following and set up a demonstration which soon took on the proportions of a riot.

Mansfield's own narrative in *Harper's Weekly* covers this angry prologue:

The excitement of a first night is actual suffering; the nervousness actual torture. Yet as I walk down the Strand on my way to the theatre that night and note the impassive, imperturbable faces of the passers-by, I must confess to myself that I would not change places with them—no, not for worlds. I have something that is filling my life brimful of interest, every nerve is dancing, every muscle quivering. It's like a battle. I shall win or die.

I'm in my dressing-room at last, and at last it's the first night of tragedy. My first night of tragedy! I begin to realise it all at once. It comes upon me with the most stunning force. I do not believe I have thought of it before. I'm afraid my servant, my devoted John Metzger, will see my hands trembling as I draw the lines under my eyes. I have donned my first dress. I am ready. Lucas has been to see me. He says I look like the pictures of Richard. That is well.

There is an uproar in the house. Hark! they are shrieking and yelling. John is in a ferment of terror, and says, in his broken accent, that "they vas wrecking the house." I wonder what it is all about. Presently the news comes. First one and then the other pale-faced emissary. Somebody has blundered. Men have been allowed to take places in the pit before the doors were regularly and properly opened.

Augustus Harris comes panting and very red, "You must go out and speak to them." Lucas, Castle, and Walter Pollock stand friendly and anxious at the door. I have become calm. I have drawn up another chair.

I am resting my legs upon it. "Augustus," I said to Harris, "you are very popular. Go, speak to them for me." He went, but did not speak, and the uproar became greater and greater, and still I sat quietly in my room. Somehow all this did not seem to concern me. It was not in any way part or parcel of my production of "King Richard III." It was there all ready for them, I reflected, and if they did not wish to see it, all well and good. I was sure I should not raise the curtain or my voice until they were silent and attentive. I think my stage manager harangued them to little purpose, and the curtain rose on the first scene.

I do not know how it came about. I think the demons felt somehow or other that it was beautiful. *I* always say it awed them into silence. At all events they were very still. They could not hiss their own dear old Tower of London, standing there so grim and majestic in the twilight—the bells tolling, and the guards slowly patrolling the court before the warden's gate. Elisabeth, attended by her train, had passed across the drawbridge. The moment had come.

I opened the little door in the tower and stepped out. I was quite calm. A great storm of applause swept over me, and I looked at the house. The storm came rushing at me again and again, and still again. It seemed as if it would never tire, and I wished so that it would, for it was beating me down surer than cudgels and hard words could have done; and I felt the fatal lump rising in my throat, and the quiver of my underlip. (I have never been able to overcome certain traits of my childhood. I am as easily moved to laughter and to tears, to anger and to sympathy, as I was then, and beyond a certain amount of added knowledge, I feel just as I did then. I run, jump, eat, sleep, and comport myself in most ways as I did when I was a boy.) . . .

He had indeed conquered the malcontents. And at the end of each succeeding scene the pit joined in the

recalls with increasing enthusiasm. At the end of the play the demand that he address them came from every part of the house, and his words of modesty and sincerity were listened to with respect. Reverting to his own account: "The ship had been well and safely launched—Would she float?"

Mansfield repeatedly declared that he could not act a standard rôle to the psychology of which he was not able to bring some fresh point of view. For the trivialities merely of new "business" in reviving a character he had little interest. It was scarcely surprising, therefore, that his version and his performance of "King Richard III" set tradition aside in almost every particular.

As he arranged the tragedy, it opened in a courtyard of the Tower of London, with a prologue which was made up from those passages in "King Henry VI" where the orders come from the Duke of Gloster for the King's closer confinement.

The first act was divided into two scenes. The earlier was devoted to a superb historic pageant of Queen Elizabeth and her train entering the Tower, and concluded with Gloster's first appearance and his soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent," which he gave intact as far as the line, "And hate the idle pleasures of these days." To this he added from Act III, scene 2, of the third part of "King Henry VI":

> Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
> But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
> As are of better person than myself,
> I'll make *my heaven* to dream upon the crown;
> And whiles I live to account this world but hell,
> Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head
> Be round impaled with a glorious crown—

And from Act III, scene 1, the second part of "King Henry VI":

> My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
> Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies,
> For Edward being dead, as he shall be,
> And Henry put apart—the next for me!

The second scene disclosed King Henry's apartment in the Tower, and here was acted his murder by Gloster, from Act V, scene 6, the third part of "King Henry VI."

Acts II and III were Shakespeare's very own save for necessary condensation, and for the transfer of the wooing of Lady Anne from "a street in London" to a beautiful spot on the road to Chertsey. Acts IV and V were largely the Colley Cibber arrangement of Shakespeare's text.

Mansfield's version was published, and he prefaced it with this "Nota," which set forth the new view he took of the character:

Nota

William Shakespeare, in writing the tragedy of King Richard III, was either himself desirous of pleasing the Tudor Court (Queen Elizabeth being the granddaughter of Henry of Richmond), or he drew his history from such corrupt authorities as Hall, Hollinshed, and the work attributed to Sir Thomas More, but much more likely from the pen of that notable enemy to Richard—Bishop Morton.

Moreover, the great poet, in arranging the principal events of Gloster's life for dramatic treatment, has so distorted, confused and glomerated deeds and events that it is most difficult to restore their sequence in the play or to follow history while we follow Shakespeare. Yet we surely may, while painting the life of Richard upon the

stage, endeavour in some measure to make him appear as he really was, permitting his character to form with the march of events and his age to be somewhat measured by the date of his acts. In dealing with his personal appearance the actor has to regard the lines of the text:

> I—that am rudely stamp'd . . .
> . . . . . .
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
> Deformed, unfinished—sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionable . . .

But it would seem as if the *suggestion* of this would be all-sufficient, the more so as it is well known that the slightly deformed are highly sensitive and constantly and grossly exaggerate their own defects. Such may have been the case with Richard, for Rous alone of all the historians (and he a prejudiced one at that) says that his shoulders were uneven and his features small—"curtam habens faciem" . . . and Rous even contradicts himself in describing the deformity. On the other hand we have many pictures, notably the one at Windsor Castle, that in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries—the painting at Eton (for a fac-simile of which the author is indebted to the Provost of Eton), and the portrait in the Bethnal Green Museum. All of these have been copied for present use, and in all the general characteristics are the same—the face mournful, almost to pathos, suggestive of wonderful facility of expression and firmness. We also have John Stow's [1] authorities that Richard "was of bodily shape comely enough," and the word of the Countess of Desmond who *danced* with him in King Edward's Court and declared him "the handsomest man in the room, his brother, the King, excepted." The actor has preferred therefore to touch as lightly as is possible, in view of the text, upon the deformity of Richard's body.

[1] John Stow, the antiquary, born about 1525.

The deformity of his *mind*, as drawn by Shakespeare, has to be adhered to, although history fails to corroborate it. Richard did not slay Edward, the son of Henry VI, he did not kill King Henry, he did not murder his Queen, the Lady Anne, and there are grave doubts as to his having been implicated in the deaths of Edward V and his brother, absolutely no evidence existing that Henry VII did not find both Princes alive upon his accession. Regarding Lady Anne, his affection for her was sincere. Legge says: "She had inspired the dreams of Richard's boyhood, had been the solace of his hours of care and danger." In any case the actor may perhaps be allowed to suppose that inclination and interest went hand in hand, or that, at all events, Richard would be too clever a dissimulator to jeopardise the result of his wooing by senseless buffoonery, and that, supposing such a scene possible, it would take great apparent sincerity to win even so frail and gentle a creature as the Lady Anne by the body of her dead husband's father and the memory of that dead husband green in her heart.

When Richard fought at the battle of Tewkesbury and then, according to popular tradition, hastened to London to dispatch Henry, *he was only nineteen years of age*. The actor has taken the liberty of seizing upon this fact to contrast Richard in his earlier and more careless days (his strength, his vast ambition, his imperial mind and reckless courage all fresh in him) with the haggard, conscience-stricken and careworn tyrant Shakespeare paints him fourteen years later.

Shortly after the battle of Tewkesbury, Edward and Richard came to London, Elizabeth Woodville, the wife of Edward, taking up her residence in the Tower, while Edward marched on toward Canterbury to crush Falconbridge. It is after the entrance of Elizabeth and her train, that we first see Richard, who, if he stayed behind to slay Henry VI (in ward in prison in the Tower of London) must have lost no time in the execution of that deed, for Henry VI died on a Tuesday night, the 21st of May, between eleven and twelve of the clock, and we hear of

Gloster, on the 22d, as being on his way to Canterbury with his brother. Warkworth's Chronicle has it that on the morrow "the dead King was chested and brought to Paul's," from thence he was taken to Chertsey and again to Blackfriars, or, according to more correct authorities, to *Whitefriars*. The actor has imagined it likely that the body was conveyed on a bright May morning, by the budding hedges of the Twickenham road, the blossoms of early spring all a-bloom and the roofs of London town, the high walls of Westminster Palace and the frowning towers of the fortress seen dimly through the summer haze. It is here by the wayside that Richard has chosen to await the coming of Lady Anne. Reference is made to this scene on account of its having been the custom to place it in a street in London.

The last act of the tragedy has also been much changed, notably Richard's evil dream and the fight of Bosworth field, in which latter the actor has hoped to produce greater realistic effect by following the tale of history. The fight is taken up after Lord Stanley's defection, after John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, Richard's truest friend, has been slain by a bow drawn by an unseen hand, after the Earl of Surrey had been overpowered and taken prisoner, when Richard, weak with wounds and dismounted, knows that all is lost and that vanquished by treachery he must die or yield. "He continued his ferocity," says Mr. Hutton, "till his powers and his friends failing—for every one of his followers was either fallen or fled—he stood single in the centre of his enemies—he fell fighting an army."

The actor in modelling his conception of the character of King Richard III has borne in mind the words of Mr. Legge: "The first thought suggested by a comprehensive survey of Richard's life is the remarkable illustration it affords of the triumph of pure intellect over the most formidable obstacles. If we credit the stories of his physical deformity, the triumph of mind is proportionately enhanced." And he has also remembered Napoleon's

advice to Talma: "That the greatest kings do speak like ordinary mortals."

In arranging the book and in curtailing what would be an impossibly long play, he has somewhat followed the scenario of that very clever dramatiser, Colley Cibber; but he has endeavoured throughout to restore the language of Shakespeare, and only where it has been absolutely imperative to join events by the aid of foreign material, has he made very slight use of Cibber

The actor acknowledges with sincere gratitude the invaluable advice and coöperation of Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Blomfield, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, Captain Egerton Castle, Mr. Waller and Mr. Weekes. For the admirable music he is indebted to Mr. Edward German, as he is most surely to all those who, upon the first occasion of representation, worked with so much zeal and generosity to crown with success a somewhat considerable and hazardous undertaking.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Macklin's Shylock was scarcely more revolutionary than Mansfield's Gloster. His predecessors in the rôle of Richard indicated no lapse of years in the Prince, no growth in crime, no interval to allow the development of the reactionary effect of evil deeds on one who at first was only a man of evil thoughts and will. What they were at the end that were they at the beginning, and the experiences between had only the value of incident. Mansfield gave his characterisation moral and dramatic value by denoting the progress and effect of crime.

He wiped out three centuries of tradition with his first entrance. Here was no halting, grizzled, lowering tyrant. There bounded forth instead, a sleek, sinuous young Prince of nineteen, beau enough to cover somewhat his deformities, a creature of blithe villainy, "conquest writ in every curl of his laughing lip or flash of his wonderful eyes."

There was in the killing of King Henry the sinister humour of one who could easily say:

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile."

He was a mad-cap of such cheerful irony that Lady Anne found him more irresistible than impossible, and, when the funeral cortege passed on to Whitefriars, his infatuation with his own mad deviltry pitched the speech beginning: "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?" in light tones of boastful raillery which his sharp tongue clipped off at a merry pace. From there on crime worked its swift corrosion, but it was only when time had laid some years upon him, as indicated in the Richard of the throne-room scenes of Act III, that he disclosed consciousness of the spiritual conflict.

It was ever in scenes displaying the force of avenging conscience that Mansfield's imagination triumphed over his material and over the spectator most completely. The cry with which Richard started from his dream-haunted couch: "Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" was for him no climax. He carried the scene on, spilling the words in a torrent of agonised emotion, sustaining the delirium of fears to which the sudden approach of Catesby in the darkness added a crowning terror, and releasing the spell only when Richard realised that no haunting spectre stood before him, and fell on his friend's neck with a soul-delivering sigh. On the field of battle he was defiant and terrible to the end. When his sword was gone he fought on, with his outstretched hands as if alone and unarmed he could command victory with his terrific will.

The appeals made to the senses by the pictures and the music, and to scholarship by every aspect of the historical elaboration were not preceded or followed on the

English stage by anything more detailed, accurate, complete or beautiful. His strikingly imagined and forcefully portrayed King Richard III at once established him as one of the high intellectual and artistic forces with which the stage would have to reckon, an actor no longer of promise, but achievement. He was thereafter compared only with the first artists.

Among his papers were preserved letters attesting his triumph from the leading personages of London. Many of these were or became his devoted friends. Among them were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, William Frith, R.A., the Duke of Bedford, Henry Labouchere, Lillian Nordica, Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, the Duchess of Teck, David Anderson, of the *Times*, G. H. Broughton, the painter, Oscar Wilde, Justin McCarthy, Lady Freake, Clement Scott, Ellen Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor.

A letter he especially prized came from Robert Buchanan, the poet and playwright:

LONDON, *March* 26.

MY DEAR SIR:—Outside praise is of little value to one who works from his own point of insight, but knowing from experience that a friendly wish may be pleasant, I venture to tell you how much I was impressed by your Richard III. Your Shakespearian work seems to be about as fine as it could be. I do not understand those critics who, while praising it, say it is not Richard: to me it seems an absolute realisation of that demoniac creature. You have one unusual gift in addition to your subtler ones—that of music in the voice, which makes a poor devil of a poet hunger to have his lines delivered by such an organ. I went prepared to see an excellent piece of acting; I found a masterpiece of characterisation. And what a delight it is to find an actor at last who is thoroughly

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "KING RICHARD III"

From a photograph, copyright, 1897, by J. M. Hart & Co.

alive, who is perfectly fearless in his intellectual agility, and never falters one moment in his execution of a daring conception. I just write you these few words of congratulation. Later I may have an opportunity of writing to the public also.

Yours truly,
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Among the pleasant compliments paid him was that of the Dowager Lady Freake. In May she gave a dinner in his honour at her country house in Twickenham. On this occasion she presented him with a splendid pair of shoe buckles which had belonged to David Garrick and later to Edmund Kean. Lady Harrington gave them to Lady Freake. She loaned them to E. A. Sothern to use in his first performance of "David Garrick" but determined, she said, to allow them to pass from her ownership only to the actor who would please her best in a Shakespearian part. The card accompanying the buckles said: "From Lady Freake to Richard Mansfield for his fine performance of 'King Richard III.'" Later the widow of Lester Wallack presented Mansfield with a pair of buckles which Charles Kean had given her husband.

Another pleasant feature of this engagement was devised by Edward German and the members of the orchestra who, on Mansfield's birthday, presented him with an escutcheon set in a wreath of laurel leaves and surmounted with a bust of Shakespeare, the whole done in silver. The inscription read: "To Richard Mansfield, Esquire, from the Members of the Orchestra, at the Globe Theatre, London, May 24, 1889."

On his own part, he did not forget old friends, and in the midst of his labours and success he arranged, among

other courtesies, to have his old master, Rev. Walter Clark and his sister, Miss Clark, come up to London as his guests. Mr. Clark's acknowledgment is interesting:

MY DEAR MANSFIELD:

Accept our very sincere thanks for your kind and generous hospitality while we were in London. We enjoyed our visit immensely. I was never so impressed in my life as I was by your acting. . . . You have achieved marvellous success. No one, I can assure you is prouder of the honours you have gained than my sister and myself. . . . I am quite sure that the annals of the English or any other stage cannot show at any period so rapid a rise to fame as your own. Now on which Sunday may we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you? . . . You shall have a most hearty welcome. I am quite sure that the change, short one tho' it be, will do you some good. Your kindness in bringing your company to Derby we can never adequately repay—I can merely say that we shall always remember it with gratitude. . . .

Most faithfully yours,

WALTER CLARK.

He acted "King Richard III" uninterruptedly until June 1, when his season concluded with the termination of his lease of the Globe Theatre. London connoisseurs had given him the highest praise, but the public did not come in paying numbers. Not a week passed without adding to the financial load which he was bearing. The Globe was not a large theatre. The receipts, if all the seats had been sold—and they never were—would have been nearly a hundred pounds less each week than the actual current expenses of the theatre and of the numerous forces employed in "King Richard III."

After a few visits to old friends and new, he sailed toward the end of June on the Adriatic, and he never

acted in England again. He was bringing back a debt of over one hundred thousand dollars, but his venture had won him an asset, for the doors were slowly opening to a position among the first living dramatic artists.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

(1889–1890)

Acts "King Richard III" in America—Public not ready for his Gloster—"Master and Man"—Miss Cameron in "A Doll's House"—A reputation for eccentricity—His apology for the conscientious artist.

He hoped now to abandon "Prince Karl" and "Monsieur," and not again descend from the plane to which he had raised himself. "I give up such plays," he wrote, "just as I gave up the entertainment business to become an actor. I believe I have grown out of dramatic knickerbockers into trousers, so to speak." He made a brave effort to advance, but there was struggle enough ahead, and he needed all the courage and hope in which he was so strong. It was reasonable for him to expect that the artistic success of his "King Richard III" in London might be converted into something more substantial in America. It has repeatedly been the experience of other artists.

He began his season of 1889–1890 at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Wednesday evening October 21, and planned to tour in no other rôle than Gloster for at least a year. Then he played for three weeks at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Writing to Dithmar of the bad business in the latter city, he said: "I am thinking of inserting an advertisement here as follows: 'Mr. Richard Mansfield is sorry to disturb the inhabitants of Philadel-

phia, but he begs to announce that he appears every evening as King Richard III.'" The balance of the tour included his first appearance November 25, as a star at the National Theatre, Washington and the following week at the Academy of Music, Baltimore. Thence to New York City, where, at Palmer's (previously and later Wallack's) Theatre, he acted "King Richard III" first December 16.

It soon became pitifully plain that the public were not ready to accept his authority. Elocution, declamation, rant and fustian were expected by the public in Shakespeare and especially in Richard. "Give us more hump," read one complaining letter. The imaginative and discriminating, the few who had their eyes raised, saw and proclaimed the quality of the characterisation, but Mansfield could not impose his originality on the masses. Too few possessed the kernel of Hans Sachs's philosophy: "When you find that you have been trying to measure by your own rules that which does not lie within the compass of your rules, the thing to do is to forget your rules and try and discover the rules of that which you wish to measure!"

He acted "King Richard III" in New York City barely four weeks. On the last night, January 18, 1890, he concluded his speech of thanks to the only crowded house of the engagement with the frank admission that lack of patronage had terminated the run of the tragedy, but with solicitation of future patronage and the promise that "What I take from the public with one hand I will give with the other."

Not in all his life before had the future presented itself with less hope than now. His distress during the early days in London was a private concern. When he disbanded his company six years before he was compara-

tively unknown, and though penniless, was at least out of debt. Now, however, he was an international figure of some consequence. His increasing indebtedness had carried his credit with Mr. Jordan to a point beyond which he did not dare and did not think it fair to push it. His misplaced confidence in the success of an American tour in "King Richard III" had been so complete that he had not provided himself with other material. The issue of the first half of the season left no doubt that he must not hope at this time to attract the public in paying numbers to Shakespeare's tragedy. To disband his company, send his production to the auction room, seek for himself any engagement that would bring him a living until he could summon fresh energies—that was what he foresaw when T. Henry French brought him the manuscript of "Master and Man."

This was a melodrama by Messrs. Sims & Pettit. It was frankly of the "thriller" type, but had achieved a respectable popularity at the Princess's Theatre, London, during a long run. Letters from friends in England assured him that in the rôle of Humpy Logan he would find expression for his powers, if not on their highest plane, at least forcibly and effectively, and that the combination of his secure and polished art and the popular qualities of the play would induce a success that would crowd the theatre and enable him to throw off some of his indebtedness. Made desperate by circumstances, and consoling his pride with the fact that actors of the first rank had in all periods made distinguished success in melodrama, he ignored his own taste and preference and listened to the voice of expediency.

He could not afford to close the theatre while rehearsing, so he made "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" the bill during

the week of January 20, and "Prince Karl" the week following. On Monday evening, February 5, 1890, he and his company acted "Master and Man" for the first time at Palmer's Theatre.[1]

Logan was "the Man," Carlton was "the Master." The former was deformed bodily and morally, and represented a conventional type of theatrical villain. Mansfield found little support for his art either in the character or the story as written. He imbued the part with some interest, however, during the fervent avowal of the hideous Logan's love in the first act and he swept the play to a momentary success in a later scene of unbridled terror when the wretch was threatened with death in the furnaces of his own firing. But the play made no genuine appeal below the second balcony. Mansfield acted it for less than two unprofitable weeks and it later found its own audience for some years of life when played by another actor in the cheap theatres.

To add to his discomfiture at this time a conspiracy was formed among the supers who had been appearing in

[1] The cast was:

Jack Walton	Mr. J. H. Gilmour.
Robert Carlton	Mr. E. B. Norman.
Humpy Logan	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Tom Honeywood	Mr. Russell Bassett.
Jim Burleigh	Mr. L. Eddinger.
Crispin St. Jones	Mr. W. J. Ferguson.
Levano	Mr. Hubert Druce.
Jim	Mr. Frank Smiles.
Ned Barton	Mr. Franklyn Roberts.
John Willett	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Joe Robins	Mr. M. Buist.
Old Ben	Mr. A. Butler.
Landlord	Mr. Edgar Norton.
Postman	Mr. F. Daley.
Hester Thornbury	Miss Isabelle Evesson.
Little Johnnie	Master Wallie Eddinger.
Kesiah Honeywood	Miss Katherine Rogers.
Katey and Janey	Misses Nelly and Emmie Bowman.
Letty Lightfoot	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

"King Richard III." They alleged that they had been engaged until the first of the June following. A test suit was instituted by the malcontents and welcomed by Mansfield. When the facts were presented the judge immediately threw the case out of court, but had Mansfield lost it would have been the signal for the combined armies of Richard and Richmond to storm the royal exchequer. But to what end? It was empty.

Undaunted by the lack of popular interest in his Richard or by the issue of "Master and Man," Mansfield held his company together and secured the capital to proceed to Chicago. He resumed his interrupted season there at the Columbia Theatre with "King Richard III." It was received with unalloyed enthusiasm. Then as always Mansfield found in that great-hearted city the support and inspiration which sustained him in many a crisis. The second week of his stay was devoted to "A Parisian Romance," the third to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." These three plays with an occasional evening of "Monsieur," now renamed "The Frenchman," were the only ones in which he appeared during the tour.

From Chicago he went to the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, and while there news reached him of the cyclone which had devastated the city of Louisville. Thus early in the new tour did misfortune overtake him for he was booked to play in the Kentucky city the week beginning March 31. He tried to get a theatre in St. Louis in order to devote the week to a series of performances for the benefit of the sufferers, but failing in this project, he took his company to Louisville and secured a rearrangement of his booking by which he played at Macauley's Theatre the week of April 7. He and his associates spent the idle week doing what they could for the stricken

people and the newspapers spoke appreciatively of their efforts.

His only other appearances during this tour were at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland; the Lyceum Theatre, Rochester, New York; and in Boston for a fortnight at the Boston Theatre. He had rehearsed the tragedy of "Kean" and announced it for his second week in Boston, but he did not play it then or afterward. On Monday, May 5, he reached the Madison Square Theatre and played "A Parisian Romance" for two weeks.

A significant and felicitous incident of Mansfield's season of 1889–1890 was the opportunity he gave Miss Cameron to act Henrik Ibsen's Nora in "A Doll's House." The Norwegian was at that time in the maturity of his accomplishment, but his popularity and influence were as yet unfelt in the English-speaking theatre. Miss Cameron seized each of the plays as the translations appeared and her appreciation at once transformed her into an admirer of the Norse dramatist. In putting Nora on the stage she did a pioneer work. "A Doll's House" had not been seen before in the cities where Miss Cameron acted it. The audiences were somewhat dubious in their understanding of the character and the play, but they saw an illuminative performance of Nora. Miss Cameron brought to it a rare intellectual grasp and force; charming every one by the sweetness and impetuosity with which she portrayed the volatile and varying emotions of the girl-wife. Mansfield wrote a friend: "Miss Cameron's success was something extraordinary, and she has suddenly blossomed into something very close akin to greatness." "A Doll's House" was played first in Boston on Wednesday afternoon, October 30 and in New York December 21. Other cities to see matinées

of the Ibsen play were Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis.[1]

So little did the public know of the drama that in Philadelphia, where it was played to the largest audience of the series, the majority of those present were children accompanied by their nurses and the sidewalk outside the theatre was lined with perambulators.

For several years Mansfield by virtue of being himself, had been building up a reputation for eccentricity. His curtain speeches especially were regarded as abnormal. The fact is he never appreciated the compliment in the call for a speech. To him it savoured of a bargainer who wanted yet more for his money. In any event, he felt it was divested of distinction because at the time every farceur who pleased, was expected to add five or ten minutes of monologue before the curtain to his entertainment. As a rule, he conformed with success to what he regarded as humbuggery, but his practical sense and his sense of humour did at times run away with him. Then he abandoned the conventional mockery of deep emotion, and under a transparent veil of irony, took liberties with himself and the audience. There was no malice in what he said and his auditors, in general, found his satire refreshing. But the smug and literal-minded made a great pretence of being offended and endowed

[1] The cast of these first performances of "A Doll's House" included these names:

Thorvald Helmer	Mr. Atkins Lawrence.
Nils Krogstad	Mr. Merwyn Dallas.
Dr. Rank	Mr. Hubert Druce.
Porter	Mr. F. King.
Mrs. Linden	Miss Helen Glidden.
Ellen	Miss Russell.
Mary Ann	Miss Muire.
Little Bob	Miss Nellie Bowman.
Emmie	Miss Emma Bowman.
Nora	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

him with a reputation he was many years in living down.

He never succeeded in smashing the magnifying glass which was held over the caprices of his temper. The most extravagant exaggerations were published and believed to the end. The impression prevailed in some quarters that he indulged himself in this and other so-called eccentricities, but his answer to the whole misapprehension is found in these paragraphs in the *North American Review:*

Do not be led away by men who tell you to be original —in other words, to be odd, eccentric, and to attract attention to yourself by these means. Do not strive to be original, strive to be true! If you succeed in being true you will be original. If you go forth to seek originality you will never find truth. If you go to seek truth, you may discover originality. Do not be dazzled by the success of chicanery or charlatanism—you will not find it satisfying, for, however much you may impress others, you will never believe in yourself unless you are insane. The mediocre actor generally enjoys popularity; he offends no one, he arouses no jealousies—and mediocrity is easy of comprehension. The merchant will tell you that the rarest products are unsalable.

The actor who plays to the groundlings, who has a good word for every one, who has never racked his nerves or tortured his soul, who has not earned his bread and salt with *Kummer und Noth*, who has not realised the utter impossibility of ever accomplishing his ideal, who is not striving and searching for the better in art, who is content to amass wealth by playing one part only; the actor, in short, who is not unsatisfied, is a poor fool of an actor.

It is impossible for an actor to attempt an arduous rôle, and having done his full duty to be unruffled and calm and benign as a May morning.

The very centre of his soul has been shaken, he has

projected himself by force of his will into another being, into another sphere—he has been living, acting, thinking another man's life, and you cannot expect to find him calm and smiling and tolerant of small troubles, dumped back on a dung heap after a flight to the moon.

If when the curtain has fallen, you meet this clever, calculating and diplomatic personage, know that you are not in the presence of an actor. He is no doubt a thousand times more pleasant to encounter, more charming in society, *gratissimus* to the fatigued, harassed, often humiliated and misunderstood newspaper hack—but he is not an actor.

The actor is *sui generis*, and in the theatre not to be judged by the ordinary rules applied to ordinary men. The actor is an extraordinary man who every evening spends three hours or more in fairyland, and transforms himself into all kinds of odd creatures for the benefit of his fellow-men; when he returns from fairyland, where he has been a king or a beggar, a criminal doomed to death, a lover in despair, or a haunted man, do you fancy the aspects of the world and its peoples is not tinged with some clinging colour of his living dream?

He could not abide a dullard or a sloth. Aaron Hill's stanzas were often on his lips:

> Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
> And it stings you for your pains;
> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains.
>
> 'Tis the same with common natures:
> Use them kindly, they rebel;
> But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
> And the rogues obey you well.

When no response came to his repeated efforts to show how a thing should be done, he gave up with a

despair which did not always consider the sensibilities of others. On the other hand, sincerity, coupled with whatever degree of ability, received his gentle consideration.

He had remarkable intuition in his judgments of character. Those who did not stimulate his admiration he was quick to sweep out of his way, or if the exigency of circumstances required their temporary retention he had not the guile to dissemble. He had no patience with incompetency and indifference. Any one who exhibited native ability and those fibrous qualities of a cogent character, whether in high or humble offices, might depend on him during a tenure of their own limitation.

Up to this time he had maintained the personnel of his company with only minor modifications since he began to make productions. The names of Miss Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Harkins (Helen Glidden), Miss Sitgreaves, Miss Bennett, Mr. Sullivan, and others were conspicuous in nearly all his casts. Albert G. Andrews this winter (1889–90) took his place among the leading artists of the company and for seventeen years contributed an important characterisation to every play that Mansfield produced. Though the son of an American actor and an American by birth, Andrews had developed on the English stage. His delightful performance of Peter to the Nurse of Mrs. Stirling, in the Irving-Terry production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum, London, brought him an invitation to join the Comédie Française in Paris. This was a distinction whose glamour somewhat faded, however, when it was disclosed that his salary would be less each month than he was receiving each week in London. This season, also, Mme. Simon

joined Mansfield's forces in the inconspicuous but responsible position of wardrobe mistress and she remained with him as long as he acted.

Mansfield reached New York with a depleted treasury and worn with the rigours of an uninterrupted series of struggles, disappointments, discouragements, and losses. But he did not despair. He was soon buoyed with hope for another experiment, a new play and a new character of which he had long been dreaming and which was to prove in every sense, epochal in his career. It was to give him more hearty acclaim than he had yet known as an original, forceful artist of the first rank, and it advanced him leagues in the climb to the heights from which he never took his eyes.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

(1890–1891)

Searching for unhackneyed characters—Produces "Beau Brummell"—A run of one hundred and fifty performances—Tour—Susceptibility to kindness—A snuff-box from the Kendals—A note from Ellen Terry—Auctions his treasures—An invitation performance in Washington—A concert of Mansfield compositions.

It was not Mansfield's policy to place himself in juxtaposition to the career of others. Generations of actors had shown their quality by taking up a standard set of traditional characters and inviting comparison with other actors, dead or living, at whose elbow they coveted a position. It was assumed that for a player of distinguished merit there was always waiting a ready-made repertoire. But it was true of Mansfield from the first, as it was noted later that he epitomised himself when, as Brutus, he spoke these lines of Cæsar:

> He never will follow anything
> That other men begin.

He chose not to stand in any reflected light or invite any reflected shadow. His career was to be his very own. Of the twenty-eight rôles which he interpreted in the

course of his public life as his own manager, Mansfield acted only six plays with which his contemporaries could be said to be in any sense familiar, and of these only to King Richard, Shylock, Brutus, King Harry, and Don Carlos were there attached any traditions.

He was untiring in his search for new characters which would exploit new phases of his art and coincidentally inform or divert his public. Sometimes he found such a personage in the unfamiliar but vital treasures of other languages, sometimes in the current fiction, but his preference was to lift out of the pages of history a figure which had dominated its environment and embody it a living, breathing, palpitating reality in the traditional scenes of the man's career. This was one of the many respects in which he became recognised as "one of the most stalwart educators and intellectual forces in the theatre."

At this time his mind was haunted with a troop of such figures. One appealed to him out of the poetry of Byron and the music of Mozart and he was himself writing the play which was to project the hero. Another he suggested to Mr. Sullivan who had supplied him with an earlier vehicle. While in London he had presented a new point of view on an American classic to his friend Joseph Hatton, and invited a play on the subject. To Miss Sheridan, formerly of his company, he gave a commission for the dramatisation of a standard character in English fiction in whose whimsical hero he hoped for a contrast with the others of his projected gallery. These all found their way to the stage and with what result will appear presently.

The character which now concerned him most, however, was that of George Brummell, the celebrated English

Beau of the Regency, for this was to be his immediate experiment. It was brought to his attention as serviceable for an acting rôle by William Winter. Together they discussed the project and went over the available material.

Mansfield's consideration of Brummell was so thorough that before a play was begun he had resolved in his own mind how he would embody the character. Blanchard Jerold's two-act comedy on this same subject was examined, but wholly rejected. He had, moreover, decided that, as the value of the subject lay in contrasts, the earlier denotement of the ascendancy and fashionable reign of the Beau, with a suggestion throughout of his heedless extravagance, must be followed by scenes indicating the imminence of the social and financial catastrophe which did actually overwhelm him, with a final display of his pathetic physical and mental decrepitude in the poverty of his French exile. With these inevitable points in view, and the obvious necessity of a story on which to hang the traditional incidents of Mr. Brummell's life as narrated in the biography by Captain Jesse and other characteristic incidents to be invented, he now sought for some one of fertile imagination and graceful wit, founded in firm, technical skill, to write the play. In addition to the printed material which was at any one's disposal, he placed his own suggestions in the hands of an ambitious but then unknown young writer, Clyde Fitch, whose only relation to the stage at the time was a one-act play on the subject of and entitled "Frederick Lemaitre." The choice was not more complimentary to the obscure author than the result was flattering to Mansfield's intuitions of men. The play was named "Beau Brummell," after the central figure, and was first acted at the

Madison Square Theatre, on Tuesday evening, May 17, 1890.[1]

The play was a light, delicate fabric, but served admirably the purpose for which it was devised. It provided an harmonious background for the Beau, and a slender but sympathetic story through which he moved with opportunities for the display of all the salient characteristics Mansfield desired to express.

It opened in Mr. Brummell's apartments and presently revealed the Beau himself in all the elegance of golden negligee. His dainty affectations were displayed at his dressing-table as he completed his toilet. An eyelash awry was carefully removed. He raised his hands above his head and waved them gently, that the blood might run back and leave them white. When his valet brought the letters, he knew each delicate missive, without opening, by the perfume. There were bills a-plenty, but these were to be put where he "would not see them" and he would "think they were paid." A hundred pounds lost at gaming, however, was excepted—"That, Mortimer, that is a debt of honour and *must* be paid." An insistent money-lender was overwhelmed by the following delicate

[1] The cast was:

The Prince of Wales	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Lord Manly	Mr. John C. Buckstone.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Mr. Brummell	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Reginald Courtney, his nephew	Mr. F. W. Lander.
Mortimer, his valet	Mr. W. J. Ferguson.
Abrahams	Mr. W. H. Compton.
Bailiffs	Mr. Turner and Mr. Norton.
The Prince's footman	Mr. Thomas F. Graham.
Oliver Vincent, a city merchant	Mr. Everham.
Mariana Vincent, his daughter	Miss Agnes Miller.
Kathleen, her maid	Miss Johnstone Bennett.
The Duchess of Leamington	Mrs. Julia Brutone.
Lady Farthingale	Miss Beverley Sitgreaves.
A French Lodging-House Keeper	Miss Leigh.
Mrs. St. Aubyn	Miss Adela Measor.

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impudence to the Prince of Wales's footman who conveyed an invitation for dinner:

Brummell: At what o'clock did you say, Bendon?
Footman: At four o'clock, sir.
Brummell: Say to his Royal Highness to make it half-past four.

His young nephew rushed into the chamber with a breezy impetuosity quite out of harmony with the delicately tuned nature of the Beau, who could not bore himself even to remember the simplest facts:

Brummell: Reginald, my boy, you come in like a—a—. Mortimer?
The Valet: Yes, Mr. Brummell?
Brummell: What does Mr. Reginald come in like?
The Valet: Ahem! Like a thunderbolt, sir.
Brummell: Yes, like a thunderbolt. Mortimer?
The Valet: Yes, Mr. Brummell?
Brummell: Have I ever seen a thunderbolt?
The Valet: Once, sir.
Brummell: Yes, Reginald, I once saw a thunderbolt. Very disagreeable things, thunderbolts. I wish you wouldn't come in like a thunderbolt.

But nothing could convey the delicious imperturbability of the Beau, the helpless superciliousness of his wan frown, his quivering eyelids, his purring, soft voice. Delicate as eider-down were the matter of other lines in this first scene and his manner of delivery.

As Reginald extended his hand and the Beau turned languidly to examine it through his quizzing glass: "Dear me, what is that? Your hand to be sure. Men shake hands much too often; a glance of the eye, Reginald, a glance of the eye."

When Reginald reported that he had been "busy," the exquisite shrunk as from a chilling blast. "Busy? Never employ that term with me. No gentleman is ever busy. Only insects and City people are busy."

Finally, his affection returning with his equilibrium, he invited his nephew into the inner chamber "to see him having his coat put on," and, when that delicate operation was perfected and his toilet surveyed carefully for the last time, he bestowed his most gracious favour: "Now, Reginald, I'll make your fortune. I will walk down the Mall with you to White's, and you may be seen talking to me for a few moments at the club window. Could any one possibly do more?"

Through this airy scene it was developed that the Beau had bestowed his affection on Miss Mariana Vincent, daughter of a City merchant of means. Though marriage would repair his fortunes, his love was not wholly mercenary. "I should not like," he confided to his valet, "to make a loan for life and give myself as security." Unbeknown to him, his nephew's heart was given in the same quarter, and ignorant though good-natured Mr. Vincent's eagerness to marry his daughter to the great Mr. Brummell, in hopes of social advancement, completed the simple complications of the story.

To give an adequate idea of what Mansfield accomplished with the character is impossible. He gave innumerable expressions of the Beau's conscious elegance as he moved through the earlier scenes of the Prince's call, the confusion of Mr. Vincent for his tailor, and the dance at Carleton House where he graciously defended the ignorant merchant from the wrath of the Prince, even to the extent of ironically resenting the royal bad manners by leaving with the alleged historic thrust: "I

shall have to order my carriage. Wales, will you ring the bell?"

That marked his downfall. The next scene in the Mall indicated the dénouement. The bailiffs were hounding him, and he instructs his valet to hold them off. "Promise them all they ask with added interest. (*Going and turning.*) Promise them anything. (*Going and turning.*) Promise them everything. (*Going and turning again.*) Mortimer, you must not go unrewarded. Promise yourself something."

When the Prince passed and cut him, neither his wit nor his imperturbability abandoned him. He surveyed the retreating figure, not yet out of ear shot, and sealed his social doom with a jest: "Sherry, who's your fat friend?" (As Sheridan whispers: "The Prince Regent.") "I had no idea he looked like that. Is it really? You don't say so? Dear, dear, what a pity!"

Overhearing Mariana and Reginald exchange their avowals he advanced and magnanimously withdrew his suit. As the young couple ignored him in the confusion of their own happiness, the Beau—unrequited in love, a financial wreck, discredited at Court—wrung every heart as he lifted his chin and set his face bravely in the other direction, Nemesis pursuing him in the figures of the loutish, greasy bailiffs.

The play indeed ended there. But graceful as it was, it was not the play of itself which had interested up to this point; it was the characterisation, and the imagination held the interest in leash for the final scenes at Brummell's lodgings in the French seaport. The magnificence of the Beau had fallen away, but not his manners. He was still the exquisite though tattered and torn, penniless and starving. The last picture was a literal transcription

from Brummell's life. His mind, weakened under adversity, imagined again, in spite of every evidence of his poverty, the gay companies in which he had reigned as king. In the dim light of his single candle he greeted phantom princes and duchesses and seated them at a phantom banquet. A graceful touch was given at the last moment by the arrival of the Regent—now King—and his suite, which included all Mr. Brummell's old friends. Mortimer, who had faithfully shared his master's exile and penury, seated them silently in the places where the shattered mind imagined them. Rousing himself from his stupor, the astonishment of the Beau to see the realities about him was too much for his enfeebled mind. The King graciously invited him to dine once more. Brummell, punctilious to the last, made sure the hour was not less fashionable than eight o'clock, and instructed Mortimer in quivering, failing tones to tell callers that "he has a pressing engagement with His Majesty." But it was manifest he kept his engagement with the King of another world than that which knew him as the peerless Beau.

Mansfield's creation of the Beau, the wit of the comedy, the elegance of the environment, and the fidelity of the sentiment to the scenes represented, carried the enterprise to unqualified success. His performance added an original, unique, and irresistibly charming figure to the stage. His denotement of Brummell's fastidiousness in dress, his warm heart beneath the artificial exterior, his studied and formal courtesy, and the grace, ease, and reality he gave every aspect of the Beau, was at once the most delicate and perfect art. So harmoniously did the temperaments of the character and the actor fuse that it was obvious then and always that

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only the genius of Mansfield could breathe the puppet into life.

In later rôles he reached greater heights and sounded deeper notes of tragedy, but for grace, charm, polish, and all the qualities which touch the heart while they satisfy the mind, no other rôle of his eclipsed the Beau.

After one hundred and fifty performances of "Beau Brummell," he left the Madison Square Theatre, October 25, and repeated this play on a tour which embraced only the large cities north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers, and ended May 4, 1891. Thereafter it was the corner-stone of his repertoire as long as he acted.

Mansfield was almost pathetically susceptible to a kindness, no matter how trifling, as was witnessed by his unswerving fidelity to Mine-host Frank Brobst, who came to him one day, while he was in Cleveland, at the Hollenden Hotel, with a dish of rosy Jonathans, and this simple assurance of sincerity: "Mr. Mansfield, I was in the steward's cellar just now while he was opening a barrel of apples. They looked so inviting, I thought you would enjoy having a few on your table." Never afterward would Mansfield stop at another's hotel in a city where Brobst had a house.

Another courtesy which touched him deeply at this time reveals one of the innumerable instances, known to his friends, of his forethought and generosity. While in England the year before he met and made friends with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Kendal. Shortly after his return to America he learned that they had arranged for their first tour of the United States during the winter of

1889–1890, and the tenor of his letter to them may be inferred from Mrs. Kendal's reply:

DEAR MR. MANSFIELD:—It is more than kind of you to write and say you will come to meet us on our landing in America. We sail the 21st on the Servia. It will be indeed *nice* to see your kind face on our arrival!! My husband and I with all our children have been to Scotland for our holidays. Excellent weather and good fishing! . . . I am getting *terribly* anxious about America and cannot sleep for nervousness. With kindest regards and many, many thanks for all your kindnesses.

Yours faithfully,

MADGE KENDAL.

He was their host at one of the earliest of the series of entertainments which distinguished their first stay. When they returned to New York before sailing home they found Mansfield in the flood tide of his success with "Beau Brummell," and hastened to his theatre. A few days later a superb gold snuff-box, set with jewels, reached him with this note:

N. Y., *May* 23, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. MANSFIELD: Mr. Kendal and I hope you will use this snuff-box whenever you play "Beau Brummell" in remembrance of a delightful performance we shall never forget and as a token of our esteem. Wishing you all the health and happiness and prosperity you desire and *deserve*, believe me,

Yours faithfully,

MADGE KENDAL.

An old portfolio in which this letter was found revealed many others from varying sources, but curiously alike in that nearly all were acknowledgments of some kindness

or courtesy from him. One of Ellen Terry's notes of a year or two before radiates her joyous personality:

DEAR MR. MANSFIELD:

Thanks for the whole garden of flowers you sent me! What a sweet welcome!! Thanks and thanks. Did you —or did I dream it?—send to me once before some message, or flowers, or telegram, or note? Well, never heed, I'll think you did, and give you my tardy thanks, the which you will receive amiably and let me come and see you some day as "Hyde and Seek"! . . . I'd like above all things to go to-morrow

IF!—

I—The Doctor to-day says I may drive in the open.

IF!!

II—My little girl (she's only about six feet high) can come too—

and

IF!!!

III—I can get back in time.

And so I'll send you a line later on in the day and meanwhile artfully get the Doctor to say I may go!

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN TERRY.

Before leaving New York in the autumn of 1890 he felt so encouraged by the outlook for beginning the reduction of his huge indebtedness that he decided to further it with the sacrifice of his now considerably valuable collection of art objects, paintings, and antiques. He stripped his apartments at the Croisic, and had the satisfaction of diminishing his obligations nearly twenty thousand dollars.

His fantastic extravagance, however, made trifles of thousands. He was the despair of his managers and his creditors. The first work of art that caught his fancy

became his property, even while the last of his former accumulation was under the hammer. His visits were god-sends to antique merchants in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. In Washington a friend of his youthful Boston days remarked that she was bored with flowers and candy and kindred gifts, she wanted something that no one else ever had. "I'll act a play for you," said Mansfield, "and you shall invite only those you want to be present." "Queen Victoria has that," she replied. "But Victoria has to pay for it. You shall not," retorted Mansfield, and he rented the theatre, hired the musicians and all attendants; sent his friend engraved invitations with tickets for every seat in the house, and acted "Prince Karl" to an audience composed exclusively of her guests. A careless sigh for an orchid brought another young lady twenty-five next morning. When he invited friends to be his guests in a box, they often found the rail banked with flowers, boxes of bonbons, refreshments in the corner on a tea-table for the elderly, and especially printed silken programmes. The daughter of a British Ambassador in Washington, guilelessly emphasising her fondness for flowers, somewhat ingenuously exclaimed she would like to dine on a table hidden under them. Mansfield straightway gave the orders, issued the invitation, and Miss Sackville-West was his guest of honour at a dinner served on a table hidden under a blanket of buds. During his New York engagements he frequently sent his private car to Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington to bring guests to dinner, supper, or the play.

On one of his visits to Washington at this time an entertainment was given which revealed aspects of his talents seldom in evidence except to his intimate friends. This was nothing less than a concert given on the after-

noon of Friday, February 13, 1891, of "Songs, grave and gay, burlesque and rhymes, written and composed by Mr. Richard Mansfield." The programme in detail was:

PROGRAMME

NATIONAL ANTHEM, ... HAIL TO THE FLAG
Words and Music by Richard Mansfield
Dedicated, by permission of the President, to the President and the People of the United States
CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

In the Twilight, . . Words and Music by Richard Mansfield
MR. JOHN BOLZE

Lament, a Fragment, . Words and Music by Richard Mansfield
MISS ALICE J. M'PHERSON

Violoncello Solo,
MR. PAUL MIERSCH

I Miss Thee Each Lone Hour, . Music by Richard Mansfield
MR. J. H. M'KINLEY

A Good Little Girl, . . . { Written by Lord Houghton / Music by Richard Mansfield }
MISS MARGARET ELLIOTT

An English Opera—Rudolpho and Clarissa,
Written and composed by Richard Mansfield
SOLOS BY MISS MARGARET ELLIOTT,
MR. J. H. M'KINLEY, AND MR. JOHN BOLZE

The Sea Hath Its Pearls, . . { Words by Heine / Music by Richard Mansfield }
MR. W. WEBSTER

Love Me Still, ... Music by Richard Mansfield
MISS ALICE J. M'PHERSON

Children's Waltz, . . Composed by Richard Mansfield
ORCHESTRA

Recitation of two rhymes written by Mr. Mansfield,
"The Premature Fly" and "The Marmoset Monkey"
MISS BEATRICE CAMERON

Asleep, ... { The Poem by Wm. Winter / Music by Mr. Mansfield }
MR. J. H. M'KINLEY

I Doubt It, ... { Words Anonymous / Music by Mr. Mansfield

MISS MARGARET ELLIOTT

The Broken Harp, ... { Poem by Wm. Winter / Music by Mr. Mansfield

MISS ALICE J. M'PHERSON

How I Came To Be a King. Words and Music by Mr. Mansfield
Solo and Chorus

SOLO BY MR. W. WEBSTER

In a letter written at the end of this week he said:

I have just returned from luncheon at the White House, and the President did me the high honour to take me in to luncheon and placed me upon his right hand. I found him delightful and full of information and not averse to a joke and quite up to the comprehension of everything good. The luncheon was simple but excellent and very tastefully served; a large basket of orchids (my favourite flower) in the centre of the table. Mrs. Harrison and all the ladies of the White House were present. The White House party comes to us six times this week!

When he reached Boston in April he tried an experiment of playing several afternoons each week instead of in the evening, and at the request of many old friends he acted "Beau Brummell" one afternoon for the benefit of the Kindergarten for the Blind. The former venture was not encouraged, but, with the assistance of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. William Appleton, Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott, Mrs. John L. Gardner and other friends, the charity profited handsomely by the benefit performance.

Another of his courtesies at this time is recorded by George William Curtis in the Easy Chair (*Harper's*, March, 1891):

It was this kindliness of nature, a certain generous catholicity of feeling, which recently drew Mr. Richard

Mansfield and his company for an evening to Staten Island. That pleasant municipal frontier . . . has many charms. . . . Its inhabitants, with a simplicity not unknown in other rural suburbs, and traditional with islanders, fondly believe their island to be the most attractive spot in the neighbourhood of the city. But the most daring islander never alleged that its theatre was superior to all other theatres. In fact, though the heroic Staten Islander recoils from no arduous assertion, this would surely tax his courage, for the reason that there is no theatre. All the more gracious, therefore, was the bounty of Mr. Mansfield, who, to aid the Winter Library, founded by Mr. William Winter in memory of his son, a noble child too early lost, crossed the bay with all that makes a theatre except the building, and gave the most complete and delightful performance in the history of the island. . . .

The play of "Prince Karl" is one of the dramas of high spirits, like the chapters of Dickens's stories where the impression is simply of rollicking fun. The dramatic unities and probabilities are very properly shown the door in such plays as having no part in the business in hand. The effect depends wholly on the promptness, intelligence, and sympathy of the players, and all these conditions were never more fully satisfied than in this performance of "Prince Karl." The readiness and precision with which every situation was seized, and every opportunity developed with the utmost vivacity, were delightful. The illusion was complete. The company played as if in their own theatre with every resource, and never, even under those circumstances, could they have played with more spirit.

Mr. Mansfield, who as Beau Brummell and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, is the dramatic hero of the hour, displayed his remarkable versatility with the naturalness of action and freedom from exaggeration which are among his excellent qualities. His mimicry of private musical artists was irresistibly ludicrous, and proceeded amid peals of laughter. The effect of the droll play, which

extends to four acts with unabated humour, and the liveliness of the acting throughout, showed how entirely the prosperity of the play is in the actor, because the test of his acting is the ability to command the sympathy of his audience. The modern theatre is so fully upholstered that the scenery and setting seem almost to dispute the eye with the players. But although the setting of "Prince Karl" was of extreme economy, the most sumptuous appointments would not have added to the enjoyment of the merry scene. Scenery and setting may please the eye, but the art of the player does not require them, and without that art scenery is a pointless pageant. The Easy Chair saw the elder Booth literally in a barn, but the terrible impression of his Sir Edward Mortimer and Sir Giles Overreach does not fade. The most sumptuous and carefully historical settings could not have made Garrick's great effects greater than they were. "What we want," said Mr. Mansfield, "is silence, not scenery."

It was a bright evening that he gave to Staten Island, and its purpose was another illustration of the quality of the fraternity to which he belongs—the generosity of the player. . . . Of the artificial comedy Lamb said that modern times could not bear it. But of Mr. Mansfield and his company—how much Staten Island could bear!

Having acted in New York City, at the Garden Theatre, for the first time, throughout the month of January, he returned in May with the fruition of a winter's work, prosecuted in connection with his other labours, in the shape of a new play of which he was the author.

It was like him not to be content with any success, but boldly and resolutely to push forward with other ambitious projects. He was in fact at the threshold of a new epoch in his public life. If the last eight years had yielded their disappointments, they were insignificant in comparison with the achievements. After Chevrial, Hyde, Monsieur de Jadot, Prince Karl, King Richard III, and Beau

Brummell, nothing from Mansfield could have surprised the confident public—nothing except the persistence of fortune in withholding good plays from him during the next eight years.

He now enters upon a period of struggle and disappointment, but of perseverance and slow, bruising ground-gains. It illustrates the necessity of great plays and great rôles to exploit dramatic genius, and it illustrates, too, the uncertainty of the actor's career even when formulated and prosecuted by an artist of unremitting zeal and extended personal popularity.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

(1891–1892)

Entering a period of failures and half-successes—"Don Juan"—Preparing productions—"Nero"—Associating the rôle with the actor—As to criticism—A plea for poetry on the stage—Tittlebat Titmouse in "Ten Thousand a Year"—A jump across the continent—Two pictures of reading a play—Impressions from a car window—A rose matinee—The influence of light on the stage—The countenance—"The Storm"—The voice—His physical limitations.

On his return to New York in the spring of 1891, he found the city refreshing itself in the sunshine. It seemed an auspicious season to introduce his "Don Juan," with its Spanish background of crimson and yellow, its rout of laces and ribbons and curls, its smiles and pouts, its flirtations and philandering, all so gay, debonair, inconsequential.

He wrote this "whimsical tale in four scenes" at odd moments, the preceding winter, on the trail of a score of cities, during the rare intervals when leisure was in a yielding mood.

From Boston, late in April, he wrote Dithmar: "If you care about hearing from me, forgive me for not having written—if you *don't*—forgive me for writing. I have been overworked—writing Don Juan—rehearsing Don Juan (what a task that is!—and the oldest actors are the most difficile)—costuming Don Juan—framing Don Juan—

lying awake, worrying, fretting, fuming, full of doubts, anxiety and misgivings—about Don Juan. Yesterday (April 21) I completed the work—I sat at it from early until late—but it is *finished!* I shall never, I think, undertake such another task."

"Don Juan, or, The Sad Adventures of a Youth," as the comedy was sub-titled, followed a fortnight of his repertoire at the Garden Theatre, where it was seen first on May 18, 1891.[1] The occasion was given piquancy by the fact that it presented, as in the case of "Monsieur," an instance of author, manager, and actor embodied in one person.

A first night of a new play presented and acted by Mansfield now claimed attention as one of the events of the year. Without resorting to artificial devices his audiences represented every distinguished element in the life of the metropolis. The gathering that greeted "Don Juan" that May evening deluged him with applause and sent him home in an ecstasy of confidence.

In the preparation of his fable Mansfield drew on the familiar legends of the Spanish Lothario and his servant, Leporello. But he refined the character and drew its sting by making Don Juan the embodiment of untamed

[1] The cast of characters was:

Don Alonzo, Duke de Navarro	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Don Luis, Count de Maraña	Mr. W. H. Compton.
Don Juan, his son	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Guzman, Preceptor to Don Juan	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Leperello, servant to Don Juan	Mr. W. J. Ferguson.
Sebastien, an actor of Saragossa	Mr. Vincent Sternroyd.
An aged Innkeeper	Mr. Harry Gwynette.
An Attendant	Mr. Ivan Perronet.
Another Attendant	Mr. T. Finch Smiles.
Donna Julia, Duchess de Navarro	Miss Ada Dwyer.
Donna Emilia, Countess de Maraña	Miss Hazel Selden.
Donna Elvira, sister of the Duke	Miss Maggie Holloway.
Zerlina, betrothed to Sebastien	Miss Minnie Dupree.
Geralda, maid to Donna Julia	Miss Maud Monroe.
Anna	Miss Rolinda Bainbridge.
Lucia, a ward of Maraña	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

youth rather than an example of matured licentiousness. The incidents were in the main of his own devising, the closing scene was entirely so. Here self-sacrifice ennobled the character and further attached it to the sympathies. The language was poetic and epigrammatic by turns, the action swift and vivacious, the humour sprightly, and the whole fabric lent itself to the expression of a large range of versatile artistry, from surface flippancy to the deep emotions of the soul.

The last act revealed Don Juan in prison, wounded and at the point of death. There were skilfully marked transitions, from lucidity to delirium and back again, while the representation of each mental phase was brilliantly executed. Here the finer nature of the youth came out from its life-long eclipse, and charm and beauty overlaid the spectacle of a tottering mind.

Mansfield sustained the impersonation on a plane of high comedy during the earlier scenes. At the close he informed the rôle with tragic significance, which was accomplished in a manner described in dependable records as worthy of a place at the elbow of his loftiest previous achievement.

The attitude and expressions of the audience on the first night seemed to leave no doubt of a complete and permanent triumph. This view, however, was not echoed in all the reviews thereafter. Only fine and subtle natures yielded to the charm of this performance. It flourished for a time sustained by the other figures in Mansfield's gallery, but after that inexplicable first night of unstinted applause there was gradual awakening on his part to the necessity of basing hopes of another permanent portrait in the répertoire on one of the unacted plays. Mansfield could not yet lead the public. They

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "DON JUAN"

still followed the critics. Later, however, they followed him.

As the hot June nights made acting an agony he longed for his old haunts on the Sound coast. But the "Beau Brummell" earnings were all sunk in "Don Juan" and, as another new production was imminent, he gave himself and his company a mere fortnight's rest, abandoned all further thought of a summer in cool retreats, and returned to the theatre to grind out the ammunition for a new attack. "Don Juan" had lingered until the end of June, when it was placed in the répertoire, which was acted throughout the summer. He acted by night and studied day times on his new character. This was Nero which was written on his suggestion by T. Russell Sullivan.

Mood dominated Mansfield's processes to such a degree that, until a character and a play were crystallised in their performance, after which he rarely changed by a hair's breadth, it was a difficult study to get his wishes about a production. Sometimes he was entirely frank in discussion. He would outline every scene, denote the colour and light scheme, define the dimensions, indicate the exact entrances, sketch each of the settings in its details, and send his manager happy to his task of translating his ideas into canvas and paint. This was the case with "Nero." But he was in town and in the stride of his work. When he was recreating in the country it was quite different. Then it was next to impossible to get a word out of him. Perhaps he would be cruising up the Sound and would send for his manager to come and talk over the preparation of a new production. But all the time of the visit would be spent in agreeable discussion of any topic but the imminent one. No amount of leading questions would draw him back to the production about to be

made. Two and three of these trips would be made without an inkling of his intention. Finally, he would brush the whole matter aside with: "You know perfectly well what is wanted. Go ahead. The colours? Get a good artist and he'll know. The entrances? Don't you bother about that. I hope I'm artist enough to adapt myself to conditions as I find them. Don't worry, I'll find the door."

Under these vague instructions the scenery was built, and sometimes it was with much difficulty that he was induced to view it at the studio. Now nothing drew his ideas so quickly and so directly as something antagonistic to them. If he had no directions to give before a scene was built, he had a score immediately he saw it. So in many cases he made his productions doubly expensive, because they were not merely built and painted, but rebuilt and repainted.

He started on a production with a brave resolution to be economical. He would impress it on his manager in every talk and in every letter. Then, when he came to consider the costumes and properties and furniture, he would in fifteen minutes add thousands of dollars to the cost. He simply could not be economical. Something "just as good" was not good enough for him. He liked the reality of luxury, pomp, and elegance. Often, when the production was made, there remained as many furnishings unused as used. He did not merely spend on "Nero," he squandered. The public was invited to see the new play on September 21.[1]

[1] It was acted with this cast:

Nero	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Menacrates, favorite to Nero	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Phaon, the freed man of Nero	Mr. Frank Lander.
Babilus, an astrologer	Mr. W. J. Ferguson.
Lysias, an Athenian	Mr. William Haworth.

The first three acts were original, the last two were a free translation of Cossa's Italian play. His own characterisation was a new study in wickedness. He displayed Nero as essentially an artist, his depravities all emanating from the perversion of his inherent artistic sense. The expression he gave the imperial pervert's cruelty, cunning, cowardice, treachery, and sensuality cemented him, in the judgment of discerning minds, as a supreme expression of a sinister nature. But neither character nor play was on a plane with the popular appetite, and "Nero" was dead before the flowers in the tyrant's hair.

Mr. Palmer afterward said: "'Don Juan' and 'Nero' were each remarkable achievements. Mansfield had not yet found his public. To-day," he spoke in 1899, "both characterisations would have achieved the popularity their artistic excellence deserved." Mansfield himself often regretted that he had squandered so excellent a play as "Nero" on a period when his fame was not sufficient to attract the public up to his level, and at times he contemplated its revival. "Don Juan" was afterwards printed by the De Vinne Press and survives to witness the creditable performance of the author at least.

Although, even at this time, Mansfield had demonstrated that his versatility was equal to almost any note in the human gamut, his Baron Chevrial, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, King Richard III, and Nero threatened to establish him as the pre-eminent and exclusive exponent of the

Sylvanus, Centurion Guard . .	Mr. W. H. Compton.
Novalis	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Messala	Mr. Finch Smiles.
Grembo, a publican . . .	Mr. Henry Gwynette.
Dutus, an actor	Mr. T. F. Graham.
Charis, a Greek dancing girl . .	Miss Emma V. Sheridan.
Acte	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

black passions in spite of his sunnier Prince Karl, Monsieur Jadot, Don Juan, and Beau Brummell. Indeed, so real and powerful was his projection of these tragic rôles that the public began to identify the character with the actor and attribute to him, in fact, the mimic disposition of his mere pretense. The history of the stage is rich in similar instances. An actor once went to a physician and begged for relief from melancholy. "Go see Grimaldi," said the leech. "Alas," replied the clown, "I am Grimaldi."

Though Mansfield repeated all his rôles at intervals as long as he acted, from now on he made it his purpose as far as possible to present characters in which the cruel, depraved, and antagonistic aspects of human nature were absent, even if sympathy were not always present.

Nevertheless the indifference to Don Juan and Nero galled him. He believed that they were not less admirable than his other work, and he could not understand why praise bestowed on trifles like Prince Karl and Monsieur Jadot were withheld from subtler, finer, and immeasurably loftier endeavours.

In the reiterated criticism of the last two plays he suspected a personal malevolence. As it was extended he attributed it to collusion. Believing himself the victim of injustice he struck back. In several instances this winter he wrote letters to the papers protesting in sharp terms against the criticism he was receiving.

What he thought and felt crystallised the next year in the *North American Review:*

Let not the youthful critic, from whose responsible pen depends the weighty power of a mighty journal, clip off the head of every bud that thrusts its head above the rotting leaves. Who knows how beautiful and radiant it

might grow to be? A word written lasts longer than a word spoken, and what is printed is sometimes read, and what is read cannot be blotted out always. Separate the man from his art. If you dislike the man, you have no right to condemn his art. Your sense of honour must make you just. Personal abuse is not criticism. Never. It is unworthy of any great journal, and it degrades the country in which the journal is published. Criticise with dignity, if you criticise at all. What is worthy of criticism is worthy of respect. If it is absolutely unworthy, treat it as you treat the silliness of a strange child, with silence. Reflect when you say bitter and biting things how you would bear these words addressed to you. Think, before you tear down, how long it took to build up—what work, what suffering, what expenditure of hard-earned means. Remember, you are not writing to show the world how clever you are, but how just you can be. Recollect that your lightest word weighs heavy with the object of your praise or censure.

Do not fail to consider that the actor who works with his nerves, who has travelled much and suffered much, is an irritable being, dyspeptic, perchance, and that bitter and hostile criticism is a cruel dose after a dish of enervating toil. Know that the actor is a child in his relations with the world and lives in a cloudland of his own. His one desire is to please; when he fails he is angry with himself, angry with all the world about him. He has striven, and he generally knows in his heart, much better than you can tell him, that he has failed. Take the *object* of his attainment into consideration. If his art has in it the germ of goodness, or of greatness, pray foster and cherish it, and be kind, and gracious, and gentle, always. If you are harsh with him and unduly bitter and personal, do not blame him if he retaliates—he is probably only human, and be man enough not to bear rancour if he gives you a Roland for your Oliver, since you brought it upon yourself, and the "Freedom of the press" does not mean the privilege, with immunity, of abuse.

Many disagreed with him, but on the whole just as many respected the young enthusiast. Nevertheless, such scolding of the critics effected little beyond alienating the interests of valuable journals which he was years in winning back. His impulsive resentment broke out in this manner only one other time, in the late spring of 1898. Thereafter he held his peace, but his growth with the public and with the abler critics was such that his dignity could not afford nor did the inconsiderable effect warrant any notice of the dissenters. It will be seen later with what imperturbability he was able to consider an isolated but persistent attack made in San Francisco on his last visit to that city.

In the same paper quoted above, he published one of the articles of his artistic *credo:*

The stage is for Poetry! It is not for merchants and mechanics and penny-a-liners. It is for Poetry! I could stand upon this summit and cry out that this is a stupid business day, from the rising of the sun to the setting of it; that young men in short hose talk money, that middle-aged and old, and girls and women [talk it], and that we are dying of it and suffocating, that books are full of it, and that the air is laden with it, and that we go about with itching palms and hooked fingers; that all the world would be better for Poetry; that the heart would beat more gently, and the mind be more sweetly oiled, and the soul soar higher for the contemplation of Poetry.

And that is what the stage is for. Neither for rot, nor for drivel, nor for filth, nor for tanks of water, nor for ancient dames in tights, nor for cheap sentiment, nor for catchpennies, but for Poetry. And not incomprehensible either, for the "Morte d'Arthur" and all the "Tales of the Round Table" are Poetry, and "Hiawatha" and a thousand Indian legends there are that are Poetry; and so is "Lucile" of poor dead Meredith; all are the things

some of us, lying in the grass with our faces to the sky-lark, dream of on a summer day or on a moonlit evening—those things that come to us with a whiff of the balsam-pine or the break of the sea on the beach, or the touch of a soft hand or the discovery of a withered flower. It is in us always, and it will crop out in the most hardened of us, and where we should always see it, and where it should forever awaken all that was born good and beautiful in us is upon the stage.

The stage should not be for temptation, from the deliverance of which we pray in the morning and which we court in the evening; it should not be for the idiotic laugh and the imbecile applause; it is not for the drunkard and the wanton; it is not to be shrieked at to-day and to be ashamed of to-morrow; it is not for gymnastics; it is for the gracious, the graceful, the thoughtful, the gentle; it is to send us home with better thoughts and better feelings; with a lesson learned by example and with food for pleasant reflection. It is for wholesome mirth or for such stirring tragedy as will fire us to nobler deeds, or for such potent example as will sicken us of evil-doing. That is the stage as I understand it and as I will strive for it.

When he struck the anvil rang. He lived and acted as he wrote—from the shoulder. It was inevitable that such a positive character would make enemies. He multiplied them right and left, and they pursued him through the press. All his life he was annoyed by the exaggerations and fictions of flippant journalism. "Anything about Mansfield short of libel" is said to have been the license allowed the romancers in one paper. They finally died of their own poison. Fewer and fewer believed them.

Interviews with Mansfield at this time became a vogue. He had a trenchant wit, an ironic humour. His observations were bold, direct, incisive. "Mansfield is always good copy," was a common editorial adage. But the

demand for interviews became so general and insistent at times, and the interviewers put such peppery turns to his phrases that, for long intervals during the last fifteen years of his life, he refused interviews to even the powerful journals. The leading periodicals now sought his essays for his views and the authority of his opinion, but especially the vital personality he put into them. He was not a prolific writer, however. All his thought and energy was devoted to the stage. He even wrote few letters of significance, and in all, his published articles were only five:

"The Story of a Production," which was an account of his production of "King Richard III" in London, for *Harper's Weekly*, May 24, 1890; "A Plain Talk on the Drama," in the *North American Review* for September, 1892; "Concerning Acting," in the same magazine September, 1894; on "Audiences," in *Collier's Weekly* for October 6, 1900; and on "Man and the Actor," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1906. At other times he entertained flattering commissions and sometimes wrote his articles, but he was his own severest critic and tore up his copy.

Following the production of "Nero" he made a brief tour to the larger eastern cities to play "Nero" and "Don Juan" with his other familiar rôles, and was back again at the Garden Theatre in February, 1892, bristling with the final preparations of another new play.

This was Emma Sheridan's dramatisation of Samuel Warren's novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." Tittlebat Titmouse fascinated him because though a dandy, he was the antithesis in all points to Beau Brummell. Titmouse was a dandy by affectation, Brummell by nature. Mansfield's confidence in contrasts betrayed him.

"Ten Thousand a Year" was acted first at the Garden Theatre, February 23.[1]

There was no success for the enterprise. It was worked over day by day without result and was withdrawn March 15. The season at the Garden Theatre ended Saturday evening April 9, when, for the first time, he tried the experiment so successful afterward of acting detached scenes from various plays. The programme included Act III of "Prince Karl," containing the satirical musical sketch; Act III of "Beau Brummell," the Mall scene; Act IV of "A Parisian Romance," the banquet scene; the tipsy scene from "Ten Thousand a Year"; and Act II from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Whatever disappointment he felt about Titmouse was engulfed by a new project of large appeal. Like all imaginative temperaments Mansfield loved travel. New scenes, new faces, movement, and variety all stimulated him, whereas a run in one theatre, however successful, fretted him to desperation. With the eagerness of a lad on a holiday he started on April 10, with his company of thirty and the productions of the seven plays of his

[1] The cast was:

The Earl of Dreadlingcourt	Mr. W. N. Griffith.
Lord Yazoo	Mr. Cecil Butler.
Mr. Oily Gammon	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Mr. Tagrag	Mr. W. J. Ferguson.
Mr. Brew	Mr. Henry Gwynette.
Tittlebat Titmouse	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Huckabuck	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Tweedles, a footman	Mr. F. Finch-Smiles.
A Hair-dresser	Mr. T. F. Graham.
Another Footman	Mr. Henry DeVere.
Dowager Lady Holdard	Miss Annie Allison.
Lady Arabella	Miss Rolinda Bainbridge.
Lady Cecelia Dreadlingcourt	Miss Adela Measor.
Lady Maud	Miss Marie Stewart.
Miss Brew	Miss Eleanor Markillie.
Miss Aubrey	Miss Perdita Hudspeth.
Mrs. Squallop	Miss Hazel Seldon.
Tessy Tagrag	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

répertoire, in his first special train for his first tour to the Pacific Coast as a star; his first visit since his début in San Francisco with the Union Square Company nine years before.

He was the life of the trip. He gave dinners and suppers in his car to which the members of his company were invited, and they acted charades, arranged impromptu concerts, mock trials, and various games, including "hunt-the-eggs," remembered from the boyhood days in Boston. One day in the Rocky Mountains, when every one was tired, hot, and dusty from the four days and nights of travel, he had the train stopped while he and others took a stroll up an inviting canyon. The incident infuriated the railroad people and it was made much of as an evidence of his eccentricity.

He was received in San Francisco with distinction. Reporters were sent to Sacramento to meet his train; his performances were applauded by crowds, and he made many warm personal friendships which lasted through life.

While in San Francisco the company was one day summoned to a photographer's studio. No one guessed the reason. After waiting an hour Mansfield finally arrived. Arranging all in a group, he seated himself in the centre reading a manuscript. "Will every one look as pleased as possible?" he asked, as the photographer exposed the negative. The instruction for the next exposure was: "Now let every one be vexed and bored and close his eyes as if sound asleep." He continued to read, but, whereas in the first pose he had shown no interest, in this one his face was beaming. Of course his directions were to be obeyed, but no one understood, and gradually the members of the company drifted out of

RICHARD MANSFIELD READING HIS OWN PLAY TO HIS COMPANY

the studio quite confirmed in their belief in his madness. His old friend, Dan Harkins, however, unable to curb his curiosity, remained behind and begged an explanation. "Simply two pictures of my company listening to me reading plays," replied Mansfield. "The first was a popular author's, the second was one of my own." These pictorial jokes on his attempts as a dramatist amused him and they hung in his home the remainder of his life.

The return trip eastward, made via Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Salt Lake City, and Denver, was a continuation of San Francisco's cordiality.

These cities are long journeys removed from each other through a wonderland whose barren ruggedness fascinated him. He wrote many of his impressions, but destroyed what he had written. From a mass of old papers there fluttered this single leaf, the text without beginning or end, but richly suggestive of the trend of his thoughts in the hours alone by the car window:

. . . sharp turns. On this side there is naught but sand and sage-brush, upon the opposite bank rise sterile mountains. We see here and there a cow which wears upon its countenance an expression of complacent wonder as to why it is there, a wonder which is fully shared by the traveller, with an added percentage of inquiry as to what the cow lives on. Salmon fisheries of curious construction are seen here and there on river shores, and now and then wigwams of Indians. But the traveller has little inclination to regard the scenery if he travel in summer time, since he will be mainly occupied by a vain and futile endeavour to inhale some pure air. Through every crevice a horrible fine dust penetrates and threatens suffocation. . . . On the right bank of the river we presently came upon curious natural fortifications, ramparts, outworks, bastions, etc.—all Nature's handiwork, although

it was hard to believe man had not assisted. Isolated monuments or tumuli were also discovered, and the imagination might easily work out the history of some vast city lying behind those impregnable ramparts and distinguish the tombs of great chiefs erected beyond the outer walls. In brief, Nature has fortified all the land on the eastern shore of the Columbia River, and any enemy advancing from the westward could be easily and effectively . . .

Sometimes the call of the wilderness was too strong to be resisted and he made digressions into the mountains to hunt and fish. When other occupations yielded the leisure, he wrote fantastic nonsense for his guests, and these sketches were afterward embodied in his little volume, "Blown Away." He was in a perfectly abandoned mood of sprightly gayety throughout the trip. The reason will become apparent later on.

A comedy characteristic of Mansfield's methodic promptitude, courtliness, and generosity was improvised when he reached Tacoma. He was to give the first of his three performances there on Monday, May 30. Every ticket was sold and the house was crowded when the local manager received this message: "Delayed by washout. Hold audience. Curtain at 9.30." He had had other experiences of this pattern and at 8.20 he decided to dismiss the audience. It was, however, his first experience with Mansfield whom he forthwith discovered to be a miracle of promptitude. At 8.40 the actor walked into the front door to find the last of his magnificent audience straggling out of the theatre. His opinion of this procedure was given with unsparing candour and emphasis.

He was gradually losing control of himself and suc-

cumbing to his nerves, when a young lady detached herself from one of the parties late in leaving the theatre and interrupted him. "Mr. Mansfield," she said, "however you feel about the abandonment of this performance, the disappointment is really ours. We Tacoma people have been looking forward to seeing you for years. We have tickets for 'Beau Brummell' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' but that does not outweigh our disappointment in not seeing 'Prince Karl' to-night. You may not come back again for years, so you cannot feel as badly about to-night's misfortune as we do, for we shall probably never see 'Prince Karl.'"

He was always susceptible to a compliment, especially when so evidently sincere. The storm was over in an instant. He thanked her and replied, "I am to give that play in Seattle on Thursday evening. If you and the members of your party will be my guests, I will gladly take you over on my car and place a box at your disposal with my compliments."

The invitation was accepted. On the way to Seattle on Thursday a sudden friendship developed between Mansfield and his Tacoma acquaintances. They were Mr. Post, his daughter, whose pretty speech had won the actor, and several girl companions. Again and again they impressed on him the loss and disappointment of their Tacoma friends and their regret that the others also could not come to see "Prince Karl" in Seattle. His chivalry was roused. "We'll fix that," he said. "I will put my company and my scenery on the train and return to Tacoma to-morrow afternoon and give a special matinee of 'Prince Karl,' if you will accept the tickets and distribute them among your friends."

Mansfield's manner never left any doubt of his sin-

cerity and to decline was to offend. Next morning a special train took the whole party back to Tacoma. The theatre was packed in the afternoon with the most beautiful audience imaginable, and Mansfield was received in a manner he never forgot.

There probably are nowhere else such lovers of roses as the people of the Pacific northwest, and this was the month of roses. Every one invited by Miss Post sent flowers to Mansfield. It is unlikely so many roses were ever before seen in a theatre at one time. According to a local newspaper, "they were piled eight feet high all over the stage. The climax of the floral bombardment was reached when four men passed over the footlights a basket which was said to contain one thousand roses!"

Mr. Slocum, his manager, had been successful in securing cash guarantees for Mansfield's appearances this season. It eliminated the element of risk and for a time he approved the policy. One night, however, he was humiliated to discover that he had received more for his performance than the manager of the theatre had taken in by the sale of tickets. From that time he refused to play on these terms, for he did not believe it wholly just that he should be paid more than he could draw. This rule was observed for a while, but gradually his managers accepted an occasional guarantee. Nor was this without Mansfield's knowledge. However, he always asked for the statement of receipts. On only two occasions did he fail to make a profit for the speculative resident manager, and in each instance he sent for the man and insisted on sharing the receipts such as they were.

On his return to New York at the conclusion of this tour, several interviews with him were printed, and in one of them he gave this significant answer as to what

made the great essential difference between the art of the older school of acting and the new:

"Light. The older stage was practically in darkness. Consequently the actor who made the most noise invoked the greatest amount of applause. When we note the difference between the methods of to-day and those of Forrest's time, for instance, we at first conclude that the former methods are the more natural, because they substitute milder vocalisation for the older vociferation. But it all resolves itself to a question of light. The older lighted stages gave no scope to facial play and details of movement. Hence more loudness was necessary. Perhaps, Forrest, if he were to appear to-day in the style of his time, would be laughed off the stage; but at the same time Forrest, if he really should appear, would fit his fine intelligence to the changed conditions, and employ the vast advantage which light alone gives the modern actor."

The countenance was one of his most expressive agents. He could "frame his face to all occasions" and he continually impressed his players with the necessity of feeling deeply the emotions of a rôle and reflecting them in their faces. To illustrate the mute eloquence of facial expression, he urged them to practise a pantomimic exercise of his own devising which he called "The Storm." He represented a child who had been detained indoors on account of an approaching storm. The child stands before the window pouting. At first he sees no storm. But presently his features resolve themselves into mingled surprise and unwilling consciousness that the clouds are gathering. His eyes search the heavens and his face reflects the dread inspired by the massing clouds. A snapping of the eyelids and quick contraction of the

muscles about the eyes and forehead repeatedly attest the flashes of lightning. One could hear the thunders as the jaws clinch and the whole face contracted as if to repel the crashes. The recession of the storm is noted by less frequent flashes and crashes. Finally, only the eyes dance to an occasional illumination. The whole countenance becomes calm with the promise of the breaking clouds, and then wistful and hopeful as the storm recedes. In another moment the eyes begin to dance and sparkle, a thousand smiles wreathe the face, and there, as in a mirror, the sunshine is reflected from the now radiant heavens.

He gave a painter's attention to his make-up, which he described as "painting a portrait on the canvas of the face." This portrait he illuminated with all the emotions of the rôle he was playing. In spite of the elaborate care he gave to the variety and detail of his make-up, he always subordinated it to the expression which he projected from within. Because the countenance is hidden and its plasticity is hindered by hair, he rarely used it on the face. There were a few wisps of hair on Ivan's chin, but Shylock was the only rôle in which he used a beard, and in later years he made it short and thin. In Chevrial, Prince Karl, Beaucaire, Captain Bluntschli, and Cyrano de Bergerac, he employed the moustache, but only in the last two was it more than a hair line. He wanted a full, free, unencumbered countenance in which to mirror the emotions with his art, not with a rabbit's foot.

His voice he used, not alone to read, but rather to convey feeling. John Corbin once, years after this period, conveyed the effect of this magnificent organ in the metaphor of colours: "The touchstone of histrionic genius is . . . in the power of giving vibrant force and varied colour to the verbal utterances of emotion. . . .

Some excellent voices suggest silver. They do very well for the mind or movements of the heart, the palely reflected moonlight of the spirit. Mansfield's voice is pure gold. Even in its most delicate and colloquial shadings it has the fresh colour, the unmistakable authenticity of sunlight. Its anger is torrid, its rage scarlet; and when the shadow of defeat, despair, and even death, passes over and into it, it glows with the crimson and the purple of the sunset."

This is curiously interesting as well as expressive, for Mansfield himself, addressing the graduates of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, March 28, 1901, had employed a similar figure:

"When you are enacting a part, think of your voice as a colour, and, as you paint your picture (the character you are painting, the scene you are portraying), mix your colours. You have on your palate (pallet) a white voice, *la voix blanche;* a heavenly, ethereal or blue voice, the voice of prayer; a disagreeable, jealous, or yellow voice; a steel-gray voice for quiet sarcasm; a brown voice of hopelessness; a lurid voice of hot rage; a deep, thunderous voice of black; a cheery voice, the colour of the green sea that a brisk breeze is crisping, and then there is a pretty little pink voice, and shades of violet . . . but the subject is endless."

His voice grew in strength, depth, flexibility, and endurance the longer he lived. He had such control over it that he was able to finish an evening of Cyrano, Richard, Peer Gynt, or any lengthy rôle stronger vocally than when he began, though he was all but prostrated physically. He said that he owed this control to his mother's method. He sang with equal facility and enjoyed introducing a snatch of song into a part.

Nature had been kind to him only in giving certain raw material and the art to perfect it. Stature and comeliness he had not. Like Garrick, he was below an imposing height, measuring about five feet eight inches. He was original and skilful in making certain characters appear tall, however, notably Prince Karl, Brutus, Beau Brummell, Dick Dudgeon, Beaucaire, and the youthful Peer Gynt. He carried himself erect, dressed his legs in dark colours and tight clothing, held his heels together, as often as possible presented a three-quarter front, rarely dropped the hands to arm's length, and defined a long leg by placing his hand on an imaginary waistline several inches above the real one. Again, like Garrick, he had a regular, almost negative, countenance when not illuminated by expression. His face was a departure from the "classic front of Jove" of the old-time actor. Distinction, force, and power were discernible in his features, but they suggested any profession, least of all acting. He would not wear a frock-coat and abominated long hair. In the contour of his compact head might be seen the long firm chin, which indicates that all the intellectuality of the broad brow was translated into action. He typified his generation—an active, imaginative, nervous man in an active, imaginative, nervous age.

He accomplished the masks and manners of his gallery—especially the comely youths—by sheer force of an art which could summon youth and beauty into the countenance as if they were simple emotions. Amy Leslie once asked him how he managed the face of guileless Karl, and for her temerity received one of Mansfield's characteristic responses which left her credulity dangling between merriment and a miracle: "The simplest thing in the world. It is all a matter of self-imposed mental in-

BEATRICE CAMERON AS HESTER PRYNNE

fluence. One thinks one is young and frank and engaging, and immediately one is young and frank and engaging: behold Karl!"

Mentality was indubitably the governing pigment in his "making up." He strove with all the hypnotic force of his imposing intellect to transform himself—mind, heart, and body—into the rôle he was acting. If one could *be*, it was not difficult to *do*. Being and acting fused. He became a character and allowed the character to act.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

(1892–1893)

Marriage to Beatrice Cameron—Acts Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter"—Benjamin Harrison—An open letter on Shakespearean productions.

FROM the first day that Miss Cameron came into his company, Mansfield was her suitor. Unconsciously, perhaps, he at first beguiled himself as well as others with the belief that it was art and not heart that fascinated him. But this illusion fell away. The companionship he craved and found in her swift perception and in her intelligent sympathy with all his hopes and plans and efforts, coupled with the confidence he felt on the stage with so disinterestedly devoted an artist at his elbow, begot a complete but sweet dependence with which he never honoured any other person.

Miss Cameron spent the summer of 1892 with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Gibbs and Miss George Gibbs, at their country place near Norwich, Connecticut. Mansfield bestowed himself at the Fort Griswold House, on the Thames opposite New London, and rode or drove the fifteen miles every day of their vacation.

On the fifteenth of September, that autumn, they were married by the Reverend Dr. Johnson at the Church of the Redeemer, in Eighty-second Street, New York City. The wedding was private and was attended only by Mr.

and Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Gibbs, Mrs. E. A. Buck and Mr. John Slocum. A merry breakfast followed at the Plaza Hotel, where they took up their residence, and here their friends came with their congratulations.

As a bachelor, Mansfield had made his apartments down-town at the Croisic famous. They were now given up, and with them, for a time, passed those suppers seasoned with the sprightliest wit of the day. One time or another nearly every one of distinction came to Mansfield's table. Among those who were found there with some degree of regularity were General Horace Porter, John A. Cockerill, W. J. Florence, George Munzig, Tom Ochiltree, John Stowe, John A. McCaull, Ballard Smith, and Colonel E. A. Buck. His old friend, Mr. Jordan, occasionally surprised him, as he had in London, by appearing without notice late at night at the close of the play.

Three evenings before Mansfield's marriage he acted the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale in a dramatisation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's romance, "The Scarlet Letter," at Daly's Theatre.[1] This was the opening night of his season. The desire to act Dimmesdale was in kind with his effort to emancipate the theatre from the old list of heroic yet artificial, emotional but theatric, rôles, which had for generations been the measure of an actor's greatness.

Joseph Hatton's name appeared on the bill as the

[1] The play was acted with this cast:

Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Governor Bellingham	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Rev. John Wilson	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Roger Chillingworth	Mr. W. J. Ferguson.
Captain Hiram Weeks	Mr. Chas. J. Burbridge.
Master Brackett, jailer	Mr. W. N. Griffith.
Dame Hartley	Mrs. Julia Brutone.
Mistress Barlow	Miss Helen Glidden.
Mary Willis	Miss Eleanor Markillie.
Little Pearl	Miss de Grigea.
Hester Prynne	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

author, but before the play was produced it was so materially changed from the form in which he had delivered it, that he would have been the first to relinquish claim to it. What happened was this. Mansfield's interest in "The Scarlet Letter" attached as firmly to Hawthorne's noble language as to the character and story, and he determined to have all of Hawthorne possible. Sending for two copies of the book, he ripped them to pieces, and following the general structure of Mr. Hatton's scenario, which was itself faithful to the novel and gave the only and inevitable sequence of the scenes, he made a play of Hawthorne's own text, cutting away superfluous diction to accelerate the action and increase the dramatic vitality of the speeches. This is the play as it was produced. If it was any one's it was Nathaniel Hawthorne's.

But though Mansfield did as well as could be done with the gray, cold, sad story, he did not succeed in making a strong play. But he framed an opportunity for a finer display of his art than any new rôle had given him since "Beau Brummell."

"The Scarlet Letter," as interpreted by Mansfield, denoted the axiom that a sin concealed sears its own severest punishment in the soul, and a crime revealed is in a measure expiated. The interest in Hester was thus at once put to one side except as she is the complement of Dimmesdale's in his suffering. For, with her sin proclaimed by the scarlet letter, her repentance is unclogged by hypocrisy. The mockery of Dimmesdale's preachments, the living lie of his silence in the presence of the woman branded for the sin he shared, became forces, in the heart of a man of such depths and sensitiveness as Mansfield gave him, which rocked his soul asunder. Again and anew he transported the spectator with his expression

of the power of avenging conscience. It is not the privilege of the actor to teach a lesson more potent for good.

It was a singularly difficult rôle, for the emotional effects were produced by unaided artistry. The story was drab and unsympathetic, and the play was almost without intrigue or cumulative incidents. Yet Dimmesdale's suffering awakened echoes in every spectator's heart.

Of the more powerful passages, the one that will dwell longest in the memory of those who witnessed this performance, was that final picture of the young minister's reparation. Into the midst of Hester's revilers and his parishioners he came and dragged himself up on to the pillory of her shame and his silence. Retributive justice had eaten his vitality until it was the gaunt shadow of their minister who swayed above the crowd. While the last spark of life yet flickered, his wavering energy to the uttermost was devoted to the final expiation. He tore away the minister's band before his breast, disclosed what appeared to be the miracle of the scarlet letter seared in his own flesh and cried aloud his sin. As the crowd recoiled, he stood alone exalted. His eyes danced as if dazzled with the light of a vision, the lips which had curled in bitterness now curled in an ecstatic smile, his arms reached up, his hands fluttered as if he were about to take wing and a deep soft sigh breathed out his soul to heaven.

He acted Dimmesdale twenty-one times at Daly's, and these were the only appearances he ever made on this stage, though Mr. Daly had negotiated with him for a contemplated annual season at his house, and further tempted him with an offer to star him as Shylock at Daly's Theatre in London, with Ada Rehan as Portia. When he left this theatre "The Scarlet Letter" fell into

his répertoire. The tour was punctuated with pleasant incidents indicative of his growth in popular esteem, and his pecuniary profits were greater than he had hitherto enjoyed. Though he was not able to pay any part of his indebtedness, he met the interest, paid all current obligations punctually, and put aside something in anticipation of his next production.

During his autumn engagement in Chicago he appeared for the first time on the stage of the Grand Opera House, and in that city he never after acted in any other theatre. The Columbus Exposition buildings were dedicated during his second week, the city was entertaining distinguished visitors from every land, and he was nightly applauded by foreigners of nearly every nationality.

Before reaching Washington in November, he received from President Harrison a note saying: "Mrs. Harrison and I are looking forward to your return. Our winter in the theatre is now divided into A.M. and P.M., ante-Mansfield and post-Mansfield." From their first meeting there sprang up between these men a friendship which flourished until the general's death. They were alike in an aloofness from casual approach which frequently gave unintentional offense and visited on them much hard criticism. They were two much misunderstood men who understood each other. Often, when Mr. Harrison came to New York, the evaded reporters might have found him in his friend's library. Mansfield was equal to a refreshing and informing discussion on a wide variety of topics. The catholicity of his taste, perceptions, and schemes was not more comprehensive of æsthetics than of topics political, legislative, and judicial. Nearly everything his mind touched yielded.

This winter of 1892–1893, Mansfield acted in the South

for the first time, and under conditions which told of his increasing popularity. Mr. Greenwall, a Southern manager, offered him a guarantee of $48,000 for forty-eight appearances in the South! This was at the time the largest sum ever guaranteed an artist in this territory for a proportionate number of appearances. The receipts bettered the bargain. At that time the standard price of seats for first-class attractions was one dollar and fifty cents. Two dollars was charged for Mansfield, a price not previously paid except for Booth and Irving. The public gave him a memorable welcome, and the trip added the fealty of the only unconquered strip of territory in the United States.

When he returned to Chicago early in April 1893, his abstinence from Shakespearian efforts became the subject of a spirited newspaper controversy. To an open letter from a Mr. G. McBride, he addressed this reply through the columns of the *Inter-Ocean*—it contains his first call for an endowed theatre which he often repeated after, and is also interesting for its revelation of his whimsical nature which gives the reasons why he should not act Shakespeare at a time when he was preparing an immediate incursion into that field, and flouts the scenic splendour which was one of his valued assets:

My Dear Sir:—You have done me the honour to address to me in noble and stirring language an exhortation which might be briefly summarised by quoting the opening lines of Pope's Essay:

> Awake, my St. John, leave meaner things
> To low ambition and the pride of kings.

You urge me, sir, to put aside such stage work as appeals to that public which asks for entertainment, and

entertainment only. You urge me to delve in the Shakespearian drama, the classic, the poetic. You urge me to assume those Titanic and heroic characters which Shakespeare has created and with which the names of all the great actors of the past have been associated. You urge me to put upon one side the mere idea of gain and to devote myself to the higher realms only of dramatic art, and you finally assure me that in all this I shall have the support and approval of the people.

Presuming that I felt myself able to cope successfully with what you graciously urge upon me, presuming I were by nature and by acquirement fitted to present in any degree satisfactorily the heroes of Shakespeare and the poetic and classical drama, I should, sir, need little urging to walk in a path overgrown as it is with the sweetest flowers and the fairest trophies of our art. But it has been decided by those who are set up upon the seats of judgment that this path is not for me. I have endeavoured to present both the heroic and the tragic, and I have been led to believe that I am suited to neither. I am forced to accept the verdict of the critic and the public. The condemnation of my presentation of Nero, of Richard III, of Don Juan, of Dimmesdale, was upon the part of the New York critics almost unanimous, and since "no power (to paraphrase) can the giftie gie us to see ourselves as others see us," I am obliged to look into that mirror of words which is furnished me by the reviewers of dramatic art, and judge accordingly whether the picture I present be faithful and pleasing.

So much then in reply to that wish, sir, of yours that I should assume the sock and buskin of the tragedian. Were I more conceited than I am (and I have been allowed no small amount of conceit by my censors), I should not speak as I do, but I have more inward quaverings and doubtings and more horrible fears and misgivings and nervous spasms than occur to most men after fourteen years of campaigning, and I even now never face the footlights and the public without suffering an agony of fright. Forgive me for dwelling upon my per-

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS ARTHUR DIMMESDALE

sonal sufferings concerning which your open letter made no mention. And with regard to that letter, I may say here that it has proved a snowball started "*in summis montibus*," and which has generated a very avalanche of letters, reading which I am very grateful and very proud, and it is partly upon account of them that I go to the length of trespassing upon the columns of *The Inter-Ocean*. It would appear from them that there may be a place for me in the hearts of the people—I know no prouder place—and that place, were it mine, I would not relinquish for a sceptre and a crown. Now I fancy this very place in the hearts of the people and in their minds and their memories may be well held by other means than the presentation upon the part of my associates and myself of the Shakespearian and classic drama only. Were it not well, since most of us labour long and late and have many thoughts of care and sorrow, were it not well to present such plays and create such characters as will divert and entertain? You will tell me that Shakespeare does so, and I will tell you and millions will tell you that it requires in these late days (and think how far away we are from Shakespeare and his cronies!) much erudition to apprehend Shakespeare swiftly; and that is why he is better read and conned and studied and digested in the quiet hours of our home-life than in the tumultuous moments of an evening's gayety. This is of the many, of the people—and without the patronage and approval of the people what enterprise can prosper?

It has been recently a fashion, not by any means inaugurated by living actors, to dress up and bedizen the works of Shakespeare and to make alluring by show and pageantry what would otherwise have no attraction for the ordinary playgoer. This has resulted beneficially in one direction, as it has tempted people to hear the words of Shakespeare; but how much do they hear and how much do they remember, and would they go to see him were he stripped of his brave attire?

And the harm it has done to art is incalculable. What master actor, the designer and creator of all this mimic

pomp, can steep his mind and soul in the poetry of the author, when his very life depends upon a calcium, when coloured fires are flashing and whizzing, and vast machines are heaving scenes and toppling towers and vampire traps, and crowds of supers are crashing and crushing and blustering?

Concerning all this, I find a long-forgotten letter written by Hans Christian Andersen, in 1871. He had been to the Lyceum Theatre in London, and had seen Charles Kean in "The Tempest," and this is what he says:

"The presentation lasted from 7 to 12.30 o'clock. Everything had been done that scenery and mise en scène could effect; and yet after seeing all we felt overwhelmed, weary, and empty. Shakespeare himself was sacrificed to the lust of the eye. Bold poetry became petrified into prosaic illustration. The living word evaporated and the nectarian food was forgotten in the golden dish in which it was served up. None of the actors appeared to me remarkable as dramatic artists. Kean declaimed in the style of a preacher, and his organ was not fine. I should more enjoy a representation of Shakespeare's in a wooden theatre than here, where the play was lost in the properties."

Thus spake Hans Christian Andersen—and I thoroughly agree with him. I should like the people to come and see acting for acting's sake—acting pure and simple, and to judge an actor by his acting only—that is what an actor is for. If I would, I could not, sir, present Shakespeare, for I have not $30,000 to spend upon a production, and nothing would satisfy you or me than to dress him up as well as other actors of our time have dressed him; and I am not sufficiently egotistical to suppose that you would come to see me merely act him—or if, perchance, you did, how many of you, please, would there be? You remember Austin Dobson's tribute to Burbage:

> "When Burbage played, the stage was bare
> Of fount and temple, tower and stair;
> Two backswords eked a battle out,
> Two supers made a rabble rout,
> The throne of Denmark was a chair."

Will you be satisfied with this? Or if you, sir, and the likes of you, have confidence in me, will you furnish me with the means to present the Shakespearian and the classical drama? Did you offer me these means, I should decline them.

I am for the people and the time, and I am out hunting for the new and the original. Like Sir Ashley Merton, "I desire to create for myself!" I love, too, perhaps as much as you do, sir, Shakespeare's poetry, and there are hours when I love, too, to open the old oak chest and gather up the faded flowers of the past, and perhaps their faint perfume may awaken in my breast as many tender emotions and sacred memories. I, too, may laugh at the old-fashioned jest or shed a tear over the sorrows of some heart-blighted damozel—but who cares—at 8 o'clock?

Let us compromise. All these kind letters, all these words of encouragement and praise, let them have a practical tread. You wealthy men who lose a million at the turn of a hand, who build palatial clubs, vast hotels, and what not else for the glory of the Nation, erect, too, a theatre and endow it nobly, and if you think me in any small way worthy, let us establish a National theatre together, and when men come to us from abroad prating of their superior schools of art and their great artists, let the sign-boards point hitherward in triumph. Let us encourage men here at home to write, let us have some Shakespeare of the nineteenth century. Is it impossible; is it beyond belief that genius can burn to-day? Can no man write? Let us no longer be traditional, but original; it is easier to copy than to create, and the tiniest original painting from Nature is by far greater than any imitation of another man's work. I am for wholesome, healthy, virile plays of character; I care not whether they be sombre, eccentric, quaint, or humorous, so that they be true and strong; and I am, too, for that which entertains and diverts and points a moral, and I should, moreover, desire to present, occasionally, plays that will please children, and I believe that in pleasing

them I shall be able to please their parents; and in all this and a great deal more I remain, sir, your and the public's obedient servant,

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

(1893–1894)

Acts Shylock—His performance of this rôle was a growth—Accent—Bold strokes—He buys a New York home—Nicknames.

MANSFIELD'S ambition included everything except any other actor's mantle. He was determined to carve a niche of his very own. When it was a question of business policy, he would say: "What are the others doing? Well, that we will not do." In the choice of a vehicle he had a positive aversion to trading on the popularity or success achieved for a play or a character by another. He sought the new paths, fresh types, original expression. Of the ten rôles which he had created up to his time as master of his own choice, all represented pioneer delving and advanced dramatic interpretation, and all were new to the stage, excepting only King Richard III. His originality often confused the critics and confounded conservatism, but his perseverance was telling. No one who wrote of Mansfield in 1893 but acknowledged the potent force of his personality, the lofty sincerity of his experiments, and his wide versatility. The belief was that he awaited only a rôle to mount the last interval between the high position which ten years on the American stage had won him and a position of preëminence.

But no new rôle of essential greatness appeared. Perhaps the Chicago controversy, his own reply to the contrary, indicated to him that public appreciation could not

measure except by comparisons, and that it did not recognise the quality of something just as good when different. In any case, choice for his next excursion fell on Shylock in Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." It was an admirable selection. He was fully equipped for a complete embodiment of the character. The inevitable comparisons with Booth and Irving rose up before him. He would have preferred fresh material, but he accepted the alternative.

He produced "The Merchant of Venice," October 23, 1893,[1] at Hermann's (afterward the Princess) Theatre, on the tiniest stage in New York. This was a mistake. Shylock is not a miniature. It is a rôle of grand passions and needs space and distance. Largeness was lacking in the picture and breadth was impossible in the action. So at once he had placed a barrier between his assumption and its effect. He made every effort to overcome these limitations. Every detail that would delight a chaste taste and charm the senses was in evidence. The furniture and draperies were selected from the Borgia and other palaces in Venice. Gustave Dannreuther's quartette, quite peerless in New York at the time, was aug-

[1] The comedy was acted with this cast:

The Duke of Venice	Mr. W. N. Griffith.
The Prince of Morocco	Mr. David Torrence.
The Prince of Aragon	Mr. Lorimer Stoddard.
Antonio, the merchant of Venice	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
Bassanio	Mr. Arthur Forrest.
Gratiano	Mr. Norman Forbes.
Salanio	Mr. Wm. Bonney.
Salarino	Mr. J. W. Weaver.
Lorenzo	Mr. Aubrey Boucicault.
Shylock	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Tubal	Mr. Cecil Butler.
Launcelot Gobbo	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Old Gobbo	Mr. Griffith.
Balthasar	Miss Rolinda Bainbridge.
Stephano	Miss Maude Venner.
Jessica	Miss Sydney Worth.
Nerissa	Miss Alberta Gallatin.
Portia	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

mented by string soloists, and played the Venetian obligatos composed by Arthur Mees. The scene was viewed through a frame of flowers and foliage which reproduced the effect of the miniature improvised theatre at court performances at Windsor Castle. The programme contained this note:

"The song in the second act was first rendered at Derby School, Speech Day, 1869, when 'The Merchant of Venice' was presented in the presence of Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield, and under the direction of the late beloved Head-Master, Walter Clark, B.D."[1] He repeatedly referred to his regret that his old master had not lived to see his second appearance as the Jew.

The only important Shylock which Mansfield ever saw was that of the venerable Samuel Phelps, who acted it at Derby while he was a scholar there and on the same stage where twenty years afterward he acted twice for the benefit of the Racquet Court Fund. It left no deep impression, but in any event he would not have followed any other model than his own inspiration. One never knew Mansfield's performances by heart before seeing them.

From the first Shylock was accredited one of his most celebrated rôles, though it did not at once receive the recognition which would advance him as he hoped. It left a stretch ahead in his climb.

Of all his characters Shylock was more essentially a growth than any other. It was received from the first night with recognition of the poetic tenderness of his domestic passages and the resonant vitality of his portrayal of the patriarchal money-lender, but he developed

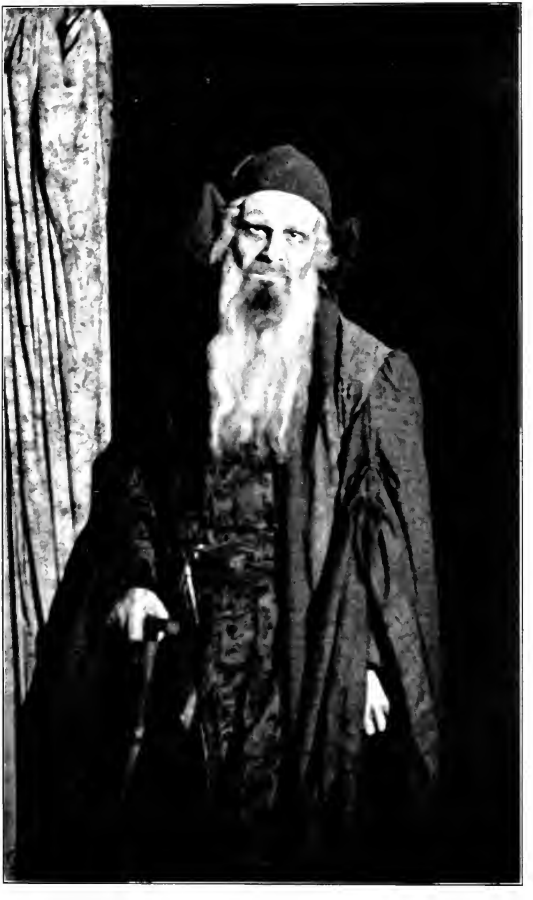
[1] Mr. Mansfield's memory betrayed him on the point of the performances at Derby twenty-four years before. The Bishop of Litchfield presided in 1869. The performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1870 was presided over by Sir Henry Wilmot.

the character year after year until it became in its latest performances very nearly the finest expression of his artistic potentiality.

Beau Brummell, King Richard, Arthur Dimmesdale, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and other rôles he never changed. It was remarkable what spontaneity he gave to performances which never varied by a hair's breadth. Mr. Palmer, watching the Baron Chevrial, just nineteen years after his own production of "A Parisian Romance," exclaimed: "He plays it as if it were the first night. There is the same freshness and intensity. Yet he has not changed by a syllable, an inflection, or a glance."

He acted Shylock from every conceivable point of view, but the final expression was the conception of the new civilisation which looked upon the Jew with Christian catholicity, a fellow-creature, no longer fair game for baiting and bigotry. Mansfield left his analysis of the play, in which he said:

Shylock is really the only natural person in most unnatural surroundings. The play itself, if written to-day, would be either instantly condemned or put down as a farcical comedy. The noble Antonio—the good Antonio —the esteemed merchant Prince, cannot find anybody to lend him three thousand ducats, but the man he everlastingly abused, kicked, and spat upon. Bassanio is confessedly a fortune-hunter, Gratiano a lick-spittle and time server, Lorenzo is a thief or *particeps criminis*, Jessica is unspeakable, and the Duke condemns Shylock in open court before the trial. It is difficult for a sincere actor to play Shylock according to modern requirements with sincerity. I should like some day, just for fun, to put Shylock and the whole interpretation of the play back where it belongs—in the realm of poetic farce. . . . However, when all is said, to-day Shylock must either be a monu-



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS SHYLOCK

From a photograph, copyright, 1897, by J. M. Hart & Co.

mental type of the hating and revengeful and much-abused Jew—or a joke. Anything else is begging the question. This does not preclude his loving his daughter and his home—his being a fanatic, almost, in his religion and in his faith in the justice of his cause—or of his winning some sympathy by departing from the court-room, when everything is taken from him, with his last and only hope —*i. e.*, to place his grievance at the feet of his Creator.

This is what he made his Shylock—the embodiment of malignant, implacable hatred based on the endurance of a lifetime of contempt and revilement and on the outrages finally done a deeply religious nature by the procuring of his daughter's apostasy. No Christian ever hated Jew as this Jew hated Christian. The paternity behind his religious fanaticism gave him a gentle patriarchal dignity, for tenderness marked every encounter with the faithless Jessica, but it did not conceal a superior contempt for Antonio and his friends.

In appearance he was venerable, his head of heavy hair and his full long beard were slightly shot with gray. Though his gait was sometimes feeble he disclosed the hardy vitality of body and mind which bless the maturity of frugal, orderly, temperate living. The racial distinction between Shylock and all about him was marked by a slight accent, scarcely perceptible except in broadening the "i" into "ee," as "preenceeple" for principle, "Chreestian" for Christian, and similar words.

The quiet passages of Shylock's endurance, both early in the acceptance of the bond and later in the cold consciousness of his advantage, were vitalised with exceptional physical and nervous force.

Three times he loosed his passions—At first in a sigh of heart-bleeding agony as he rushed from his ravished house,

after the discovery of his daughter's flight, and fell overwhelmed with misery, among the fantastics as they rollicked away in the pitiless gloom—again, in the vengeance scene, when with the snug-fitting bonnet snatched away, he disclosed a lion-maned, lion-mettled figure of exalted revenge and his noble organ spilled his hatred and wrath with chaotic volubility,—for a last time in the trial scene when Portia culminates her interpretation of the bond with:

"You must cut this flesh from off his breast."

And Shylock, his lust for revenge stimulated to the uttermost, breaks forth in a mad rush to plunge his knife in Antonio's breast but is stayed, amazed, and transfixed, by the doctor's clarion call "Tarry awhile; there is something else!" All else was graphic illumination by diversified detail.

James O'Donnell Bennett noted these the last time he saw Mansfield act this rôle and wrote: "One result of this detailed examination of the rôle of Shylock by Mr. Mansfield is a display of minute, but in their aggregate, very eloquent and illuminating differentiation in the acting of it. It is this phase of his art that makes that art so stimulating and suggestive. He seems to comment, to explain, and to criticise by means of beautiful sidelights while he acts and it seems to one who has followed his work attentively for more than a dozen years that he does all these things more authoritatively and with more of a scholar's as well as an artist's love with the passing of every year. The marvel is that he can achieve this infinity of detail without becoming finicky. He will act no part in one key yet he is not distracting. There is always the dominant note, but a multitude of delicate minors, now soft and sensuous, now thin and piercing, accompany it."

One of the bold and imaginative touches, with which he embroidered the part, marked his answer, in the trial scene, to Portia's mocking plea.

Portia: Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shylock: Is it so nominated in the bond?
Portia: It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Most interpreters of the part there glanced over the paper and flung it back contemptuously before replying: "I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond." Not so Mansfield's Shylock. There was no dram of pity, no understanding of pity in his inflexible revenge, and he did not understand it in the young doctor before him. His alert perception suspected the trick that was being played upon him. Advancing to the desk he seized the bond, but there was no question of its terms in his heart. By long conning he knew every word. The man before him was the enigma. His hand tremblingly searched the crackling parchment but his gaze never faltered in its piercing search of the depths behind the soft eyes of the young doctor. The slow, heavy, resentful, affirmative tone of his reply—"It is not in the bond,"—in no way contradicted the eloquent attitude and action of baffled uncertitude and pitiable inquiry.

Every appearance this last fortnight in New York was devoted to Shylock. The tour during the winter of 1893–1894 covered the familiar Northern and Eastern cities with a dip to quaint old New Orleans in February. He acted Shylock, Dimmesdale, Chevrial, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Brummell. With the profits he now realised two of his life-long dreams.

The last home he had known was the house in Finchley Road, London, to which he came on occasional visits from school. In spite of an inborn home-lust and a genius for hospitality his life for twenty years had been spent amid the artificial comforts of apartments and hotels.

One spring day in the year 1894 he took Mrs. Mansfield to the house at 104 West Eightieth Street. When he had led her from room to room, exquisitely furnished with his winnowings from shops all over the land, and feasted on her exclamations of pleasure, he slipped into her hand a folded paper which was her title to their first home. Here they remained until 1898 when he succumbed to a haunting desire to see the water from his windows. Moreover his family and his position demanded a larger residence. They bought and moved to 316 Riverside Drive and this was his town house the remainder of his life.

His other indulgence this spring of 1894 was the possession of a yacht. When the humid days of July drove them from the city, he sailed from Groton under his own pennant. Ferguson had built the boat for him and after his beloved consort he named it "Her Royal Highness," in playful allusion to "His Royal," the nickname by which his associates in his company called him.

This was his first nickname since the days of "Cork" Mansfield at Derby. In later years he was often called "The Chief," but first and last his most popular nickname was "Father." This, presumably, originated in his habit of referring to his company as "My little family of players."

He once delivered himself on his attitude toward his company in a brief lecture to an intruder loitering on the stage during a rehearsal. "Do you not know," he

exclaimed "that a rehearsal is sacred and private as the home? We are a huge family. These are my brothers and sisters, and my children. There are many trying moments in family life not intended for the public eye. Discipline is necessary, it promotes good. It is often as painful for him who administers it as for him who receives it. A parent heaps reproaches and punishment on his children in private and without malice, which he would not dream of visiting on them in public, and would be the first to resent when coming from another."

When the later productions expanded his company, often beyond the hundred mark, the necessity for discipline sent the family spirit into eclipse, and his nervous impatience touched the match to that train of gossip about his autocratic bearing in the theatre. He was born with as delicate a set of nerves as was ever put under human skin, and when, after every effort and expense on his own part, carelessness or stupidity marred and often ruined his undertaking, he met the situation in no soft mood. His passions fairly rode the gale and the tempest was memorable while it lasted.

These tempers were an illness and left him quite dispirited. One night, the last time he ever acted in Pittsburg, he broke down after the long monologue which constitutes the last act of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," because he fancied everything had been spoiled by careless stage management, but after his temper he crept to his dressing-room and sat in silent distress until 2 o'clock in the morning, before he summoned his dresser. Anger came from sore nerves, not from the heart. It was from the lips out. He cherished no animosity.

CHAPTER TWENTY

(1894–1895)

Where the acted plays come from—"Arms and the Man"—"The Emperor Napoleon"—Letters from Bernard Shaw—English appreciation of Mansfield—Impediments to his return to act in London.

Mr. Palmer said that during his experience as a manager, which extended over a period of more than thirty years, never had an unknown author sent him a play which he could produce. He retained a literary and dramatic technician to read the manuscripts which poured in at the rate of three and four a day. This reader then passed up promising plays for Mr. Palmer's judgment, but not one of them ever appealed to him with conviction. In rare instances, however, they led to an acquaintance with the writer who later gave forth a play which could be acted. The rule in Mr. Palmer's experience was, however, invariable. No actable play came from an unknown source but always from a subject suggested and talked over in advance and nursed in its progress, or else from an established dramatist.

This has been the experience of nearly every manager and actor-manager. There doubtless have been exceptions down the list of plays written, but if there are they would seem to prove the rule. It certainly had been Mansfield's experience up to this time. He and his asso-

ciates had read hundreds of plays. None were actable. He wrote, suggested, or assisted in the development of every new play which he produced.

His life long, he rarely knew in the spring, or admitted that he knew, what he would act in the fall. He sometimes announced plays in his possession to feel the public pulse but he rarely committed himself to an immutable decision. He spent his summers with a hopeful eye open for a new play, bigger and better than anything in hand, and his sails spread to avail himself of any breath of good fortune from an unsuspected quarter.

He was adrift on a sea of doubts this spring of 1894 when there came to him the manuscript of "Arms and the Man," a comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. The author's name conveyed nothing to him. One reading, however, convinced him that here was the exception to the rule of Mr. Palmer's experience. The mail-tide had washed in a treasure. He passed the manuscript to those at his elbow. They winced. He had better not trifle with his public, they urged, with this dangerous satire on sacred conventions and holy emotions. Mrs. Mansfield alone exhibited the liberated spirit, but she had bathed her perceptions in the refreshing waters of Ibsen. She was fascinated with the new comedy.

Mansfield enjoyed waving the red rag before the public and accepted the others' criticism as an endorsement. Being somewhat of an iconoclast, he relished the prospect of exposing humbug and denuding sham. The simple production occasioned no embarrassment to him after the fortunes spent on the pictorial intricacies of preceding plays, and any actor above mediocrity could have played Captain Bluntschli. Mansfield always preferred and sought the character which challenges his resources.

But he decided that here was a light, facile comedy with an exhilarating new point of view which should tickle the public while it provided a marked contrast to any other play in his repertoire.

He began to inquire about George Bernard Shaw and his play. At that time the Irishman was a small speck on the horizon. He was known in London socialistic circles as a cart-end haranguer and the writer of several inconsequential novels which filled space in an obscure socialistic paper. He had written some criticisms on art, music, and drama—not yet the brilliant series for the *Saturday Review*. The New Theatre—a "movement" not architecturally concrete—had in 1892 acted a play of his, "Widowers' Houses." It did not achieve a success but it provoked some local discussion.

Shaw had sent "Arms and the Man" to Mansfield because he was encouraged by the action of the new or Independent Theatre in putting this comedy in rehearsal. It was acted later in London on the 21st of April, and by discontinuing the performances on July 7, the management spared themselves a loss of more than $25,000.

These facts did not discourage Mansfield. He expected his rewards in the satisfaction of presenting an intellectual comedy essentially unique and in the gratitude of that portion of his clientèle, which thought and applauded originality. He produced "Arms and the Man" first September 17, 1894.[1] This was the opening night of the

[1] The cast was:

Major Paul Petkoff	Mr. Harry Pitt.
Nicola	Mr. Walden Ramsey.
Major Sergius Saranoff	Mr. Henry Jewett.
Captain Bluntschli	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Catherine Petkoff	Mrs. McKee Rankin.
Louka	Miss Amy Busby.
Raina	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI IN "ARMS AND THE MAN"

From a photograph by the Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

Herald Square Theatre, which was the Park Theatre renovated and renamed.

The result presented another of those anomalies which continually punctuate experience and harass judgment in the theatre. There was a storm of critical praise for the comedy and the acting. The audiences roared at Shaw's waggery and applauded the players. Here was unanimity for once. The result? Discussion, praise, and a repetition of London losses whenever the play was acted. The losses were not quite so heavy, perhaps, because in the British capital the comedy attracted—or rather did not attract—on its own merits, in New York a large percentage of the larger audiences came to see Mansfield.

He tried "Arms and the Man" for three weeks and to forestall financial collapse revived his repertoire and began rehearsals of Lorimer Stoddard's play on Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon had possessed a fascination for him from his boyhood. He believed in his own destiny. Generalship was his attitude toward his career. Absolutism marked his bearing always in the theatre. There was an echo of "There is your throne, I am the empire," all through his life.

His own personality was in many aspects feudal, he was in complete sympathy with the monarchical system which he once advocated for America in reply to an inquiry from the New York *Herald*, thereby arousing much less denunciation than discussion, and he had the faculty and exercised it when he chose of transforming his environment into a court of which he was "His Royal." It was the Kingship of the stage that he kept always before him. Preëminence was the only prize. He had shrewd notions of the effect on the public mind of presenting him-

self as often as possible in royal guise. "The American people dearly love a King," he said. "They haven't real royalty here, and as only a minority can go King-seeing abroad, they love to watch mimic Kings in the theatre." But, above all other impulses to act Napoleon, was his rare genius for acting men of distinction and power with absolute identification. It was the enigma of all who saw him. Where did he learn it? Acting ceased when he put on the crown. A King stood on the throne.

This was the stamp on his Napoleon. For three hours the audience saw the little Corsican himself. They not only saw him, they felt his tremendous power. The soul set against itself vibrated before them. But the audience cried "Here is the Emperor, where is the play?"

There was none. His friend, Lormier Stoddard, the gifted son of Richard Henry and Elisabeth Drew Stoddard, in this instance simply rose to the failure of every other dramatist who has attempted to make Napoleon the central figure in a drama.

Though Mansfield had the warmest appreciation of the historical value of the work and its literary charm and advised Stoddard to publish it, they both recognised the piece's limitations while they believed that it disclosed a series of detached historical pictures which would be of vast interest. The enterprise was put forward modestly on the last night of Mansfield's stay at the Herald Square Theatre, October 27, 1894 in these terms:

"An entertainment consisting of a Full-Dress Rehearsal or Reading of 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' a play in five acts by Lorimer Stoddard, Esquire."

This was set out on pieces of brown paper distributed

to the audience in lieu of formal programmes [1] and a digest of the acts followed:

The First Act describes half an hour in the tent of the Emperor Napoleon at Tilsit.

The Second Act, after the Emperor's return from Moscow, deals with the treachery of his followers and his fall from power, and the incidents are made to occur in the throne-room at Fontainebleau.

The Third Act relates certain events on the Island of Elba.

The Fourth Act is divided into two scenes: The first scene is at night before Waterloo, and the second scene, which, owing to the length of the play, is this evening omitted, consists of a dialogue between peasants recounting the loss of the battle of Waterloo, and reveals Napoleon and his generals on their horses.

The Fifth Act is placed at Longwood on the Island of St. Helena.

Whenever he acted Napoleon thereafter the play was called "Scenes and Incidents from the Life of the

[1] No cast was published the first night but the characters and actors were distributed thus:

Napoleon Bonaparte	Richard Mansfield.
Marchaud, his valet	A. G. Andrews.
The King of Rome	Dot Clarendon.
Emperor Alexander of Russia	J. V. Serrano.
Frederick, King of Prussia	William Harcourt
Prince Talleyrand	D. H. Harkins.
Gobain, a corporal	W. N. Griffith.
General Le Fèbre	J. W. T. Weaver.
General Ney	Addison Pitt.
General Bethier	F. F. Smiles.
General Oudinot	T. F. Graham.
Sir Hudson Lowe	C. J. Burbridge.
Fourney	F. Finch.
Queen Louisa of Prussia	Beatrice Cameron.
Countess Marie Valenska	Katherine Grey.
Josephine, first wife of Napoleon	Helen Glidden.
Marie Louise, Empress of France	Norah Lamison.
Queen Hortense	Ethel Chase Sprague.
Mme. Montesquiou	Alice Leigh.
Mme. de Bonballe	Mrs. McKee Rankin.
Mme. Berthier	Angela McCaull.
Mme. Oudinot	Rolinda Bainbridge.
Mme. Ney	Winifred McCaull.

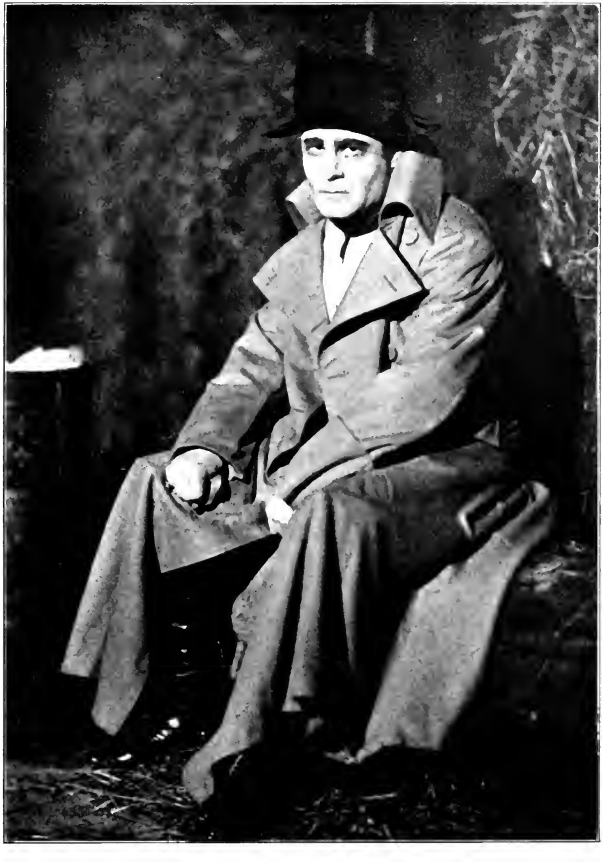
Emperor Napoleon." But his personal triumph was great and the characterisation was recognized as one which would advance him leagues in universal estimation. Produced ten years later, when he was in the full enjoyment of his authority with the public, Napoleon would have commanded crowded houses for a long period. This is what Bernard Shaw said of the Napoleon of his own play in a letter (September 8, 1897) to Mansfield:

I was much hurt by your contemptuous refusal of "A Man of Destiny," not because I think it one of my masterpieces, but because Napoleon is nobody else but Richard Mansfield himself. I studied the character from you, and then read up Napoleon and found that I had got him exactly right.

The subsequent tour was highly prosperous. "Arms and the Man" was the weak night of every week, but Mansfield continued it because he believed its performance would awaken intelligence and advance taste. When reserved for a limited number of performances, "The Emperor Napoleon" packed the theatre as surely as the other plays in the repertoire.

Shaw wrote him characteristically at this time:

Of course it ["Arms and the Man"] doesn't draw; whoever supposed it would? It has produced reputation, discussion, advertisement; it has brought me enough money to live for six months, during which I will write two more plays. So take it off in the peaceful conviction that you have treated it very handsomely and that the author is more than satisfied. . . . Judging by the reception of "Arms and the Man," I cannot doubt that if you were to play "The Philanderer," you would be lynched at the end of the first act. It exudes brimstone at every pore. . . . I should like very much to see you



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From a photograph by the Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

as Bluntschli. If you will come to London I will even go so far as to sit out "Arms and the Man" to see you.

There were, indeed, constant inquiries why he did not return to act in London, but Mansfield replied that he had not been successful there. A truer indication of the London sentiment is conveyed in this passage from a letter from Norman Forbes, written to him at this time:

I have just received your long and interesting letter that you have so poor an opinion of the way London treated you when you produced, so beautifully, "King Richard III" at the Globe Theatre. I must, however, differ from you somewhat on this point. It is impossible for any man who has achieved the success you have in your art to do so without making enemies. Believe me, you are as much admired in England as in America. I don't mean, of course, that you have so large a following, but the best people in London, those whose opinions carry weight and influence, and are therefore worth listening to, have over and over again proclaimed your great ability. I was dining with Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the other day. His praise of you could not have been more enthusiastic. Surely his opinion bears out what I say, coming as it does from one of England's greatest living sculptors.

This was true, and when Mansfield died, the British press acknowledged the "loss to the whole English-speaking stage" in the same terms as the American press.

Perhaps a truer indication of Mansfield's sentiment about remaining away from London is found among his papers in his own endorsement on a letter from Sir Francis Knollys, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, at whose suggestion the manuscript of "Beau Brummell" was submitted to the English Examiner of Plays when Mansfield thought of returning to London to act.

Mansfield's endorsement reads: "H. R. H. finally decided that he would prefer that I did not present 'Beau Brummell' in England and I returned to America—especially that during my absence Henry Irving had secured all acting rights to 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' with which I might have hoped for renewed success. R. M."

How and when and where the tour terminated this winter of 1894–1895 must be reserved for a separate chapter which will disclose the unsuspected culmination of years of aspiration, with renewed evidence of the quality of his energy and ambition.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

(1895)

Becomes the manager of a New York theatre, The Garrick—"The King of Peru"—A chase in the park and its result—Mansfield "presents" the Hollands—"Thrilby"—Ill with typhoid fever—An interview with Joseph Jefferson and an afternoon on a Staten Island ferry-boat—"The Story of Rodion, the Student"—Mansfield on his rôles—Gives up the Garrick.

EVERY great actor has counted among his aspirations the burning desire to own and direct his own theatre. It is one of the diseases to which actor-flesh is heir. There is only one cure. That is the experience. Mansfield was no exception.

From the time he first set out on his climb he did not distinguish between the safety lights which indicated secure footing, and this will-o'-the-wisp, and it wooed him through the bogs of direst distress before he again felt solid ground under his feet. Being the rare combination of a dreamer and a man of tremendous activity, the experiment of directing his own theatre was inevitable and he insisted on an independent opportunity to realise his ideals.

He could have better spared any year in his career than this one. He had accomplished much with Shylock, Bluntschli, and Napoleon. With temperate progress he could have retained his health. With tempered enthu-

siasm for a plan, for which he was ill prepared, he would not have added to the mill-stone of debt which for five years had been hanging about his neck. But where artistic profit was to be gained, health and wealth were the last consideration. The year 1895 was ever after a nightmare.

In March he secured the lease of Harrigan's Theatre. The negotiations were conducted by his manager, Mr. Slocum, and to him Mansfield confided the execution of his plans for remodelling the house. He continued his tour to find grist for the mill, availing himself of engagements in the neighbourhood of New York to slip into town, and oversee the progress of his plans. He had little money and expressed his situation in the postscript of a letter to his manager: "Keep a tight hand on the tiller, this is stormy weather."

Whatever else may remain unchanged about a theatre it always takes on a new identity with a new name. Scores were suggested. Dozens were considered. His friends, led by William Winter and E. A. Dithmar, insisted that it be called "The Mansfield." But that name he would not hear to either then or later when capitalists made it a condition of theatres they wished to build for him. In the end he decided, as he inevitably did, by his own instincts.

Among all the actors who ever lived, David Garrick was his delight, pride, and ideal. He represented all that Mansfield desired to attain. He had been a social success, he wrote charmingly, he managed his own theatre, he acted farce and tragedy with equal facility, he was bound to no traditions, he rose from obscurity to preëminence by force of his own versatile genius and in spite of the detraction of enemies. It pleased Mans-

field whenever he was, as he was often later, called "the modern Garrick." He believed good fortune would come to a house named after the Georgian actor, and it was natural that the only theatre he ever owned was dedicated to little Davy.

Mansfield had brave plans for the Garrick. It was his intention to act there every autumn until Christmas. Then a pantomime would be put on for the holidays and late in the winter the Garrick Theatre Company would take the stage to present new comedies and old for the balance of the season.

It is vain for any man to plan the routine of a theatre. There is only one dictator in these matters. It is the expediency of the moment.

However, Mansfield attacked the situation with his customary earnestness and force. The Garrick yielded to his impeccable taste and became a veritable little temple of beauty. His idea of a theatre was that it should be a gallery in which are hung two pictures—one made by the actors through the proscenium, the other by the audience. These are displayed at alternating intervals. While the curtain is up the audience becomes invisible in darkness. When the stage is invisible behind the curtain discreet lighting displays the picture of the audience. There should be nothing to distract the eye from these. He had a rare sense of colours that helped or killed the dressing and features of fair women. All should be background. The walls, ceilings, carpets, chairs were composed in negative colours—Pompeian red, bronze, and black. The stairways were lined with his collection of Hogarth prints. Ices and tea were served in a fernery where a fountain rose in a marble basin. Patrons of the gallery found chairs upholstered identically as in the

orchestra below. The actors were not forgotten. Their dressing-rooms had superior fittings and they rested, between scenes, in a charming green-room. An invisible orchestra of strings played chamber classics.

The Garrick Theatre was thrown open to the public under Richard Mansfield's management on April 23, 1895. It was dedicated "To the young people of New York." The inaugural commanded the intelligence and fashion of the town. His reception was very warm. As an expression of what a play-house should be the Garrick was a triumph, but as an institution only its future could define it.

The dedicating play was "Arms and The Man." He played Napoleon, Beau Brummell, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Baron Chevrial, Prince Karl, and Arthur Dimmesdale until May 7, when he acted Don Pedro XIV in Louis N. Parker's comedy, "The King of Peru" for the first time.[1]

This was the story of a scheming Queen-mother and her sycophants to restore her deposed son to the throne of Peru. The action took place in and near London. The boy learned, however, that the price of his throne was the fortune of his unsuspicious non-royal wife and he would not pay it. Moreover he learned that there were other

[1] The cast was:

Don Pedro XIV, King of Peru	Mr. Mansfield.
Pandolfo, ex-King of Sardinia	Mr. Andrews.
Don Miguel de Santa Rosa y Paruro	Mr. Harkins.
Marchese di Castelverano	Mr. Lyons.
Chevalier Moffat	Mr. Jewett.
One-Eyed Sammy	Mr. Griffith.
Benito	Mr. Weaver.
Footman	Mr. Chandler.
Donna Pia, Queen-Dowager of Peru	Miss Eustace.
Clara Desmond	Miss Cameron.
Princess Zea of Santorin	Miss Grey.
Mrs. Wallis	Mrs. McKee Rankin.
Mary	Miss Lamison.

more alluring occupations in life than "Kinging" and abandoned the whole group of adventurers and their schemes, for a more congenial, if less royal career. The story was not bad. But it was overlaid with rusty irony and tedious didactics which cloyed the action to a standstill. No action, no play. It was in fact the most complete failure Mansfield ever experienced. He accepted the verdict of the first night and acted "The King of Peru" only seven times, but he entertained his own reason for his inability to swing the play to some kind of success, and the story he told many years after was this:

"I have always made it a custom not to go to the theatre before evening on the day I am to act a new rôle for the first time. I try to forget the play, the character, the theatre. I walk and drive, but naturally I refrain from any physical intemperance. In this way I go to the theatre refreshed.

"The day I was to act Don Pedro, I took my usual afternoon stroll in Central Park. I took along a little dog which belonged to Mrs. Mansfield, a pet to which both of us were devoted. Suddenly I discovered the dog had slipped his leash and was running away. I ran in pursuit. I do not know how far I ran but I was soon exhausted and in a perspiration. A cab took me home but on the way I had a chill. My nerves gave way and I was a wreck.

"I should not have acted that night, but my promise was given and an audience was waiting. After all, nervousness passes off. My performance must have been wretched, for I did not know what I was doing. Every moment I feared collapse. Somehow I got through and they took me home. I felt that nothing the critics could

say could make me more wretched than I was as we rolled away in the night."

He acted for three weeks, closing his season June 1, meantime taxing himself with the rehearsals of a new musical burlesque; but it would have been wiser if he had not forced himself to keep his engagement. The collapse after the chase in the Park was in reality the warning of a resentful constitution, the harbinger of an illness which upset his plans, cost him another fortune, and nearly took his life.

The town was at this time aglow with enthusiasm over Paul Potter's dramatisation of George Du Maurier's "Trilby." It was acted first at the Garden Theatre on April 15. The novel had attained phenomenal success. Mansfield believed a burlesque of "Trilby" would make an alluring musical evening and had one prepared. It was the devising of Joseph Herbert and Charles Puerner, and was produced June 3, and appeared to be good enough warm-weather nonsense. The characters were all nicknamed; Trilby yielding to the thrill of an "h," the title becoming "Thrilby." Profitable it was not. A new version was presented with no acceleration in public interest.

The first season of the Garrick closed July 13, a heavy loss to date. Mansfield went to Newport in hopes of shaking off the physical and nervous depression under which he struggled, but came back to New York in the middle of the summer in complete collapse. Typhoid fever had seized him. For nearly three months he hovered between life and death.

While he was still on his feet, the June previous, he had arranged to star E. M. and Joseph Holland in light comedies. He had two plays for them, and from his sick

bed he directed the organisation of their company. The name Richard Mansfield had its commercial value and he was disposed to have the new venture profit by his association with it. With this in view he hit upon the phrase, "Richard Mansfield presents E. M. and Joseph Holland in" etc. This was the first managerial use of the later familiar term, "Presents."

The Messrs. Holland opened the new season at the Garrick, September 2, in "The Man with a Past," a comedy by Harry and Edward Paulton. It ran for a fortnight, and on September 24 they were presented in "A Social Highwayman," a delightful melodramatic comedy which Mary A. Stone had made from Elisabeth Phipps Train's novelette. The performance was admirable. The hearing was respectful and there were hopes for the tour, but these hopes were never realised. The venture only piled up debts for Mansfield.

In the early fall his fever receded and he got on his feet again to face the problem of the Garrick.

"Trilby" still crowded the Garden Theatre and gave promise of an idefinite run. Mansfield learned that Joseph Jefferson had the winter before contracted for an autumn engagement at this theatre. He knew Mr. Palmer would prefer not to disturb the run of a successful play and he hoped to persuade Mr. Jefferson to transfer his engagement to the Garrick and thus give him a longer time for recuperation. With this errand in view he went, the first time he was permitted to leave the house, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and with his native nervousness, intensified no doubt by weakness and anxiety, he proposed to Mr. Jefferson to move his New York engagement from the Garden to the Garrick.

The comedian had an anecdote for every occasion, and

putting his hand on Mansfield's knee, he began in a kindly voice:

"My young friend, let me tell you a funny story."

But he never did. Mansfield seized his hat and rushed from the room. He hailed the first cab and jumped in. "Where?" asked cabby. "Straight ahead," shrieked Mansfield. The horse's nose was pointed south and he did not stop until he reached the Battery. The rest of that afternoon Mansfield spent on the deck of a Staten Island ferry-boat. Twice the boat made the length of the bay before he left it.

A young man, then a mere child, recalls playing on the deck of a Staten Island boat, and noticing a sad pale man who stood by the forward gates. His father told him it was Mansfield. The lad had a cap with three feathers which he was swinging carelessly. The feathers fell out and the wind caught them, but the gentleman by the gate gathered them and returned them to the youngster. "When you are a little older, my boy," he said, "you will be more careful of the feathers in your cap." May it not have been this same long afternoon on the water?

He recovered rapidly and was soon busy with rehearsals again. His season opened in Philadelphia on November 25 at the Chestnut Street Opera House when he played "Beau Brummell." As he entered and came forward to the Beau's dressing-table the house rose to him with cheers which lasted minutes. He began some improvised "business" of the toilet—it being an artistic scruple with him not to drop the character—but he could not withstand the welcome and after a few moments sank back in the chair and was quite overcome.

He had since leaving his sick bed rehearsed five other plays for this single week in Philadelphia, in addition to

studying a new play and preparing its production for the following Monday evening in New York. Such prodigies kept him in wretched health most of his life and hastened his death. His nature knew no mean. He expended his resources without stint or limit—in devotion to his art, at play as at work, in tenderness or generosity, or in nervous hysteria when he lost control of himself. His idea of his obligation, as well as his instinct, was nothing short of superlative. Yet, he sadly admitted a decade later, "One cannot strike twelve all the time." When he felt his vitality failing, it will be seen that he announced that the end was in sight and that he would stop and get out. But he did strike twelve to his last hour on the stage.

The new play which he had in hand was Charles Henry Meltzer's dramatisation of Dostoyevski's "Crime and Punishment." It was called "The Story of Rodion, the Student," and was acted first on Tuesday evening, December 3, at the Garrick Theatre.[1]

The play divided criticism on its own merits, but in one scene it offered the artist an opportunity to reach any

[1] The cast was:

Pophyrius Petrowitch, a magistrate	Mr. Harkins.
Rodion Romanytch, a Russian law student	Mr. Mansfield.
Vladimir Warschawsky, an official	Mr. Lyons.
Isaak Ivanoff, a usurer	Mr. Lee.
Serge Seroff, a student	Mr. Andrews.
Paul Poloff, a student	Mr. Dutton.
Ivan Rimsky, a student	Mr. Passmore.
Mikola, a mason	Mr. Griffith.
Dimitry, a house painter	Mr. Weaver.
Boroff, a bargee	Mr. Cochrane.
Policeman	Mr. Shaw.
Sonia, an outcast	Miss Cameron.
Pulcheria Alexandrovna	Miss Carey.
Catherine Michaelovna	Miss Eustace.
Vera, sister to Sonia	Miss Lavine.
Boy, brother to Sonia	Miss Muir.
Hostess	Miss Alliston.
Nastasia	Miss Bennett.

Janitor, Secretary, Soldiers, Police Agents, Priests, Gypsies, Citizens and others.

heights. It occurred in the fourth scene—of acts there were none in the play, of scenes there were six. Mansfield seized it and swung himself triumphantly above the plane of apparent failure on which he and his fellow-players trudged up to that moment. Crazed by hard study, sorrow, and starvation, Rodion Romanytch, a young anarchist, deliberately kills a filthy usurer and procurer because in his philosophy one does good by the suppression of evil. He is suspected of the murder and he knows his safety depends on his own wit. Avenging conscience—in the denotement of which Mansfield always rose to his highest—pursues Rodion; he becomes the embodiment of fear and dread, and is driven to a delirium in which he seeks his victim's house.

The face of the wild, tortured, hopeless fanatic is alabaster, his eyes blaze deep, black and purposeful. He waits for the unspoken horror which his eyes and twisting hands announce. He reaches out and seizes this ghastly intangible nothing. He wrestles with it, while that which he chokes, wrenches and combats, rises above him. It oozes out of his grasp. It presses with unearthly force against him. With brutal bravery he brings the awful phantom to the ground and slinks away with stealthy terror. It was a painful silent moment after the curtain fell before the audience was released from the hypnotic spell of the artist's imagination, and broke into bravos. No such applause had been heard before in the Garrick, and seldom anywhere else had Mansfield been so heartily acclaimed.

An actor's performance is judged as strong as its strongest moment. Though Mansfield believed Rodion in no sense superior to his Richard, the majority of the critics proclaimed it the most imaginative and powerful expres-

sion of his genius. It brought him into direct and favorable comparison with his only rival on the English-speaking stage. But his Rodion was art, pure and simple, and he could not thrill the public out of its abhorrence of the unrelieved sorrow, misery, and crime of the play.

He was neither photographed nor painted as Rodion. Though the phantom murder is unforgetably engraved in the memory of those who saw it, neither brush nor pen could have conveyed the effect he produced. In an article in *Collier's Weekly* for October 6, 1900, Mansfield referred to the transiency of the actor's achievement, and here is further found his only recorded expression on fever-born Rodion:

Perhaps the saddest spot in the sad life of the actor is to be forgotten. Great paintings live to commemorate great painters; the statues of sculptors are their monuments, and books are the inscriptions of authors. But who shall say when this generation has passed how Yorick played? If ever contemporary criticism can extract one spark to annoy the artist's finger, it should be by this thought alone. When the curtain has fallen for the last time and only the unseen spirit hovers in the wings, what book will speak of all the mummer did and suffered in his little time? Every character he creates is a child he bears. There is labour and there is pain. He has bestowed upon it his love and incessant thought, and sleeping and waking it is with him as with a mother. When it is born, it is born like the children of the King—in public. It is either a beautiful and perfect child, or he drags himself home in misery to weep away his sorrow unpitied. Sometimes when the people have acclaimed it, those whose business it is to sit in judgment on the child condemn it at first sight, and it is buried in its little coffin, and only its mother weeps over it.

I do not wish to become reminiscent or to fall into too

early an anecdotage, but I have had so many children, and a number of them are dead and forgotten by everybody. Only I, their paternal mother, think of them at night over my pipe when all the world is still. Then they come out of their corners and perch upon my knee. No—they are not all beautiful. Very few of them are. But the mother always cherishes most dearly the ugly one.

There was Nero. How I worked over him! With what infinite pains I created him! How I prepared his beautiful robes! And he was buried on the first night. There was Don Juan. How he was wreathed in flowers upon the night he was born! How the people applauded him! How proudly his father and his godmothers and godfathers toasted him! And the next day he was dead and buried and the flowers and the tinsel stuffed into his coffin. Then poor, wretched, fever-wrought Rodion stands before me. He was born to me after a great trial, a long and severe illness, the loss of all my means and some of my best hopes. He was the child of sorrow. It was during the period of convalescence that I bore him, and I was shaking with ague and weakness. I stood up that night quite careless of life or death. After the scene of delirium in which Rodion kills his imagined victim I broke down. The curtain had fallen; the audience sat perfectly still; there was not a breath of applause. I had failed. I was carried to my room. Then there came to me the thunder of approval. It woke me—it revivified me. I went before the curtain again and again. My child had triumphed! All my troubles, my sickness, my losses were forgotten. But there is no mercy in these matters. The next day my child was killed. The next night he was dead of neglect, and there was no one at his funeral.

Rodion fell into the repertoire as an occasional piece for the balance of the season. Mansfield acted on the stage of the Garrick for the last time on December 14. In

announcing the abandonment of his theatre to the audience of December 7, he said with an attempt at humour:

"It occurred to me and it was suggested to me by my entourage that we needed something to eat, and I didn't see that it was possible to obtain the wherewithal to get it so long as I remained in New York. I assure you there is no place where it is so difficult to win pecuniary success as in New York, and for that reason I am compelled to go to what you are pleased to call the provinces."

The namesake of this very theatre conveyed the same idea in his own verses from his own stage in London, just one hundred and forty-five years earlier:

> For though we actors one and all agree
> Boldly to struggle for our vanity—
> If want comes on, importance must retreat;
> Our first great ruling passion is—to eat!

And here the curtain falls on the saddest year of Mansfield's life at the end of the most trying period of his career. The balm of Philadelphia's cheer of welcome when he first rose from his sick bed and the individual triumph of his Rodion were swallowed up in fatigue, failure, disappointment, and new debts.

The neglect of his King Richard, Don Juan, Nero, Shylock, and Napoleon and the failure of Tittlebat Titmouse, Don Pedro of Peru, and the Garrick Theatre were not without their effect. In his affection, he was unalterably warm and constant. But in the face he presented to the world might be discovered a grimace of chagrin, and cynicism tinged his humour. Nothing however turned the edge of his bold resolution. He marched on with torn banners and bleeding feet, determined to conquer.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

(1896–1898)

"Castle Sombras"—Extemporising comedy—A. M. Palmer—"The Devil's Disciple"—Beatrice Cameron Mansfield retires from the stage—A satire on press publicity—Fighting the Theatrical Syndicate—Outwitting legal persecutors—In pursuit of play pirates.

THE next two years were all a part of the routine of holding his position while waiting, watching, and working for the great rôle. He produced three plays, two of them with considerable acclaim, and it began to look as if he had passed through the worst.

Since the experiments with "Prince Karl" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Boston Museum he presented every play first in New York. In the fall of 1896 he departed from this rule and gave Chicago a genuine first night, when at the Grand Opera House, on November 13 he appeared first as Sir John Sombras in "Castle Sombras,"[1] a dramatisation by Greenough Smith, Esq., editor of the *Strand Magazine*, London, of his own novel of the same name.

[1] The cast was:

Sir John Sombras	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Hilary Dare	Mr. Henry Jewett.
Philip Vane	Mr. Francis Kingdon.
Father Florian	Mr. Joseph Weaver.
Munroe	Mr. Wilkes Steward.
Host	Mr. Henry Allen.
Matilda	Mrs. Alice Butler.
Lady Thyrza	Miss Beatrice Cameron.

A romantic comedy it was called. The author's inte was to indicate the awakening of a noble nature from the lethargy imposed by the heritage of centuries of cruelties and base deeds. Sir John Sombras was that paradox, a villain who outheroed both hero and heroine and ran off in the end with all the sympathy.

The story followed the novel closely, but in the midst of complications, intricate as calculus, there was one huge surprise which neither author nor actors anticipated and Mansfield turned to account.

He recounted the unique experience in an interview some time after:

"I can now match unexpected failures with an unexpected hit. I produced 'Nero' on a lavish scale. I shall always be willing to stake my reputation on my characterisation of that monarch, but the play drew practically no audience—even on the first night. The public simply would not come near it. Somehow or other even the subject did not attract, and upon those few who were there the grim humour of the character made no impression at all.

"On the other hand I made a hit in the most unexpected way in 'Castle Sombras.' We rehearsed the play as a melodrama. I played the part of a deep, dark villain. My first remark as I came on the stage, intended to be taken seriously, was greeted with a laugh. Fancy my astonishment. For a moment I was dumfounded. I could scarcely believe my ears. But there was no mistake, the audience had laughed. Then in my heart I thanked them for their friendly candour, and I at once adapted myself to the situation. I knew it would be fatal to attempt to act that play seriously, and taking my cue from the audience, I instantly changed my whole concep-

.on of the character and played it on the lines of comedy. A glance of the eye and a tremor of the mouth directed the points, and diabolically villainous speeches were given in modern colloquial tones. Extravagant melodramatic situations were carried off with the polished manner of the society play. In the blindfolded duel scene, in which the heroine lures one of the duelists out of one door and the second duelist out of another, we rehearsed what we supposed would be a finely impressive situation. The audience greeted it with roars of laughter. Mrs. Mansfield was in tears, supposing the whole production was a failure. But I whispered to her—'It's all right. A silent audience is fatal. So long as they laugh we're a success.'"

Such is the narrow margin of uncertainty. A play conceived, written, and rehearsed as a superior example of romantic drama was accepted as an uproarious satire on that very type. Whom was the joke on? The author, the actor, the play, or the audience?

"Castle Sombras" was acted only occasionally and was dropped in the spring. By that time Shaw had another play ready for Mansfield. The latter referred to it in a letter written during the summer to Amy Leslie:

All fine and intelligent people are sure to like the play, for which reason we don't expect it to run—the number of fine and intelligent people being limited. "The Devil's Disciple" it was baptised—Revolutionary period, with political conundrums uppermost. I play Dick Dudgeon, the Devil's own, who stands on the gallows the English have erected to hang rebels somewhere (Shaw calls it Webster Bridge) in New Hampshire, and says calmly, "Amen, and God damn the King!" I have explained to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, that I am not responsible for this, and have urged him to have Shaw executed on Tower Hill, and to leave me alone. . . . We are re-

hearsing; whenever were we not? For after the Shaw play we produce (beastly word, "produce"!) "King Frederick William I." Person who wrote it, albeit a literary swell, doesn't want to be known, being *persona grata* at the German Imperial Court and fearful of losing his convenient head. Of course, I play the old King of Prussia, Frederick William. If we have a cent of money left after these two ventures 'tis proposed to present Shakespeare's "Henry V," with me—me—me in a blonde wig and blue eyes and pretty, pretty dresses. We are looking for a French lady to play the Princess Katherine, but they are all at Trouville or Aix les Bains. Beatrice has a beautiful part in "The Devil's Disciple"—quite to her heart—of a sort of Ibsen young lady, the which Beatrice loveth.

A. M. Palmer this summer of 1897 accepted Mansfield's invitation to take the helm, and so long as his health permitted, the association of artist and manager continued. There was a flavour of poetic justice in the move. Palmer had given Mansfield his first real opportunity fifteen years before when he promoted him from Tirandel to the Baron Chevrial. The interval had worked its changes. By sheer force of a luminous, vibrant personality shining through everything he acted, Mansfield had, in spite of a long line of indifferent plays, emerged into a position of sound eminence.

Palmer had passed from the Union Square Theatre to the Madison Square Theatre. Thence he went further up Broadway to Wallack's, which for a time bore the name Palmer's, then retreated a few blocks downtown again to the Garden Theatre, but gave up the failing fight in both houses to seek new fortunes with his once successful stock methods at the Great Northern Theatre, Chicago. To other adversities was added a nearly fatal illness, from

which he never wholly recovered. He struggled along patiently and bravely but he declared sadly that "the machine is running down."

When he was sufficiently restored to assume activities again, he accepted Mansfield's offer of an alliance. It was the most dignified and important salaried position in the American theatre. Mansfield seems to have been rewarded for his graceful act. Good fortune attended him from now on, for he never had another failure.

"The Devil's Disciple" was acted for the first time on any stage at the Hermanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, October 1, 1897, and the following Monday, it was acted at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.[1]

Mansfield acted the protagonist of common-sense with a bold, dashing freedom which provoked general surprise. The influence of personal dignity was ignored. He quite "let himself go." Heretofore, moreover, he had sounded the introspective note, the note of inner conflict. Except for one moment there was no conflict in Dudgeon's mind. He was frank, free, and resolute. Mansfield supplemented the native mettle of the fine fellow with the little drifts of sentiment, unmistakable refinements under a cowl of ruffianly carelessness, and the hypnotic influence of his earnest, forceful personality. The last-named he could

[1] The cast was:

Anthony Anderson	Mr. Benjamin Johnson.
Judith Anderson	Miss Beatrice Cameron.
Mrs. Anne Dudgeon	Miss Minna Monk.
Richard Dudgeon	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Christopher Dudgeon	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Uncle William Dudgeon	Mr. W. H. Griffith.
Uncle Titus Dudgeon	Mr. Le Fevre.
Essie	Miss Lottie Briscoe.
Lawyer Hawkins	Mr. Hunter.
General Burgoyne	Mr. Arthur Forrest.
Major Swindon	Mr. Joseph Weaver.
Rev. Mr. Brudenell	Mr. William Courtenay.
A Sergeant	Mr. Francis Kingdon.

Officers, Soldiers, Townspeople.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS DICK DUDGEON IN "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"

flaunt in this part, so intimately akin to his own truth-loving, fact-telling, humbug-hating nature. Though he dressed Dudgeon in the wig and shorts of the Colonial period, he here made the single exception of his career in using no make-up. Those who saw him as Dudgeon saw his undisguised self.

The play was given with literal fidelity except in one instance. Shaw suggested the note of theatrical conventionality, by writing the despised and rejected cousin of the devil's disciple, Essie by name, in close harmony with Dick's variable heart. But Mansfield knew sympathy was a more dramatic value than love in a wholly unconventional satire. He shortened her frock, moved her years back from seventeen to ten, robbed her of her maidenly charms, and transformed her into a timid browbeaten little girl with a child's gratitude for the one sympathetic heart in her little world. Dick's attitude toward Essie, without changing a line of text, preached a whole sermon on the heart of the devil's disciple. The character as acted was Mansfield's own. Shaw shrieked across the Atlantic for "heart interest." Mansfield courteously replied "Heart interest be damned." Not to be outdone in courtly extravagance the Irishman cabled "Same to you."

The public began to catch the drift of Shaw, but "The Devil's Disciple" was a more difficult play for the conventional mind than "Arms and the Man."

The confusion of Judith Anderson represented the confusion of the audience. Shaw flattered their intelligence as did none of the less subtle dramatists. "The Devil's Disciple" was played during eight weeks at the Fifth Avenue. This was the longest run which Mansfield had accomplished in New York with one play since the first season of "Beau Brummell."

The January of 1898 Mrs. Mansfield retired from the stage and the theatre was poorer. She was one of its most intellectual, spirited, sincere, and sympathetic figures. Her best characterisations were Raina in "Arms and the Man," Hester Prynne in "The Scarlet Letter," and Judith Anderson in "The Devil's Disciple." Her husband always boldly paid her the compliment of his belief that her Portia was the best of her generation. The influence she possessed over him, yet never exercised except in his yielding confidence, cannot be overestimated. She was an ideal artistic helpmate, because while she sustained him with sympathy which was unreserved, her judgment was independent as it was sound, and unpersuaded, she never subordinated it to his compelling. He had an instinct for the flexible points in another's character and possessed an ungoverned tendency to take advantage of them. But he never influenced Beatrice Cameron against her judgment. As her perceptions were founded in a singularly fine intelligence, her integrity became his stoutest support. They disagreed, but always with respect. When his confidence in all other opinions failed him he turned with childish confidence to her.

Mrs. Mansfield bade the stage farewell at the conclusion of the Chicago engagement which extended over a part of January and February. The third week was devoted to the two Shaw plays, and though Mansfield rarely played any other afternoon than Saturday, a Wednesday matinée was announced. This was diligently paragraphed in the papers as given "owing to the extraordinary demand of the public" etc.

Mansfield knew better. Much as he valued publicity as the breath in the sails of his endeavour, the hollow pretence of much that had to be written did not escape his

sense of humour. At supper the night after the papers had boomed with the "public's demand," publicity and its absurdities were discussed and he began at once to have fun with them. Presently calling for pen and paper he jotted down the following paragraphs which satirise a whole hatful of obvious vanities:

Owing to the ardent desire upon the part of the management and the star to make as much money as possible in a given time, there will be a special matinée on Wednesday next at the Micawber.

On Monday evening when the new play was produced at the Bungle Theatre, so many thousands were turned away that there was no one in the house.

During the entire week the Pecksniff has been enjoying the full blast of success. Owing to the great actor's objections to playing to empty benches, the house has been crowded—by the management.

The royalties to the author of "The Literal Pug" are so enormous that the management has been obliged to change the box-office statements.

After witnessing the performance of "The Subsequent Man," the author left at once for New York.

Owing to the great personal popularity of the great tragedian in this city with the press and the public, he has decided to produce his new play here, as he desires to obtain an unbiassed opinion.

The great tragedian's well-known disregard of monetary considerations and his devotion to his art influence him to produce only such plays as the public dislikes or cannot comprehend.

Owing to the superb scenery in the new play at the Nickleby, the actors will be withdrawn after next Saturday.

Owing to the profound impression made by the great tragedian he has determined to devote the remainder of his career to comedy.

Notices concerning the fresh exponent of the part of Shylock should be taken *cum grano salis*.

The great tragedian will appear this week in eight contrasted rôles—there will be no difference made, however, in his legs.

The great tragedian has finally decided to refuse money at the door.

Owing to the great success of the new melodrama it will be withdrawn after to-morrow evening in order to give the public of this city time to rest.

Owing to the precarious condition of Mr. Jim Spratt's business and the doubtful result of his new venture he has invited the bar of this city to a banquet.

Owing to the great fatigue of acting, Mr. Rudge, the great comedian, has decided to rest for the remainder of the season.

This winter saw the last of the first organised opposition to the Theatrical Syndicate. No one who did not pass through this struggle can imagine the panic among actors produced by the merger of the leading theatres of the country into the hands of a small well-centred group of men. The movement was not best for the theatre as an institution, for it eliminated the individual manager and managing actor as an operating factor. But it was the normal expression of this age of centralisation, and was inevitable.

With unity and capital the actors could have defeated the managers. But they had neither. A group of brave spirits began a campaign. Mrs. Fiske, Mansfield, Jefferson, Francis Wilson, James A. Herne, and Nat. Goodwin were in the front rank, and there was no second rank. The *Dramatic Mirror* became a flaming organ of the little band. Individually they made a lusty showing in interviews and curtain speeches. The opposition they pre-

sented was however, largely vociferous and wholly emotional.

Mansfield made anti-syndicate curtain speeches nearly every night during 1896 and 1897. He defied the members on their own stages. In Philadelphia he castigated them in the Chestnut Street Opera House—a syndicate stronghold belonging to Messrs. Nixon and Zimmermann —and one evening his utterances were cut in two by the descending curtain. He never after appeared in that city in a theatre managed by this firm.

When it was proposed to weld together the group of the opposition in 1897, the difficulty of harmonising star-natures became apparent. Joseph Jefferson withdrew on the persuasion of his son Charles, who was a partner with Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger in several enterprises. Goodwin followed. Several influential stars, not hitherto aggressive, but depended on for concerted action at this moment, accepted enticing contracts from syndicate managers. Mansfield saw only futility in the fight and his ardour cooled perceptibly. But in the fullest sense of the word he was an Independent to the end of his career. He was fighting for an independence which opened the desirable syndicate houses to him, yet left him free to play anywhere else he wished. This he achieved. The exclusiveness of a syndicate was ignored in booking his routes. He played wherever it seemed most advantageous—in the the Grand Opera House, Chicago; the Grand Opera House, San Francisco; the Columbia Theatre, Washington, before its surrender; in the Walnut Street Theatre, and the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia; in the Herald Square Theatre, when it became the corner-stone of a new opposition to the Syndicate; and he dedicated the Lyric Theatre when this same little group grew strong enough to build.

During this middle period of working to live—like a prince to be sure—some of his creditors were far from inactive. The anxiety at the time was distressing, but he lived to look back on some of the incidents with enjoyment. He was the last to admit his own extravagance, for he maintained that the style in which he lived and travelled was not more than his health demanded and his health was the best asset of the crowd of people depending on him for salary and support, as well as of the creditors who would have to be patient for their pay until fortune was kind to him as he believed she was bound to be in time.

His autocratic bearing plunged him continually into trouble of a kindred kind. No one not of the theatre can understand the sacredness of the two kitchen chairs flanking the old kitchen table down by the footlights at rehearsal. One is reserved for the stage manager, the other for the manager or star. They are the thrones of grace, sacred and inviolable—and Mansfield held inflexibly to the traditions of these seats of the mighty.

A few years before this, his sense of decorum was offended proportionately one day when he came upon the stage to direct a rehearsal and found one of the actresses seated in treasonable ease at the prompt-table. His anger was tinder and here was a spark. She was discharged on the spot. A suit was the result and it threatened to become an American Jarndyce case. As the incident happened in Washington the suit was brought there, and each of his visits to the capital thereafter was a signal for activity on the part of the opposition.

On his next return to Washington in January, 1897, he expected and desired service as early in the week as possible in order to get an early judgment. But as the action was prompted by pique, the desire was to embarrass him

as much as possible. He was playing at the La Fayette Square Theatre, which was then managed by his friend John W. Albaugh, Sr. To their surprise Saturday night arrived without the expected and desired move by the opposition. The play was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which Mansfield was on the scene throughout the last act. This was the moment chosen for service in order to detain him in the city and break up his tour.

The court officers came to Mr. Albaugh for permission to go on the stage and serve papers on Mansfield. He agreed courteously to escort them to the actor's dressing-room immediately the last curtain fell and meantime entertained them with his best cigars and most engaging anecdotes. When the party moved back on the stage after the play they found the star's dressing-room door bolted from within and no amount of knocking induced the occupant to open it. For an hour and a half the siege was maintained. At twelve o'clock and one minute, Sunday morning, the door was thrown open and Brown, Mansfield's faithful dresser, inquired their pleasure.

"Mr. Mansfield? He left the theatre an hour and a half ago. You probably passed him as you came in."

They had indeed. In some way (perhaps Mr. Albaugh could throw light on the matter) the officers' arrival and intention became known on the stage. When the last curtain fell in darkness on the death of Hyde, Mansfield drew a cloak over his shoulders pulled his hat over his eyes, seized a fiddle-box from a convenient musician, and linking arms with him, slipped out of the front door of the theatre, in the midst of a well-affected argument in sputtering German. The "old fiddler" rubbed elbows with Mr. Albaugh and his party as they passed in the aisle.

A certain Massachusetts debtor's law since modified was

the scourge of visits to Boston. It permitted arrest and imprisonment in that State, pending trial, for debt however insignificant contracted anywhere in the world. This embarrassment was evaded by an ingenious device which was suggested to Mansfield by a Boston friend who was one of his heaviest creditors. As soon as he reached Massachusetts he submitted, by prior arrangement, to the formality of arrest on the complaint of his friend. Great was the surprise of the other deputies when they attempted serivce to be intercepted by an official who politely begged their pardon, but Mr. Mansfield was his prisoner! The Boston friend, of course, did not sue, but waited till the tide in Mansfield's career changed and he paid all his obligations.

It was his boast that he never sued an actor. But, if a story which has had currency be not apochryphal, the theft of his plays, the exclusive rights to which were his most valued asset, brought him as near to breaking his rule this winter, however, as he ever came.

The dread and the despair of owners of successful plays is the play pirate. He flourishes in the West. He is venturesome and unprincipled as was his cousin of the Spanish Main, and his trade is made easy by a firm in Chicago which will, for a slight consideration, furnish the manuscript of any piece acted.

Mansfield's special train, it is said, was one day easing its pace in conformity to the speed law of the town it was passing through, when from the car window his eye was attracted by a poster announcing: "The Lyceum Comedy Company in 'Prince Karl' to-night."

Here was a chance for evidence and action. He reached for the bell rope and the engine stopped. Mr. Palmer appeared to inquire the reason.

Mansfield pointed to a duplicate of the first poster conveniently opposite his car where the train had halted. "Cancel to-night's performance, but send the company ahead on their schedule," he said. "You and I will put an end to this thieving here and to-night."

There was no appeal from his verdict. That night they two found seats in the dingy little "Opera House," and awaited developments. After a racy quickstep on a piano and two other asthmatic instruments the curtain rose on "Prince Karl."

It was not what Mansfield expected. His anger gradually changed to astonishment and then thawed into laughter. The performance of the four men and two women was a revelation to him, especially the man playing the Prince. He gave it entirely new aspects. He dressed it like a German emigrant, and when he came to the scene where Mansfield gave his exquisite operatic drolleries, this Karl broke into tumultuous song and dance, making his exit with a cart-wheel, and the company rushed in and brought the curtain down with a cakewalk.

All resentment ceased and there was no further concern about pirates. He rejoined his company by the next train and the performance of the pirate Prince remained one of the treasured evenings of his experience.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

(1898)

Some of Mansfield's pen productions—"Blown Away"—"The Charge at Dargai Gap"—"The Eagle's Song"—"The Sinner's Song"—"Bring Me That Coat"—A dedication—On the platform—His first Chicago address—"The First Violin"—A curtain speech.

THIS winter of 1897–1898 Mansfield's nonsense book, "Blown Away" was published; two of his poems appeared in print; a collection of his music was put into book form, and he made his first appearance on the platform, delivering an address before the students and faculty of the University of Chicago.

The variety of these productions illustrate his prismatic moods. He did not polish what he wrote. It came from his pen with nervous energy and bubbling imagination to humour a mood or to amuse those about him. Once the ink was dry the things he wrote became Dead Sea fruit to him.

The manuscript of the nonsense sketches, which he had written to amuse Miss Cameron and another friend, on the Pacific tour of the spring 1892, had tossed about in his trunks ever since. He was spending a few weeks on the Massachusetts coast during the summer of 1897, and to amuse some young folks he hunted up and read to them

the pages intended for "Beatrice and Jessie." In the party was Mr. L. C. Page, and a young lady who was also a listener on that summer day later became his wife. When on their wedding trip they dined with Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, the fairy story was mentioned, and Mr. Page, who had become a member of the publishing firm of L. C. Page & Co., asked to be allowed to publish it. The idea had not occurred to Mansfield before and he was inclined to laugh at the suggestion as a joke. Mr. Page was in earnest, however, and pleaded so eloquently that he consented, saying: "You may publish the book and we will call it a wedding present; but it's the most utter rot, the merest drivel."

"Blown Away" takes its title from the first adventure of Beatrice and Jessie. They start out to find a prince who is held captive by a boarding-house fairy, encounter a storm and are blown away, hither and thither, encountering the most surprising adventures, seeing the strangest sights, and meeting the queerest people. A child would listen to it wide-eyed and a mature understanding chuckles over the half-veiled satire on manners, fashions, and politics; on anything, in fact, from Noah to Victoria, Mother Goose to the Poet Laureate.

The preface is vividly indicative of the pretty mockeries of the book:

Should any person labour under the impression that any beast or thing described in this book is intended for a caricature of him, he is in error. This book contains no sarcasm, satire, or cynicism. It was written as a purely childish and innocent pastime. It hides no sting. It was never intended for publication. There exists no adequate reason why it should have been published. It relates no story. If the author harboured any design, it

was to entertain some young people during a lengthy journey. It was then tossed aside and forgotten. It should *not* have been disturbed. Alas! it cropped up one day at the seashore—a rainy day. The author read these pages to a number of small boys who could not escape. The smallest and least intelligent boy was amused. He bore out the promise of his childhood by becoming a publisher. He trailed the man who had corralled him that day. His object was to wreak a long-delayed vengeance by publishing this book. He accomplished his fell purpose by bribing the author. Nothing remains but to pity the author and to execrate the publishers. The author's affection for his wife is his reason for not dedicating these pages to HER.

Natively Mansfield was British. The tenderest recollections of his life clustered about the school-days at Derby. He loved the ease and elegance of life in England, her centuries of glory were a favourite study, he delighted in the pomp and majesty of a monarchy. But it was not for this that the news of the Gordon Highlander's charge at Dargai Gap set his blood tingling. Nationality and citizenship really never mattered to him. The appeal was in the incomparable heroism of the incident. When he read the cables, he tore open several envelopes and on them jotted these inspiring verses:

THE CHARGE AT DARGAI GAP

Bulldogs, hark! Did your courage fail?
Bulldogs, hark! Did your glory pale?
What of the slander that says "Decayed!"
"Gone to the dogs since the Light Brigade!"
For the blood and bone that humbled Nap,
'Twas there again, boys, in the Dargai Gap!
Did you hear the swish of the flying shot?
The roll of the drum and the rattle pot?

The music that rose clear o'er that yell
And thrilled thro' the ranks and stirred up Hell!
Come, Highland laddie, head up, step forth!
A crown of glory! "Cock of the North!"
You "Cock of the North," aye, pipe away!
With both stumps gone, and you won the day!
You may lean your backs against comrades now,
They'll moisten your lips and they'll kiss your brow,
For they fought like men, and a man may weep
When he lays a man to his last long sleep.
Bulldogs who sleep on the Dargai ridge,
Fall in! Quick, march! and over the bridge!
The piper's ahead, and the same old air
To pipe you to Heaven and vet'rans there!
And you'll tell the bullies who humbled Nap
The glorious story of Dargai Gap.

He did not become an American citizen, but the country of his adoption and of his home was dearer to him than he admitted even to himself. Conditions as he found them here fell, as did everything else in one mood or another, under the rod of his criticism, but for years his voice was raised in thundering protest against the depreciation of the American stage by Americans, and against the patronage of foreign criticism. Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, when, for the first time since the Civil War, Northern and Southern men fought side by side, inspired this fine burst from Mansfield's muse:

THE EAGLE'S SONG

The Lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub
Was seized by an Eagle and carried up
And homed for a while in an Eagle's breast,
And the Eagle taught it the Eagle's song:
"To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"

The Lion whelp sprang from the eerie nest,
From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;
He fought the King on the spreading plain,
And drove him back o'er the foaming main.
He held the land as a thrifty chief,
And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf,
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore,
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
And Industry lived with the Northern one.

Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears were the price of the union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"
And the Lion cubs twain sing the Eagle's song,
"To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"

For the Eagle's beak and the Lion's paw,
And the Lion's fangs and the Eagle's claw,
And the Eagle's swoop and the Lion's might,
And the Lion's leap and the Eagle's sight,
Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain,"
Now that the two are one again!

Here's to a cheer for the Yankee ships!
And "Well done, Sam," from British lips!

"The Sinner's Song" was written about this time. There is a rich cast of Tom Hood in the scattered rhymes and pungent irony, but the writer's own muscular

intellectuality gradually works up from the gentle apologetic beginning to the withering sarcasm of the last two lines which fall like four blows on a smitten anvil. It was printed later.

THE SINNER'S SONG

If once at bay I touched a crime
In boyhood—hot-head, heedless time—
And all my neighbours rang the chime,
Wherever I might wander—
Do you believe I could outlive
Or that my neighbours could forgive
That stretching stain of slander?

Do you believe that I could rise
And, by my doughty deeds and wise,
Wash out that blot, I wonder?
Or, if I strived in doing good,
And saving all the souls I could
Wherever I might wander,
Would that one stain upon my name
Outweigh my labour and my fame?
Alas, you know it would!

Would all my struggles, all my tears,
For days and nights, for months, for years,
Be ever understood?
My sorrow and my piteous prayer
Might reach Almighty's gracious ear,
But would my neighbour hear?

O gentle kind! O kind mankind!
O thieves and liars, deaf and blind,
But never, never dumb—
O beasts that drabble in your pen,
And beasts that wear the garb of men,
What honour to be one!

Could I have hid that early crime
And tuned my sycophantine chime
To key with pleasing lies,
And stuffed beast's loathsome belly full
And pat his elephantine hull,
Or please his amorous eyes:

How good were I! How wise were I!
How well I'd live! How damned I'd die!

Is there not a personal note in these verses? The sinner was Mansfield. The sin of his "boyhood, hot-head, heedless time" were those indiscreet, though honest, retaliations upon the critics and those ill-advised curtain speeches when poverty, failure, and debt held him "at bay." He tried by "doughty deeds and wise" to wash out their memory and to quiet gossip, but the press was "never, never dumb" about his discipline, his temper, and his egoism. But he would not dissemble, or "tune his sychophantine chime to key with pleasing lies." He preferred to live damned and die well!

Place must be given here to verses found by the writer among Mansfield's dusty and forgotten papers. They have before this been read by but one other eye, but tender and intimate as is their sentiment, they are so eloquent of one side of his nature—a side his sensitiveness hid with too much success in life—that they contribute invaluably to an understanding of the man. They are addressed

TO BEATRICE

Bring me that coat!
I wore it when I wooed her first!
Her mittened hand was on that sleeve
And stayed me when I feigned to read
Her silence a command to leave.

Some fragrance still may linger there
Where once her perfumed tresses lay,
When she had sunk her golden head
Upon my breast, that hallowed day!

Or yet, perchance, some silken thread
Of her dear locks may still remain,
There, where they floated o'er my heart!
O search ye well—and search again!

No? Then perhaps may linger now
The fragrance of the purple flower
That with her own dear hand she pinned
Upon my coat, that happy hour?

Bring me that coat!
Is there a mark upon the breast
Of tears, that were not sorrow shed?
Of tears, that her dear eyes had wept,
And they were tears of joy, she said?

Search well the pockets, will you find
A tiny, useless bit of lace?
I stole it from the hand that hid
The smile that dawned upon her face.

Seek, is the glove no longer there
That she unclasped to smooth my hair,
As I had knelt and bowed my head
Upon her knee, in mute despair?

Bring me that coat!
Be there no vestige of these now,
Of amber-scented lock no trace?
There is a silent witness still
More precious far than glove or lace:

'Tis here where you may scarcely see
The little rent a blackthorn tore;

he absorb himself in the sufferings and passions of the character he portrayed, that he left the stage as debilitated as if he had passed through the actual crisis.

This complete absorption produced the inevitable reaction. He sought diversion in the simplest forms, and the daytime was spent in such rest as he could snatch from the routine responsibilities of his busy life. Both Jefferson and Irving had an inestimable advantage over him in this respect. To them, as to Bernhardt and Coquelin, the night's work was play. They could devote their days to giving and receiving visits, to entertaining and lecturing, with the complete success which is the result of abandonment as well as of resources, and they exacted no price from their performance at night.

Mansfield was a nervous wreck when he reached the lecture platform. He dared not trust to improvisation or memory, but wrote his discourse out carefully and read it word for word. His style in such compositions had at times an oratorical swing and yielded periods of power. For the most part, however, he was more impressed with the responsibility of telling truths than setting off rhetorical fireworks. He was crisp, literal, and matter of fact. Once he got possession of himself, and that subtle sixth sense, by which the artist feels the responsiveness and sympathy of his audience, told him he had control of his hearers, his ease returned and he read with moving persuasive authority, and his hands, eyes, and countenance became graphic interpreters of his theme. He seldom digressed.

The first Chicago address was delivered at the University, in Kent Theatre. Though the novelty of Mansfield's first public utterance made it of national interest he approached the occasion only as an afternoon chat

to a group of young people interested in the stage. He took the opportunity to point out the serious purpose which should animate the stage aspirant, the hardships to be encountered, the accomplishments demanded but neglected, and followed with some comment on those who ignore the educational value of the theatre, a plea for playwrights with lofty ideals, a rejoinder to the personal criticism which had pestered him all his life, and his favourite insistence on the supremacy of the American stage.

The full first half of his paper was devoted to the necessity of vocal culture, painting, deportment, and languages in the equipment of an actor. Urging the necessity of control of voice he instanced the various qualities of voice required in different rôles:

If I am playing a great rôle of Shakespeare, then I need a large body of voice. If I am playing Richard III, as we play it, then I have to begin as a young man of character, gradually developing until he becomes old and steeped in sin; and yet through long hours of talking I must have that same immense power of voice at the end of the play that I had at the commencement, and yet I must have an entirely different quality of voice. Do you stop to realise that matter? Do you stop to think that in the old days it was a well-known fact that Edmund Kean, Mr. Kemble, or even Edwin Forrest, when he came to the last of the act, and he cried: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" was very hoarse. Nobody heard it; he didn't have any voice left; but today we have studied so to guard ourselves as to gradually develop the voice, so that at the end of the play we are as fresh and as voiceful as when we started. . . .

If the mission of the actor is only to amuse, then I do not want to be an actor. I say, and I think there are some who hold with me, that the mission of the actor is

not only to amuse but to instruct. . . . It would be a pitiful thing, indeed, if we were only to be Punchinello. . . .

When he pleaded for a great play he spoke from his own experience of the last eight years, little dreaming of his morrow's mail with its treasure from France:

The dearth of playwrights is to-day our great trouble. We wear out the weary hours, toiling and fretting, willing to do, but we have nothing to do it with. We would like to act, but there is little to act. You want to go to see Shakespeare, but only in spots; only now and then; only spasmodically. You won't go to see a great play of Shakespeare unless I spend the earnings of a lifetime on its presentation. If you do not get such attractions as my friend Henry Irving has to give, if you do not get magnificent scenery, superb costumes, music, and little additions in the shape of ballet, you won't go to see Shakespeare. Consequently we can only now and then play Shakespeare. What can we therefore do? We have to do the best we can find, and what is that? Who writes for the stage? Who is there of all the brilliant men in this country to devote their minds to the stage? I have some friends who write plays, and I should be sorry to say that they were not good plays, but I cannot say that they are great plays; and yet there must be great minds in this country. What is there left for us to do?—and I think right here I may be permitted to make through you that appeal to the rising generation, to devote their minds to the writing of great plays. I think it is a worthy task. We get plays from England and France, with the result, as the authors know, that the plays are thrown not into the hands of the actor, but into the hands of the speculator.

The stage is waiting for the great drama, and for the great dramatist as he was in days gone by; not the enemy of the actor, but his friend; not the business speculating

author, who says: "I will give my play where it will give the largest return," but for him who says, "I will give my play where it will be played the best and will live the longest." These authors, when they give their plays to the speculator, find that play played for one season only, and then thrown into the waste-paper basket; but it is the actor who creates a great character which will make the play live, and it will not live only one season, but it will live for the lifetime of that actor, and then, perchance, be taken up by other actors and played unto all time.

Clement Scott of the London *Daily Telegraph* had a few weeks before created a diversion by attacking the morality of the men and women of the stage, which inspired this paragraph:

Fierce the light that beats upon the throne, and this, perhaps, has caused so many people to believe that the stage is immoral. There is no more—perhaps less—immorality on the stage than there is in society. The people of the stage are too busy, too occupied, and too tired to go in for the immorality that occurs in almost every walk of life. There is just the same temptation for you, ladies and gentlemen here present, in the University of Chicago. There is no more and no less temptation for you than there is for us. We have to work together. You have to work together. You travel together. We travel together. It rests with every man and woman of an age to be what they wish, and I have still to find out, on the serious stage, that there is that immorality which the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* has stated there is.

When he returned East in the spring "The First Violin" was ready for the stage. By Dion Boucicault's gauge that "plays are not written, they are rewritten," "The First Violin" should have been a masterpiece. It was written and rewritten four times before Mansfield ventured its

production. He and Mrs. Mansfield had long believed in the play-possibilities of Jessie Fothergill's charming, if conventional romance of musical student life in Germany. He had played so many forbidding rôles that they felt just for once he might allow himself the diversion of a wholly sympathetic hero. If it was a step down from his sustained intellectual plane it was at least effected with elegance and charm.

The version he accepted was by J. I. C. Clarke, but he rewrote it to such an extent that Mr. Clarke scarcely recognised it. His share in the work was credited to a *nom de plume*, Meridan Phelps. "The First Violin" was put on the stage first at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston, on April 18, 1898.[1]

The following Monday the play was acted at the Garden Theatre in New York. At the end of the evening of enthusiasm he responded to calls and addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is very near

[1] The cast on this occasion was:

The Grand Duke	Mr. Kingdon.
Count von Rothenfels	Mr. Johnson.
The Countess Hildegarde	Miss Glidden.
Herr von Francius	Mr. Weaver.
Eugen Courvoisier	Mr. Mansfield.
Sigmund, his son	Miss Morrison.
Friedhelm Helfen	Mr. Forrest.
Karl Linders	Mr. Andrews.
Herr von Papenheim	Mr. Courtenay.
Jager zu Rothenfels	Mr. Hunter.
Professor Sebastian	Mr. Griffith.
A Railway Official	Mr. Graham.
Herr Boudelweiss	Mr. Butler.
Herr Singfest	Mr. Dwyer.
Herr Krausgrieg.	Mr. Bonchard.
Miss Hallam	Miss Alliston.
Merrick, her maid	Miss Cummins.
Fraulein Anna Sartorius	Miss Oliver.
Miss May Wedderburn	Miss Fairfax.
Fraulein Schultz	Miss Marsh.
Frau Schmidt	Miss Clarke.
Clara	Miss Blanchard.

Musicians, Citizens, Railway Officials.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS EUGEN COURVOISIER IN "THE FIRST VIOLIN"

the end of the season and both my clever company and myself are thoroughly tired out playing heroics. So the other day we got together and with the assistance of Mr. Clarke and my splendid corps of scenic artists, we thought, like Grosvenor in 'Patience,' we would treat ourselves to the customary half-holiday. The result, as you see, is 'The First Violin,' a play in which we all have parts which please and rest us, even if they don't succeed in pleasing and resting you. I know perfectly well that the critics are going to condemn this play to-morrow. I don't blame them. And I feel equally sure they are going to condemn me. Last week we were condemned in Boston, yet, ladies and gentlemen, I had the pleasure of playing to the largest box office receipts of my entire career in Boston during the week in which I appeared there in 'The First Violin.' If I can only succeed in making my New York friends condemn and visit it to the same extent, I shall feel even more rested than I do at present. You have no idea how tiring it is to play rôles in which you have either to grovel or be heroic all the time. My company feel exactly as I do about this matter, and my only hope is that they will escape the condemnation which is sure to be heaped upon myself and the playwright."

"The First Violin" was not sizeable to the standards Mansfield had invited by his other exploits, but the public found so much to enjoy in his Eugen Courvoisier—a facile rôle without heights or depths—that it was acted at the Garden Theatre, for many weeks beyond the original term. At this moment war was declared with Spain and the country thrilled with military preparations and anticipations. The public was diverted from its accustomed diversions. The theatres in general were empty.

The Garden, however, was crowded these warm spring nights as Mansfield had not filled any theatre in New York since the run of "Beau Brummell." But he had critically important plans ahead and was obliged to terminate his season June 14.

And here closed that middle period of his public life—a period of some triumphs and many defeats, of costly experiments, of disappointments that would have broken a weaker spirit, and of ceaseless struggle for the supremacy of which he not for one hour relinquished his determined hope.

When the curtain went up again it was on the golden period of authority with the public, of an opulent prosperity which enabled him to throw off the last penny of his indebtedness, during which he reached and maintained himself in preëminence. The record from now on is one of triumph.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

(1898)

The arrival of "Cyrano de Bergerac"—To London to see Coquelin—George Gibbs Mansfield—Rehearsals—"Cyrano de Bergerac" produced—Effect of his triumph—Threshold of the golden period.

THE arrival of a new play was scarcely an event. An average of three a day made the emotions somewhat callous. All were read, most of them were discussed with Mansfield, the winnowings were given him for final judgment.

When he reached his hotel after the visit to the University of Chicago the previous winter, he found in his mail the published book of a French play sent by a friend in Paris. "This was acted three weeks ago at the Porte St. Martin," ran the accompanying note. "Paris is wild about it. Here is the rôle for which you have been waiting." That promise had a familiar ring. He put the book aside until a more convenient hour.

There were two meals which Mansfield always ate alone; breakfast and the light repast of broth and oysters late in the afternoon. An empty stomach attacked his nerves and set his temper on edge. In the morning he was in no convenient mood until he had the invariable coffee and bacon. After a somewhat rigid abstinence during the rest of the day and evening the fatigue of a

performance edged his nerves, till his midnight supper, with a troop of friends about him, warmed him into the sunniest humour of the day. A book or play was the companion of his solitary meals.

The Sunday morning after the French play arrived he opened it over his coffee. After the first page he did not lift his eyes. Breakfast grew cold, untasted. Minutes piled into hours, yet of everything was he oblivious except the pages before him. At three o'clock he presented himself at Mr. Palmer's room.

"I have found the character and the play for which I've searched these fifteen years," he exclaimed. Then, disdaining a chair, he paced the floor, telling the story of "Cyrano de Bergerac," acting passages as he read along, declaiming the longer speeches with much the same definite characterisation which distinguished his performance on the first night. He composed his performance of the rôle practically on the instant. It seemed little different or more detailed after weeks of rehearsal.

That day a cable message opened negotiations with Paris. The answer was a surprise: "Cannot give you American rights. Copyright neglected." Mansfield had a chivalrous belief that if he acknowledged the poet's rights others would respect his, so he signed a contract to pay M. Rostand five per cent. of his gross receipts whenever "Cyrano de Bergerac" was acted by him. In return what did he get? That's another story and will appear later.

Very soon letters came from Paris by the score—from friends and from strangers alike—telling him of the mounting success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and assuring him he was the one artist on the English-speaking stage to play the Gascon. Twenty copies of the Edition Charpen-

tier had fluttered to him across the Atlantic from various sources when the count was abandoned. Then the translations began to pour in from Paris, from London, from many Americans. All were hopeless. He commissioned his friend, Miss Gertrude Hall—she of Verlaine in English and the Wagner dramas in story—to translate the poem. Her version was inevitably accurate and exquisite. When published it discounted every other in popularity. But her phrasing wanted dramatic vigour. It was not sufficiently masculine for the mouth of this vanquisher of one hundred at the Porte de Nesle. Mansfield was confident, however. He believed his destiny was at work. Finally from among another score he triumphantly selected a translation that uttered with the directness of prose, the cadence of poetry, and the vibration of energy. It was the work of Howard Thayer Kingsbury, then recently graduated from Harvard's school of Law.

The popularity of "The First Violin" was providential. It defrayed the domestic expenses of an unusually expensive summer and yielded a portion of the forty thousand dollars which were spent on the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The balance? It was borrowed on mortgages which covered his home, his private car, his theatrical productions, and every chattel he possessed. Everything was sacrificed.

The praise of Coquelin became a pæan, and by summer it raised a great doubt in Mansfield's mind. Dared he challenge the French actor in his greatest rôle? Was he not inviting a comparison which would ruin him? With every detail of the costumes and scenery determined and in the hands of the artisans, he slipped quietly aboard ship and went to see for himself if this were artistic suicide he was planning.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" had been acted for six months in Paris and Mansfield found Coquelin playing it in London. Without a word of his presence to any one but his brother Felix, who resided in the British capital as his foreign agent, he entered the Lyceum Theatre to determine his own fate. He declared afterward that his ordeal that night when he subjected his own conception to comparison with Coquelin's was far more severe on him than when he offered it on the first night to the thumbs of his public in America. "After the first act I was in despair," he said. "Coquelin did not act Cyrano, he seemed the embodiment of the Gascon. No one but a Frenchman, and no Frenchman but Coquelin, could banter with that inimitable Gasconade. And in what tongue but Cyrano's own could one hope to toss such badinage? Plainly, perseverance invited martyrdom. I could have abandoned my plans, my hopes, everything on the instant, but I waited for the second act. When he introduced the cadets I felt a breath of courage, for I believed my own introduction had its own quality. As Christian's insults, the wooing under the balcony, the fantastic detention of De Guiche and the siege of Arras passed before me my spirits mounted, until the repetition of the gazette and the death—then hope, confidence, and determination all came back. Coquelin in his way was inimitable. But my Cyrano, equally of Rostand and of Bergerac, was on its pedestal again. When I left the theatre my fears had vanished. In spite of all he achieved with the rôle his performance appealed to me as the Cyrano of a comedian."

There remained an interval of two days before he was to sail, and he devoted one of them to a trip down to a small country town to see the D'Oyly Carte Touring Opera Company. He found it practically the same as

when he had been identified with it twenty years before. "The personnel had changed" he said, "but it had lost none of its identity. It had been giving Gilbert and Sullivan operas during all that time, and the people would talk over their rôles with as much interest and enthusiasm as if they were entirely new." Three weeks after he had quitted his wife he was again at her side in the cottage at Rye where he had bestowed her in the spring. In a few days—August 3—their first and only child was born. He was christened George Gibbs Mansfield.

Interest in Cyrano de Bergerac soon became a fad in America. Three translations of Rostand's play were published and multiplied in editions. The demand for the French text bespoke the imported books before they arrived. An American reprint proved a golden investment. It was discovered that Louis Gallet's story, "Captain Satan," was a tale of Cyrano and this was translated quickly and advertised boldly as "The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac." An acquaintance with Cyrano's own writings was ferreted, and his "Histoire Comique des États et Empires de la Lune" was put into English and printed. Amateur poets tried their skill in English renderings of the Ballad of the Duel, the Kiss Speech, and the Recipe for Almond Cream Tarts, and newspapers reproduced them. Finally vendors appeared on the sidewalks with Cyrano heads in gutta-percha, and did a rushing business.

Such advance interest in a play had never before been known. It stimulated high expectations. There was small margin for surprise. Worse, the cupidity of other managers was tempted. Translations which Mansfield refused were abbreviated in cast and sold to dramatic stock companies. There threatened soon to be a hundred

Cyranos in the field. The only production, however, which was associated with a name which gave promise of artistic rivalry was that announced by Augustin Daly. This manager was not at the time at the zenith of his success, but his distinguished career still made him a factor to be reckoned with. He altered the play to increase the interest in Roxane, and announced Miss Ada Rehan for the *précieuse* and Mr. Charles Richman for Cyrano. Mansfield's first appearance in Cyrano was fixed for October 3 at the Garden Theatre. Daly selected the same night to present his version for the first time, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and it was one of the most complete failures he ever experienced.

Unforgetable were those August and September rehearsals. No one who was confined in the city during those seething months will ever believe the summer of 1898 was not the hottest of their lifetime.

Mansfield was unsparing of himself and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and thanks to his suavity the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The Orange Girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian girl, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for

RICHARD MANSFIELD AND HIS BABY BOY, GEORGE GIBBS MANSFIELD

Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might, if you can make yourself look ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply. "Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a rôle. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit, I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.

Rehearsals, for all the brittle tension, were not without their humour. Details introduced suddenly into a play distressed Mansfield and drove the words of his part helter-skelter. It was his custom to use any important accessory to the appearance of a character at rehearsal for a week or more. Cyrano's huge sword, his feathered hat, and his projecting nose promised difficulties. The effect may be imagined when Mansfield appeared dressed in all points like a contemporary exquisite but wearing the sword, bonnet, and nose of Cyrano.

As was his method always, he came on the orchestra floor to direct the colouring, lighting, and grouping of scenes. When a cue was given for him to speak he replied from his position in the auditorium while the other players addressed the vacant spot he was supposed to occupy on the stage.

The first time the musicians came to play their entr'acts he stood down stage watching a change in the scenery. The tempo caught his ear. He took the orchestra in hand

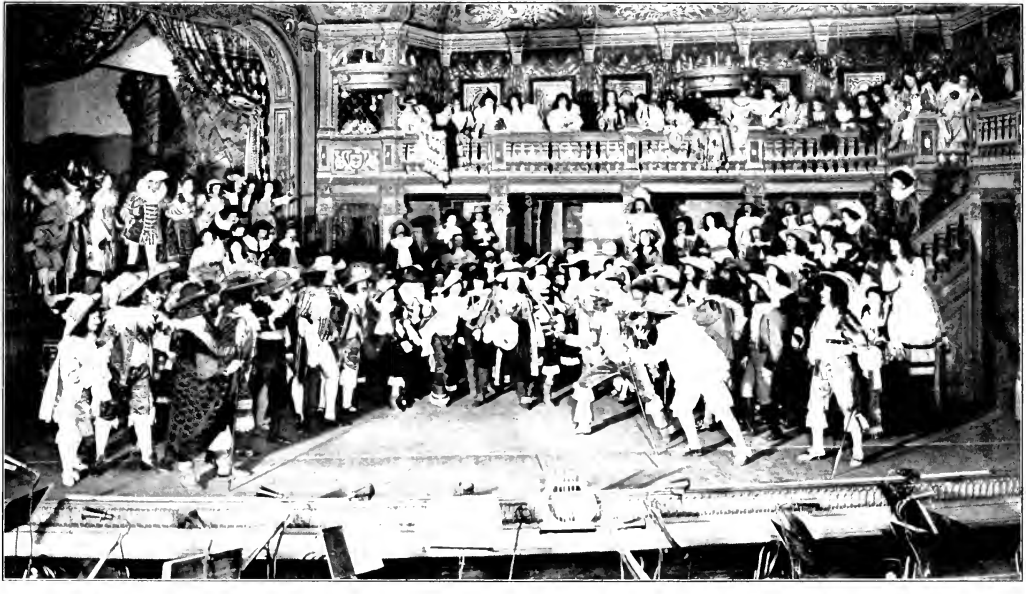
at once. Too tired to stand he sat on a stump from Roxane's garden. An amusing figure he presented, half Mansfield, half Cyrano, beating time, singing the air, halting, admonishing, repeating, all with his native energy entirely oblivious of the humorous effect. The musicians responded with telling effects, and after half an hour he returned to the direction of the scenes, lights, and acting. He was in every sense the presiding genius of his enterprises and conceived and perfected every detail which contributed to a performance and a production.

At last, the night of his great hazard! Noon had been August in its heat. Night brought no perceptible relief. It was summer's last stand. All day the stage was empty, dark. He was in his dressing-room before six o'clock. Before the overture he came out for a moment to view the setting and lighting of the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. He was made up but not yet costumed—the head of Cyrano on the body of Mansfield. He moved as one in abstraction, his eye was dull and sad, his lips loose and curled, as in distress; he spoke to no one, saw no one, glanced once at the picture and turned back to his cell. At the door his servant handed him a folded bit of paper. On it were the good wishes of his friend Benjamin Harrison who had timed a trip from his Indiana home to be present.

The play [1] was announced for 7.45 o'clock, but at that

[1] The cast was:

Comte de Guiche	Mr. Arthur Forrest.
Comte de Valvert	Mr. F. A. Thomson.
Christian	Mr. William Courtenay.
Cyrano de Bergerac	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Le Bret	Mr. J. W. Weaver.
Captain Carbon de Castel-Jeloux	Mr. Francis Kingdon.
Ragueneau	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Lignière	Mr. Fred. Backus.
First Marquis	Mr. Damon Lyon.
Second Marquis	Mr. Edwin Belden.



A DRESS REHEARSAL OF ACT I OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

hour half the audience was in the procession of carriages extending for blocks up Madison Avenue. The streets about the theatre were crowded. Speculators received as high as thirty dollars for a pair of seats.

At a quarter after eight o'clock the curtain rose and the spectators strolled simultaneously into the two theatres—the real and the mimic. The first act was played in the midst of confusion. Mansfield was nervous and over-anxious, and he acted with studied deliberateness. He was never again so little representative of what he intended. The delightful improvisation punctuated by sword play in the Ballad of the Duel went for little. He had not much skill with the foils and screened his shortcomings behind a complete circle of spectators. The vivid pantomime of this swaying mass as it followed the combatants did not atone for the loss of the Ballad. His art responded, however, to the score of moods in the long speech describing his nose, and he swept the end of the act to a spirited conclusion.

Ragueneau opened the second act briskly with his cooks and poets. Andrews was delightful as the sentimental baker. The airy lightness of the Recipe for Almond Cream Tarts could not have been surpassed. It was in the Cook-shop that the soul of Cyrano first spoke, in those vibrant sighs with which he accompanied Roxane's declaration of love—for Christian. A different emotion

Third Marquis	Mr. Clement Toole.
Montfleury	Mr. William H. Griffith.
Belrose	Mr. Douglas Stanfield.
Jodelot	Mr. Gage Bennett.
Cuigy	Mr. Woodward Barrett.
Brissaille	Mr. Douglas Jeffreys Wood.
Busybody	Mr. Kingdon.
Light Guardsman	Mr. Charles Quinn.
Doorkeeper	Mr. Dwight Smith.
Tradesman	Mr. Cecil Butler.
His Son	Mr. Edgar J. Hart.

coloured each wordless breath. A moment later he masked his heart again under the ferocity of his Gascon pride. Fluent transition from mood to mood was one of Mansfield's finest gifts. The return of the cadets, the arrival of the Comte de Guiche and his suite, the crowding, curious mob that packed the shop, composed a superb picture. The verses of the presentation of the cadets was his own translation. He packed it with consonants and bristling syllables, especially in the terminals, so that the words crackled like the splutter of musketry:

These are the Cadets of Gascoigne,
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux,
Brawlers and liars the throng,
These are the Cadets of Gascoigne!
Brag halbert and rapier and thong,
With blood that is bluest of blue,
These are the Cadets of Gascoigne,
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux.

Pickpocket	Mr. Augustin McHugh.
Musketeer	Mr. A. Stryker.
First Guardsman of the Royal Household	Mr. Harry Lewis.
Second Guardsman	Mr. Wm. Sorelle.
Sentinel	Mr. Alfred Hollingsworth.
Capuchin Monk	Mr. Griffith.
First Poet	Mr. Hart.
Second Poet	Mr. Lewis.
Third Poet	Mr. E. Ordway.
Fourth Poet	Mr. Robert Schable.
Fifth Poet	Mr. Smith.
First Pastry Cook	Mr. Maxwell Blake.
Second Pastry Cook	Mr. Nevil.
Third Pastry Cook	Mr. Claggett.
Fourth Pastry Cook	Mr. Robert Milton.
Fifth Pastry Cook	Mr. J. F. Hussey.
First Gambler	Mr. R. De Cordova.
Second Gambler	Mr. Joseph Maylon.
Drunkard	Mr. J. Westly.
First Cadet	Mr. Butler.
Second Cadet	Mr. Thomson.
Third Cadet	Mr. Lyon.
Fourth Cadet	Mr. Sorelle.
Fifth Cadet	Mr. Stryker.

Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all,
Cat-whiskered, teeth of the rat,
Happiest only in brawl,
Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all!
Striding with gay feathers tall,
Hiding the holes in the hat,
Eagle-eyed, spindle-shanked all,
Cat-whiskered, teeth of the rat!

Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Ha! that is their gentlest renown!
Sodden with glory and hate,
Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Where there's a fight in the town,
You'll find the lot early or late.
Dub them pierce-paunch and punch-pate!
Ha! that is their gentlest renown!

I present the Cadets of Gascoigne,
An amorous, chivalrous crew;
Ye virgins, so priceless in song,
Beware the Cadets of Gascoigne,

Sixth Cadet	Mr. C. Short.
Roxane	Miss Margaret Anglin.
The Duenna	Miss Ellen Cummens.
Lise	Miss Helen Glidden.
Orange Girl	Miss Bertha Blanchard.
Child	Miss Bessie Harris.
Flanquin	Miss Van Arold.
Champagne	Miss Methot.
Mother Margaret de Jésus	Miss Blanche Weaver.
Sister Martha	Miss Mary Emerson.
Sister Claire	Miss Helen Ford.
First Actress	Miss Mabel Howard.
Second Actress	Miss Claire Kulp.
Third Actress	Miss Lucy Harris.
Fourth Actress	Miss Alice Chandler.
Soubrette	Miss Nora Dunblane.
First Page	Miss Angela McCaull.
Second Page	Miss Mary Blythe.
Third Page	Miss Clara Emory.
Fourth Page	Miss Fernanda Eliscu.
Flower Girl	Miss Grace Heyer.

Nuns, Ladies of Quality, Gentlewomen, Actresses, Scullery Maids, Cadets, Noblemen, Pickpockets, Apprentices, Townspeople, Spanish Soldiers and Lackeys.

Champions for right or for wrong;
Sound clarions, coo-too, cuc-koo!
Cheer lustily! Ring bells, dong, dong!
I present the Cadets of Gascoigne!

The well-rehearsed enthusiasm of the players was anticipated and drowned by a volley of applause from the audience. It was as if a thousand hands reached across the footlights to grasp Cyrano's. The No-thank-you speech was answered with another fusillade. His tortured self-possession in the face of Christian's insults to his nose drew every one to his chair's edge and the sacrificial bargain of the homely wit and the fair numskull dimmed every eye. The curtain fell amid cheers. Supporting himself against the arch Mansfield bowed again and again.

For half an hour the audience had forgotten the heat which beaded their foreheads. In the midst of that sputtering gossip that betokens the aliveness, the interest and pleasure of an assembly, they now flowed out under the Moorish arcade to catch a whiff of air. The sense of the humid, breathless night returned to them. Mansfield closeted himself for his change of costume. His great experiment was to come.

The third act is played in a square before Roxane's house. It was an exquisite blending of soft light and long shadows. Miss Anglin during her short scene on the balcony was a revelation. Her feeling intelligence illuminated every line. Her voice caressed and lulled the ear. No one who heard it forgot the ecstasy of

I tremble, I weep, I love thee, I am thine—
Aye, drunk with love!

From that moment she was known.

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

From a photograph, copyright, 1899, by the Celebrity Photo. & Art Co.

Mansfield revealed new phases of his art in this love trio. He was better in this than in any other love scene he had ever acted. He had no belief in himself as an amorous figure. Passionate sentiment embarrassed him, but on this tangent of self-sacrifice he dared pour out his unrestrained soul. Though the passage was operatic in the blending of the voices, it was less so than the succeeding scene in which Cyrano stays De Guiche from interrupting the wedding with his fantastic pretence of having dropped from the moon.

Rostand indicates that Cyrano should mark the differentiation in his accent by speaking like a Gascon. This was plainly meaningless if not impossible in English. Mansfield chose to denote the unearthy character of this visitor from the moon by chanting the verses in a wierd silvery falsetto. It gave an indescribable poetic significance to the scene. The audience was transported. He took a barytone register in later performances as some people complained they missed the lines. It was a mistake to do it. No words could conjure the phantasy of that limpid falsetto.

Except for the balcony scene the play until the fourth act is largely an interrupted monologue. The camp scene drew out the quality of the ensemble. Every one responded nobly. Forrest made De Guiche a courtier of elegance and a warrior of mettle. Courtenay's frank charm won sympathy for Christian in spite of the dullard. Mansfield blended Cyrano into the vivid panorama. The act was spirited and moving, and culminated in a graphic spectacle of the battle on the ramparts. All the principals came before the curtain and the applause had not quieted when it rose on the last act.

It was past midnight. After the martial scenes the

autumn loveliness of the convent garden fell like a quiet benediction. The entrance of Cyrano was marked by one of Mansfield's imaginative touches. His dress was black. Two nuns in white supported the injured man. His bowed face was shadowed by his plumed hat. As he rested back in the huge red chair he raised his head. The first view of that visage, wan yet kind, sorrowful, but smiling, the mask of one unmistakably marked for death! —gave the note of final tragedy. During the scenes of gossip and disclosure the sun tones softened and moonlight bathed the garden. The intensity of Mansfield's own restraint was not less here than the tension of the audience. In moments of great emotion Mansfield sometimes lost control of the muscles of his eyes. Unconsciously they became slightly crossed. The effect was hypnotic. This often happened when he felt the delirium of Cyrano's death rising within. Shaken with a great tremor he struggled to his feet, brushed aside the friendly arms and threw himself for support against an oak. Erect, rigid, the wild stare in his eye, his trembling fingers at arm's length straight before him pointing at the vision, his voice icy with the breath of Death, he greeted the conqueror:

> He comes! I feel already shod with marble,
> Gloved with lead.

Then restraint flew asunder. His long sword fought the phantoms with unleashed frenzy and he released his soul with the sigh of an unsullied conscience.

As the curtain fell the house rose and cheered. The ovation lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. Having removed the make-up of Cyrano he appeared again and again, and finally spoke his thanks. When he returned

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

From a photograph, copyright, 1899, by the Celebrity Photo. & Art Co.

from the footlights the last time he found the way to his dressing-room blocked with friends. Others followed them and the stage was soon alive with people eager to congratulate him.

Was Cyrano his greatest acting? At least this performance was the most significant of his career. With it he scaled the summit at last.

But it was not in his nature to be content. So when he finished one thing he turned to another. Failure furnished its own reason for renewed effort. But he had mercifully few failures, now he had come into the plenitude of his authority and the maturity of his powers.

He would not heed to the sweet caresses of praise. He coveted them but felt he dared not indulge himself in the luxury. With the exception of those of one or two writers he seldom read a criticism except when it was brought to his attention. The day after a triumphant first night he would ask with the humility of a schoolboy who has sent in his modest thesis to the board, "Well, how goes it?" Glowing reports may have stimulated him, but he met enthusiasm and satisfaction with, "Yes, this is all very well, *but*—what are we going to do next?"

It was not that he was a pessimist. He believed in unlimited potentiality. He had his head erect, his eyes hopefully on the future, his mind confidently fixed on new achievement. Nothing but the most extraordinary self-confidence would have permitted him to indulge in the prodigious undertakings which were the commonplace of his career.

But he never allowed contentment to set its seal upon him. So when he realised what he had accomplished with "Cyrano de Bergerac" his new fear was that he should not be able to maintain himself on the heights.

It was now no longer so much to achieve as to maintain. "Where is the successor to Cyrano to come from?" If he but knew, none was needed. Authority was now his. The public henceforth accepted him in everything he offered.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

(1899–1900)

On tour as Cyrano—A twilight performance in Richmond and a "milkman's matinée" in Texas—The Gross suit—Letters to his wife—"The Richard Mansfield Company as Pirates"—Mrs. Mansfield acts Raina for one night only—Anecdotes—Kidnapping a naval officer—Feeding a gourmand—Monotony of excitement—Nervous collapse—Off for a cruise—Audiences.

MANSFIELD might have remained at the Garden Theatre indefinitely. Nearly as many people paid to stand up during his engagement there as had bought seats when he presented "King Richard III" at Palmer's Theatre a decade before. But the monotony of a run fretted him. His nerves demanded the variety of travel, new faces, new audiences, the exhilaration of conquering more cities. He would not even listen to the offers of capitalists who wished to build him theatres because they entailed long seasons in New York.

He left the Garden Theatre after eight weeks and he played "Cyrano de Bergerac" exclusively throughout the season of 1898–1899, and only a few evenings did he act any other rôle until the autumn of 1900.

His Cyrano tours were like the progress of royalty. His special train was made up of eight cars and was bulletined as it advanced toward each new city. The

newspapers sent reporters and photographers out hundreds of miles to meet him, interview him, and picture him.

Speculators travelled weeks ahead on their own itinerary. They posted pickets in the line before the box office who held their position two and three days in order to get first choice of seats. These tickets later yielded them as high as ten times their face value. People now not only paid any price to see him, but seemed willing to endure any inconvenience. The last night in Philadelphia three men presented themselves at the box office for seats. They had come some distance and had means only for cheap tickets. None was to be had at the theatre at any price. A speculator had one seat left. He asked ten dollars for it. The trio had just four dollars and a half among them. They offered this and after some bickering it was accepted. The problem of how three men were to see the play on one ticket was met in this way. One went in for the first act. His pass check was handed number two who saw the second act. The remaining man saw the third act. They matched coins for the remaining two acts.

On the trip through the South only the largest cities were visited. This necessitated some long jumps. Richmond was scheduled for one night, Atlanta, over five hundred miles away, for the next. Here was a problem. It required many hours to mount the Cyrano settings. The special train could make the distance in fifteen hours. The only way to keep both engagements was to begin early in Richmond and late in Atlanta. The night the Virginia capital saw Cyrano it dined at five o'clock and the curtain rose at half after six. Atlanta was not invited until nine o'clock.

A Texas storm, however, resulted in the most novel ex-

perience of the tour. Axle-deep mud in San Antonio delayed the special train from a scheduled departure, from two in the morning until six. The next city was Fort Worth, where Greenwall's Theatre was packed at the curtain hour, 7.45 o'clock, when Mansfield's train was just drawing into town.

His manager went to the theatre with the message that it would be impossible to play for it would probably be midnight before the scenery and baggage could be unloaded, hauled to the theatre, and bestowed for use. Mr. Greenwall called several influential townsmen in the audience about him for conference. The orchestra played lustily while the improvised committee dashed away in a carriage to argue with Mansfield. The mayor of the city was the spokesman:

"Mr. Mansfield your visit to-night has been anticipated for months, to us it is the event of years. The theatre is packed at record prices. People have come great distances to see you to-night. There is an audience awaiting you that represents the highest compliment this city can pay an artist. That audience will wait all night if need be to see you act. Don't disappoint us."

"Your compliment leaves me no alternative," replied Mansfield. "The performance will of course be given."

Work began at once. The explanation of what had happened was received by the house with cheers. When the return of money was offered to any who preferred not to make a night of it, three people accepted. They lived at a distance and their train left before twelve o'clock.

The mechanics worked like trojans. The costume trunks, were placed first and the players dressed. As quickly as a scene was hauled to the theatre it was set up and the act was played. The first curtain rose shortly

after half-past ten! Cyrano died at twenty minutes before three in the morning!

Dawn grayed the east as reloading began. Mike, a bibulous, watery-eyed gas-man whom Mansfield retained for years in recognition of an early sacrifice, was overheard in the midst of the confusion to remark oathsomely: "Well, this company has done nearly everything in its day, but this is the first time I ever knew the Chief to play a milkman's matinée."

The effect on Mansfield of the new adulation was curious. Instead of exalting his pride and hardening his reserve, he thawed and mellowed. For years, though fighting aggressively, personally he had been on the defensive. Cordial acknowledgment of his position now dissolved the necessity of his defence.

His spirits rose as his debts lightened, for as soon as the immediate obligations for the production of "Cyrano" were paid, eight hundred dollars were applied each week to the balance of one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars he owed for his experiments in London and with the Garrick Theatre. This weekly instalment was paid for seven years, and in 1905 he had the supreme satisfaction of having paid every dollar he owed.

There was little growth in Mansfield's art or his personality. Both seemed mature in their early expression. The Baron Chevrial of the young man of twenty-five was as well imagined and as finished as any later creation. The King Richard which was acclaimed when Mansfield was forty-eight he declared was no better than the neglected Gloster of sixteen years before. He would probably have given the same performance of Cyrano, Ivan, or Gynt at thirty that he did later, for his genius seemed to have sprung full-flowered into being. Has it not been said

that a great artist moves in a cycle of masterpieces of which the last is no more perfect than the first? Mansfield's consciousness of this in the first years of his public life embittered him somewhat toward a neglectful public. He was frank in his resentment and hence, in the middle period, those curtain speeches he was later grateful to have forgotten. His career was less his own development than the awakening of the public to an appreciation of him. The change was less in him than in them.

The "Cyrano" triumph was not, however, without its alloy. The first move from the Garden Theatre was to Chicago, and Mansfield woke up there an early January morning in 1899 to find himself a co-defendant with Rostand in a suit demanding accrued royalties and enjoining further performances of the play! A Mr. Charles E. Gross claimed that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a theft from a play which he had written.

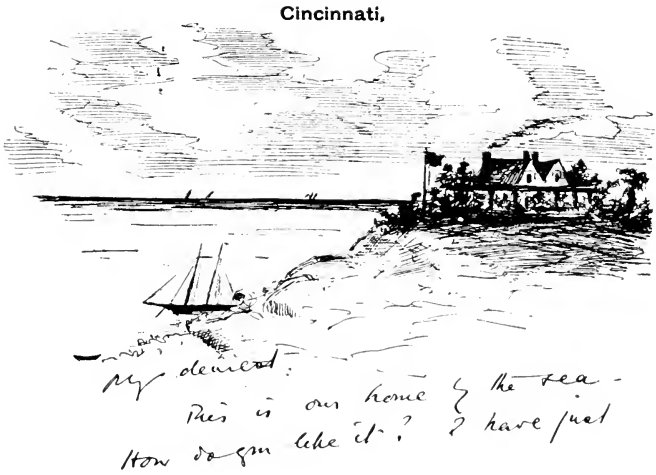
Was it a joke? Rostand would not accept it in any other light. Mansfield soon found that apart from the merits of a case it was somewhat expensive to parry a rich and aggressive plaintiff, but he could not impress Rostand with this serious view. So after he had sent the French author ninety thousand francs in royalty and he still refused to come forward and assist in relieving the embarrassment which was wholly Mansfield's on a charge against himself, Mansfield decided to deposit future royalties pending a settlement. He fought Rostand's case for five years without assistance or thanks. In the end Judge C. C. Kohlsaat, of the United States Circuit Court for Illinois, ratified a "consent decree" that Mansfield could not act "Cyrano de Bergerac" without paying Gross one hundred dollars royalty on each performance!

When the Gross suit was first brought Mrs. Mansfield

was ill at their Riverside home and her husband cheered her with daily letters which related in whimsical fashion the adventures of "The Richard Mansfield Company as Pirates" after they had been enjoined from playing "Cyrano."

At the top of the first letter he drew a picturesque villa on a cliff by the sea, with a yacht at anchor, and this he refers to in the following:

My Dearest:—This is our home by the sea. How do you like it? I have just bought it for forty dollars, and the yacht you see at anchor, for five dollars more! I think she would do for a "pirate," and I suppose I shall want some occupation, if only you won't worry when I am away "pirating." There are about forty acres of land charmingly cultivated with oranges, olives, etc., and a spring runs through the grounds. There is a large cave at the foot of the cliff where we can hide treasure. We are having some barrels made for the gold, and the pearls and other jewels I think I shall sew up in strong canvas bags. . . . If only the baby likes it. . . . How grand it is to come home with all this money and jewels acquired by strict dishonesty! What a spice and flavour it gives to our happiness! When I think of all the people I've killed and the ships I've sunk—the shrieks of the women and the gurgling cries of the drowning men—I can't help laughing. What tales we shall be able to tell of an evening when the lights burn low. . . . You will have to light the signals when I'm expected home. I couldn't trust any one else to do it. As it is, you will have to be very careful. The entrance to the cove is very narrow and I shall have to steer entirely by your beacon fires. Then, darling, when everything is stowed away in the cave and I have washed away the blood, we will sit down to our evening meal with grateful hearts. . . . I'm so impatient for this tour to be over, it is so awfully monotonous and I am so tired of prancing about the stage



A DRAWING AT THE HEAD OF ONE OF MR. MANSFIELD'S LETTERS

dressed up as Cyrano de Bergerac. I'd rather be a pirate. I got tired of being shot at in the fourth act—and now I take a gun myself, and I've already shot four men. It's the only fun I've had.

The second letter explains how they came to go into the pirate business:

. . . In order to have you understand, dearest one, how we fell into the sad plight of being pirates and the wickedest and most sanguinary criminals the world has ever beheld, it is necessary to go back a few weeks. It is futile at this late date, when we are so far in blood "that sin will pluck on sin," to load the burden of our wickedness upon Gross of Chicago—yet there is no doubt that had he not brought forward his preposterous claim to the authorship of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and actually secured an injunction restraining me and my "Company of 104 men and women" from pursuing our peaceful calling we should never have become the terror of the sea, the scourges of the world. When the injunction fell upon us like a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky . . . I could see nothing before me but utter and complete ruin. Law it might be that accomplished this, but it certainly was not equity. How could I be responsible for a play written by Rostand and the coincidental similarity of one scene to a play written twenty years ago by Gross of Chicago? With a child five months old to provide for and a sweet wife lying ill at home, was I to sacrifice, without a blow, the work of a lifetime? I was mad, insane with the injustice of it. I wandered along the wharf, and it was then that the inspiration (from the devil, no doubt) came to me of breaking all the laws of man, once and forever. (Is it not the Law that has driven so many men to become lawless?) My eyes roving over the forest of masts were attracted to a sign, "Schooner for Sale"—fastened to the rigging of what I could even then discern to be a remarkably fine model of a two-masted schooner. . . . I hardly know whether the thought which had crossed my

mind had framed itself into a resolution before I was crossing the gang-plank and in conversation with a short, thick-set man, who wore corduroy breeches and a pea-jacket, with his neck closely muffled in a red scarf. I went all over the schooner. She had been built by an eccentric man who had made her his home, living on her, and trading from port to port. The shipmaster told me that this person had died the foregoing week, that he had been immensely rich and had spared neither money nor pains to perfect the schooner in every possible way. I have ever been hasty in action (with much cause for regret), and when I crossed the gang-plank for the shore I was the owner of *The Priscilla* and a matter of twelve thousand dollars the poorer. . . .

. . . My first care now was to gather the company together in order to place my scheme clearly before them. I therefore dispatched my secretary in search of Tommy Yore, the call-boy, and he, being found seated disconsolately upon a pile of baggage containing costumes, which were now of no use, received orders to bring the company at once to my hotel. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when this was accomplished. Of course, every one in the assemblage had heard of the injunction, and although actors do not, as a rule, sympathise with one another's troubles, I could read much anger and a great deal of anxiety (for the apprehended loss of salary) on every face. The company was therefore in a proper mood to receive my proposition. My speech was about as follows: "My friends, owing to the action of a certain Gross of Chicago and the miscarriage of the law we are without any ostensible means of support. The season is well advanced; it is impossible for any of you to secure other engagements, and it would be futile for me to attempt to produce another play even if I had another. I have decided, therefore, in the face of the gross injustice of which we are the victims, to cut loose from all law and to plunder humanity as humanity has plundered us. I have secured a beautiful vessel, now at anchor in this harbour. Upon this I design to raise the blood-red

flag of a pirate, and those of you who wish to join me, raise your hands." I had expected opposition—consternation—but I was little prepared for the yell of delight that burst from every throat. The women especially seemed delighted with the prospect. After the enthusiasm had somewhat abated, at least in its vocal expression, I continued: "Of course, the most profound secrecy is necessary. Should any one of you, even in his sleep, murmur one word of our purpose, the gallows awaits us all. Remain quietly at your lodgings until I have made every preparation for our departure. I have to collect arms and ammunition, provisions and stores for a long cruise—and our first care will be to find some island in the South Seas which is not inhabited, where we may leave the ladies whilst we are away on our business. This island we shall use as a depot, a rendezvous, and a home. It will, of course, have every appearance of a peaceable settlement. Therefore we will sail in search of this spot at once, and having built our houses and having set our affairs in order we can then begin in downright earnest to treat the world as it has treated us. Let all the men who have been to sea and know anything about handling a ship, step out!" To my astonishment nearly every one of the men came forward. This delighted me beyond measure. For, as I had studied navigation very thoroughly, there was now no difficulty whatever in the way of the successful operation of my scheme. Telling my stage manager, Mr. Graham (who is an excellent sailor) to take the men in hand and show them the schooner, the location of which I explained to him, I dismissed all hands in order to see about the arming and victualling of the vessel. . . .

A letter describing one of their imaginary adventures, the capture and sinking of a steamer, is headed by a sketch of the schooner sailing away from the sinking vessel with a warship looming on the horizon and begins:

. . . There is a warship showing her masts and funnels over the sea-line, and we must fill our sails and be off—

although it is a very serious question whether we shall be able to avoid her. It's unfortunate we had to sink the steam yacht after taking everything of value out of her—but there was no other course. As soon as we sighted the man-of-war we knew that she would speak the yacht and be after us. It's horrible to have to sacrifice so many lives, but, after all, charity begins at home. Now we can just swear that we were trying to help the yacht and that she blew up before we could come to her assistance. One old lady, who seemed to be a very strong swimmer, swam right up under our counter and begged to be taken on board—poor thing, she had evidently worn a wig, for her head was quite bald. I was about to throw her a rope when a shark swallowed half of her and the other half was no good. Don't worry, she is happy now, and so is the shark, and it's an ill wind, etc. You don't mind my telling you everything? It won't excite you, will it?

The steam yacht was a very handsome one, fully 150 feet long—they had one gun, but it wouldn't go off, and they were so surprised to see a pirate in these days that we did just as we liked with them. As soon as they hauled down their flag and lay to—I manned the cutter and went on board. I was very handsomely dressed and made up. I wore a black velvet bicycle—no, bicycle—oh, damn!—suit, with a scarlet sash and a large black sombrero with a peacock feather, long black hair, and a small black moustache. All the pirates said it was very becoming, and they cheered me as I rowed off. I had eight men in the boat besides the coxwain. The men were dressed in white velvet and green sashes, and were very proud. The coxwain (Tommy Yore) had on the Catesby suit of armour, and all of them had on the Richard III wigs. . . . But the force of habit is very strong, and Tommy was stupid enough to call the quarter of an hour (and you know how loudly he calls it) just as we fetched the starboard gangway. For a moment I thought all was lost. I corrected him by yelling "way enough," and two of the men caught crabs, which was amazing. The passengers even began to laugh, but they soon stopped when they saw

how heavily we were armed. I shall not take Tommy again. He yelled "Beginners for the first act" and "Overture" and "all up" just as we were swarming over the side, and it made me feel so *ridiculous*. However, I stood quite still as the owner of the yacht advanced and really very politely inquired as to what he was indebted for the honour of the visit. I replied that necessity knew no law. That, owing to an injunction obtained by a person named Gross of Chicago, we had become pirates in order to live—that I had "104 people" and "four cars of scenery"—(the last slipped out before I could stop myself, but he didn't seem to notice it). He asked whether he could ransom the yacht. I told him that I should be happy to oblige him, but it was necessary for our future safety and success that they should all die and that we scuttle the yacht. He asked for a few minutes to consult his crew. I granted his request, and he then told me that they had determined to die fighting rather than go down in cold blood. He began at once by making a dig at me with an ugly looking pen-knife with three blades and a corkscrew, but Graham threw himself before me and received all the corkscrew full in the breast. Poor Graham, he went down without speaking a word. I instantly knocked the captain down, and after that the crew and the guests surrenderrrrrrrrred! I ordered them into the large saloon, and Dillon went through their pockets and made up the house. We've got a lot of jewelerrrry and about $2,500 in money. . . . Somebody shrieked out that a man-of-war was in sight. You ought to have seen us get off that yacht. Bogey,[1] however, had the forethought to make holes in the sides of the ship with a skewer, and we barely had time to leave her before she keeled over and disappeared. Poor things! But it's Gross's fault. . . . So don't worry, darling, we are all right, and I dare say I shall make as much money as if we had kept on playing Cyrano. I shall now keep along the coast of Algiers, and I hope to take some rich prizes.

[1] A. G. Andrews.

It is now time to turn in. We are divided into watches, but Forrest refuses to watch. I don't know what to do—of course we must have discipline. I think I shall have to murder him. I don't like it—but one has to do these things when one is a pirate!

The great number of performances of "Cyrano de Bergerac" by the stock companies in the cities he was to visit worried him for fear they would prejudice or satisfy the interest in the play, and he could see only the lack of ethical sense in the situation and he talked often and long at supper of the injustice put upon him. But Francis Wilson's announcement of a "Cyrano de Comic Opera" found him in a lighter vein.

In the first act of the play Cyrano enters the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne unobserved and when Montfleury, the chief actor, appears he discloses himself and drives him from the scene. Thus Mansfield, one night at supper: "So Wilson is going to play Cyrano? Well, this is what I shall do. I will buy a box for the opening night. I will conceal myself behind the curtains, but I will wear my costume and make-up as Cyrano, nose and all. When Wilson appears on the stage I will step forward, shake my stick at him and call out as Cyrano does to Montfleury, 'Rascal, have I not forbidden you to appear?'" and he burlesqued the rest of the scene from the play in a deliciously comic vein.

When he returned during his second season for a mid-winter engagement at the Garden Theatre, he revived a half dozen of the lighter plays of his repertoire. At this time he acted "Prince Karl" once and for the last time. But he omitted the musical parodies, judging them *infra dig.*, though he often repeated them at home when friends pressed him.

The diversion that delighted him most during this engagement grew out of a question at one of his supper parties. "Why doesn't Mrs. Mansfield act any more?" asked some conspirator.

"Dick won't let me," bantered his wife.

"What a fib," retorted the host. "My stage, my scenery, and my company are at your disposal any time you choose to make your *rentrée*, and I will be your leading man."

His offer was accepted on the spot and it was decided she should repeat her delightful performance of Raina in "Arms and the Man." He restudied Captain Bluntschli after four years for this occasion. To the echo of the loving enthusiasm of the audience which assembled in the Garden Theatre, January 8, 1900, Beatrice Cameron Mansfield gracefully bowed herself from the stage for the last time, and her husband never acted Bluntschli again.

The cast was much the same as previously, except for a delightful young Irishman, Prince Lloyd, who was to act Sergius Saranoff. Lloyd did not at first catch the Shaw spirit.

At the end of the comedy Captain Bluntschli having confounded every one by his assurance marches out of the room. Sergius is the only one who can find his voice and before the curtain falls he exclaims: "What a man! What a man!" Lloyd gave the speech in tones of genuine enthusiasm.

Mansfield turned suddenly beyond the two chairs which at a sceneless rehearsal define a doorway: "Try to say it hopelessly, helplessly, contemptuously."

"I thought it was admiration," pleaded Lloyd.

"My dear fellow," rejoined Mansfield, "don't let your

personal feeling for me influence your judgment of a character!"

He seldom resisted an opening for a retort. At these rehearsals an actress was one day nervously fumbling her lines and he taxed her. She grew quite serious:

"Mr. Mansfield, I know this part backward."

"Yes, my dear lady, I can quite believe it," he answered, "but that is not the way I wish you to repeat it."

When he left New York this spring it was to go almost directly to New Orleans where the levee was his first haunt. He never lost the boy's love for the water. Wherever he went his first walk took him to the water-front where he wandered for hours among the shipping, quizzing the seamen and picking up many a good yarn at first hand. The writer accompanied him on the tramp up and down the New Orleans water this first afternoon in the Creole city.

"I'm tired to death of this Gascon with his long snout and interminable speeches, I must have some fun or I'll go mad," he declared as a prelude to a scheme which was blossoming as he stepped along. "We must find a boat, a jolly roomy two-master with a small engine, and hire her for the week here. Thomas[1] will transfer the silver and linen from the car, and we can set up as pirates right out in the middle of the river. The Parkers are here.[2] To-morrow night we'll have them aboard for supper. About two in the morning they'll start to go. We'll urge them to stay. They'll insist, go on deck, and discover that we have quietly weighed anchor and slipped down river toward the Gulf. Now wouldn't that be sport, kidnapping a naval officer, eh? And what a sensation for

[1] His steward.

[2] Captain John F. Parker, U. S. N., a brother-in-law of Benjamin Harrison.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI IN "ARMS AND THE MAN"

From a photograph by the Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

sleepy old New Orleans! 'Mysterious disappearance of the Commandant of the United States Navy Yard! Richard Mansfield missing too! No trace! No clew!' Eh? Then toward dusk the next afternoon we'll sail up to the city again and present ourselves as mysteriously as we disappeared."

During a three-hour search he worked himself into quite a fret of disappointment because no sailing master would turn himself out and lease his craft for a week, but he had the full measure of enjoyment out of the kidnapping lark in the mere consideration of it. Presently it will be discovered, in his frolics with his boy, how well developed he had that agreeable faculty of being able to amuse himself by sheer romancing. For this reason, though he was continually conceiving practical jokes he did not feel the necessity of carrying them out. There is, however, one amusing instance when he went to that length.

It came about in this way. Mansfield was famous for his hospitality. Even when he was away from his own home or from his private car he secured miracles from hotel chefs. On one occasion in Boston he invited a Mr. X——— to dine with him in his apartment at the Somerset Hotel.

"You'll have a hard time pleasing X———," said an acquaintance, "he prides himself on his judgment of food, he loves it with the passion of a Falstaff."

"I feel the responsibility of dining so celebrated a gourmet as you," said Mansfield as they sat down to table. "I hope my modest menu will disclose something you will enjoy. The steward assures me the Cherry-stones are only an hour off the express. Then what do you say to a bit of smoked Sigui de la Néva? It's delicious, done properly."

"Very nice," replied his guest.

"A *pot au feu?*"

"Excellent."

"A fillet of French sole? Veronique?"

"Splendid!"

"The chef has promised me a Russian Entrée, Schaschlicks Tartarski, which few experts give the final touch. Eh?"

"Superb!"

"A Canvasback, *fonds d'Artichants a l'Italienne*, *salade barbe de Capucin*, a morsel of cheese, black coffee, and anything else you wish."

"Magnificent!" exclaimed X——— with emotion.

Then the comedy began. At sight of the oysters Mansfield ordered them off the table at once. "I was distinctly promised fresh oysters. Bring the relish." The Sigui was served with much flourish. X——— got not so far as a first mouthful. Mansfield swept it away with further protests: "Don't touch it, my friend, don't touch it. It will poison you. Bring the soup." The steaming *pot au feu* filled X———'s nostrils with delight, but not his stomach. "This is too terrible," exclaimed Mansfield to the servant. "How dare you serve such food? It's simply warm water and salt. Take it away."

"It smells delicious," protested the hungry X———.

"My dear fellow," retorted his host, "I couldn't think of having you eat such food at my table. No, I insist, take it away." Off went the soup. In like manner came the entrée, duck, vegetable, and salad. The Boston Falstaff was allowed to feast his eye and tease his nostrils when, in spite of his despairing, Mansfield would order each dish away as an offence he could not possibly endure. From first to last he kept up a flow of good humour,

anecdotes, and snatches of song as if to cover the embarrassment of the situation. Finally the last dish had been served, but neither had had a bite to eat, and fervent in apology, Mansfield led the gourmet away from the table a crushed and famished man.

Repeatedly, during the winter and the spring of 1900, he complained of sleeplessness, and, when he did fall asleep, of awakening suddenly to find himself bathed in perspiration. His nervousness increased and his voice at times dried up and was controlled only with the greatest effort. He saw many specialists and though none gave him relief one made an impression by his diagnosis.

"You are dying of monotony," said this man.

"Monotony?" exclaimed Mansfield, "but there is everything in my life except monotony. It is all excitement. I live on excitement and enthusiasms. The excitement of new characters, new cities, every night new audiences to please, new friends and old friends to meet and greet every day. There's no monotony in this."

"On the contrary," replied the physician, "that is the most insidious of all monotony—the monotony of excitement. It's the monotony that is the curse of American life."

Mansfield was impressed, but he gave no heed until it was too late. He succumbed temporarily, however, in March when his throat failed him as a result of nervous exhaustion. Though he waited from day to day in the hope that he could play, the doctors ordered a complete rest and the tour closed prematurely. The last performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" he ever gave was seen at the Grand Opera House in Cincinnati, the first week in April. He tells of his immediate plans in a letter written from New London, May 9, to John L. Lincoln:

"I am starting on a cruise from here to Maine, etc., on

the 26th of this month and I am wondering whether it would be possible for you to come along? Ned Appleton, a brother of my friend Robert whom you met, is coming with me, and he, like myself is suffering from nervous exhaustion and the results of overwork and overworry. Now if you could join us we should be three of a kind and we could sit on deck and glower at one another—anyway it would be delightful. I've got a schooner, 91 feet long and proportionately wide and strong and a good crew, and I am inviting an old sea-dog of a captain from Blue Hill, Maine, to come along, and as he can eat more than five ordinary men and lie better than twice that number, I am looking forward to some fun. Moreover since he left the sea he has gone into the patent-medicine business and I've told him to bring a goodly supply of pills and other nostrums, liquid and solid. I am still very shakey and any severe work gives me a headache. However, I expect to be all right next season."

He was resolved on what his next production should be and devoted most of the summer to planning the details. In the midst of his preparations he was induced to write his impressions of audiences for *Collier's Weekly*. The article is unique in more senses than one. He was not accustomed to express himself as to what related to himself. The frequent question: "Which is your favourite rôle?" was parried with "Is not a father's favourite child the last one on his knee?" When his ideas of one of his rôles was asked, he replied, "My performance is my essay on a character. I am an actor, not a writer."

He was much sought after by editors for his views, however, and a schedule found among his papers doubt-

less indicates the headings of a series of essays he would have written had he had the time:

The Two Roads. The Easy Road.
The Man who Plays Character Parts.
The Strain on the Nerves.
The Actor and Actress in Private Life.
The Advance Agent and His Methods.
The Long Road to Success. The Hardships.
The Dream and the Awakening.
Misconceptions and Misrepresentations.
The Dignity of Silence.
The Popularity of the Foreign.
The Difficulty of English.

But, in spite of this reserve about his emotions and experiences he did in the opening paragraph of the article in *Collier's* (October 6, 1900), give an intimate description of his attitude toward audiences:

Audiences? Audiences? You ask me about audiences? Some years ago, I don't know how many years ago—about the time that I made my first independent (or shall I say very dependent?) ventures and audiences were scarce—I should have answered you glibly enough. Indeed, I thought I knew all about audiences, just as once upon a time I thought I knew all about lots of things, including the art of acting. But now— Let me see— Audiences?

Yes, to be sure, those are the things we play to. Eh? The sombre shadow on the other side of the footlights. You ask me what it is like—what it seems to me. I tell you it is a black mass, a monster outside there on the other side of my little world. It seems to me to be waiting there to devour me. I suppose some day it will kill me because I have nothing more to give it. That monster waiting there every night has to be fed. Sometimes I think it is insatiable. I give and I give and I give, and it

sits there intent, waiting for more. How punctually it comes for its food now! A long time ago I desired it very much for a pet. What infinite pains I took to teach it to come to me! How shy it was! Its shadow fell only in mottled spots here and there in the great house, and I would have the lights turned low that I might not see the great white or red splashes of seats that the welcome darkness still failed to hide.

I fed it and fed it and fed it, and I fretted and fumed when it was not there, and I gave it my best tidbits every night, every night, all I had. And I was as pleased as a child when it stamped and barked and growled for more. So now it has grown plethoric during the last two years and fills the walls beyond the footlights with its fat shadow and laps over into the lobbies and stairways. There it is always at eight, or earlier. And I must be there. I wonder as I drive down to face it if I can feed it still. My heart beats and my breath comes short. Ah, I wonder if that monster has a heart. Is there a great heart in that great audience? Does it love me? Or is it only there to be fed? And when I am worn out and drop down, and it goes out hungry to drag itself elsewhere for its nightly food, I wonder whether it will bestow a passing thought upon the little man in the limelight that threw his life to it every night, every night, across the footlights, to be shredded and torn and chewed, swallowed, and digested?

Does it know what I am suffering as I stand there before the first few words find their way through the dry and choking passage of my throat? Do you know what it is to me to face that monster? I wonder is it kind to-night, and in a good humour, or will it quarrel with what I can give it? It is always the best I have. I go marketing for it, and then cook it into some new and fanciful dish, and make it appetising, and season it and serve it daintily. What an Epicurean monster! So many heads, with so many ways of thinking.

How differently do different monsters affect me! The instant I step into the limelight I know, by some faculty of perception which is my own, whether the monster is

friendly. I can tell. I could put my finger here and there across its dusky back upon the spots of disaffection. And I see no face, no feature clearly. It is all that great dark mass, inert, breathing heavily, waiting for its food. If it only knew! Knew what? How shall I tell it? Will it ever wake up? Can I make it feel? Will it weep with me? Will it laugh? Will it get drunk with me? Drunk with champagne! Shall we have a revel together —or will it crouch there, slow and heavy, and just feed? Must I drag it to its feet by main force and give my all, my all to-night, and lie afterward exhausted and awake? or will it inspire me and give me strength? Will it exude magnetism and the thrill of genius? Will it make me live and delight in living, happy and proud that I have made it happy, at once my child and my God? Can I make it my confidant, my friend? Will it know what is in my heart? May I tell it? It is my sweetheart when I love it, and that is when it lets me love it, and my cold and freezing enemy when its face is stone. Think, think what all this is to me, to us, to all of us—shall I say?

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

(1900–1901)

"King Henry V"—His reasons for producing it—Rehearsals under difficulties—The production—Mansfield interprets the character—He writes of the condition of the stage in America—Coquelin on Mansfield's achievement with "King Henry V"—Amenities—Paraphrasing speeches.

MANSFIELD manifested little sympathy with the problem plays which were now beginning to receive some attention on the stage. He did not depreciate the profundity, the sincerity of purpose, or the technical skill of Ibsen and his disciples, but in their works which came to his attention at this time they seemed not to be for him. The poetic plays of Ibsen were quite another matter. Of these he was an unqualified admirer. He lamented their eclipse by the sociological dramas and he made it part of his plans one day to act either "The Pretenders," "The Vikings," or "Peer Gynt" and call attention to this neglected and, to him, most admirable phase of Ibsen as a literary artist. In another direction the stage was inundated with the tinsel and jingle of musical comedy.

Shakespeare's "King Henry V" was his own next essay, and in the preface to his acting version he referred parenthetically to the new type of drama in giving his reasons for reviving this poetical history:

The inducements that led me to produce "Henry V" were a consideration of its healthy and virile tone (so dia-

metrically in contrast to many of the performances now current); the nobility of its language, the breadth and power of which is not equalled by any living poet; the lesson it teaches of godliness, honour, loyalty, courage, cheerfulness, and perseverance; its beneficial influence on young and old; the opportunity it affords for a pictorial representation of the costumes and armour, manners and customs of that interesting period, and perhaps a desire to prove that the American stage is, even under difficulties, quite able to hold its own artistically with the European. The ambition of my stage career has been to prove the superiority of the American stage and the American actor; and I maintain that to-day against all those who pretend the contrary. But perhaps I was influenced beyond any other reason by the desire to drag Henry V out of a slough of false impressions that had materially affected his impersonation on the stage.

Another fortune went into "King Henry V." Few expected to see it come out again. If he was not sanguine then he did not mind, for not once did he falter, though unforeseen circumstances enhanced the difficulty and expense of realising this martial panorama.

The production was first announced to open his season and that of the Garden Theatre on Monday evening, October 1. This, by the theatrical etiquette usually observed in such instances, placed this stage at his convenience for rehearsal during the months preceding, without which it is doubtful if he would have undertaken so vast an enterprise.

With the preparation well under way it was learned, however, that another play would be acted in the Garden Theatre beginning September 17. Thus was he left without a stage on which to gather and mount the nineteen stage settings, or to rehearse the two hundred and fifty players, choristers, and dancers who were to appear.

The situation was a critical and embarrassing one, for August and September are months which find every stage in demand for rehearsals. Mansfield did not make any further contracts for the Garden.

Under the circumstances every one displayed the kindliest forbearance. Madison Square Garden was rented. The choristers were drilled in the concert room in the south-west corner. Lines indicating the dimensions of the theatre's stage were chalked off at each end of the floor of the Garden proper. At the Fourth Avenue end the ballet were taught the rhythm of their dance. At the Madison Avenue end the players with lines were rehearsed in the text of the play.

In course of time it became imperative to bring the scenery from the studios and set it upon a practical stage so that the perspective might be observed, details might be corrected, the schedule of the swift mounting, breaking, and stacking of the hundreds of curious pieces into which the pictures dissolved might be perfected and lighting effects studied under practical conditions. After an almost fruitless search a theatre was rented in Williamsburg, and as fast as Marston finished his beautiful pictures they were hauled across East River. The players next were called to Williamsburg to adjust their "business" to the settings, and eventually the choristers, dancers, and supernumeraries made the daily pilgrimage to fit themselves in the pictorial mosaic.

The opening night was advanced to Wednesday, October 3. The mechanics got possession of the Garden stage Sunday and the first dress rehearsal began at seven o'clock Monday evening. The confusion was indescribable. The facilities of the Metropolitan Opera House would not have seemed more than were required for so

many people and so much scenery and paraphernalia. Mansfield's autocratic discipline held the forces together, but at two in the morning every one was worn out and on the verge of collapse. At that hour he dismissed the rehearsal in the middle of the third act.

The play was taken up at this point again at seven o'clock on Tuesday night and carried to a conclusion a little before one in the morning. "Henry V" was never rehearsed through in one day. No one dared ask at what hour the audience might expect to be sent home! There was universal despair.

On Wednesday night it was acted for the public. Hereafter it will not be necessary to refer to the quality or size of Mansfield's audiences. His appearances at all times henceforth were the most elegant and distinguished events of the season, and his first nights assembled the critics of most of the important papers east of the Mississippi River. The curtain rose at 7.45 o'clock, and by virtue of his discipline and the intelligent response of the humblest contributor to the vast undertaking, the performance moved spiritedly to a final curtain shortly after midnight![1]

[1] The programme read:

King Henry V	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
The Duke of Gloster, brother of Henry V	Mr. Ernest Warde.
The Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V	Mr. Malcolm Duncan.
The Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V	Mr. B. W. Winter.
The Duke of Exeter, uncle of Henry V	Mr. John Malone.
The Duke of York, cousin of Henry V	Mr. Arthur Stanford.
The Earl of Westmoreland	Mr. C. C. Quimby.
The Earl of Suffolk	Mr. E. H. Sheilds.
The Earl of Warwick	Mr. William Sorelle.
The Earl of Salisbury	Mr. G. H. Davis.
The Earl of March	Mr. J. H. Lee.
The Earl of Cambridge } conspirators	Mr. C. H. Geldart.
Lord Scroop of Masham } against	Mr. Woodward Barrett.
Sir Thomas Grey } Henry V	Mr. F. C. Butler.
Archbishop of Canterbury	Mr. John C. Dixon.
Bishop of Ely	Mr. Salesbury Cash.
Lord Fanhope	Mr. J. F. Hussey.
Sir John Blount	Mr. W. J. Green.
Sir John Asheton	Mr. M. Hutchinson.

It was another triumph. Audiences caught the infection of Henry's exhortations to his army, they responded to the waving banners, flashing armour, and jubilant crowds, and vied with the mimic throngs in cheering the handsome young King. Mansfield's Harry of Monmouth was set like a gem in what was described on all sides as the most ornate environment the English-speaking stage ever saw in a theatre. But superb as was the spectacle of the Courts of England and France with their pages, retainers, nobles, and royalty; the slum backgrounds for the waggeries of Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Boy; the quay at Southampton with the English fleet fretting its anchors; the tumultuous siege of battlemented Harfleur; the changing views of Agincourt field culminating in the vast hillside of fighters and horses in the tableau of the battle; the welcome which the London throngs gave the returning hosts and their victorious King; and finally the espousals of Harry and Kate before the French and English Courts in the Cathedral at Troyes, its magnificence was all effected without sacrifice to the dramatic movement.

The fourth act was an interpolation—after the pre-

Sir John Mowbray	Mr. Wm. Robbins.
Stanley	Mr. W. E. Peters.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamey — officers in Henry V's army	Mr. James L. Carhart. / Mr. J. Palmer Collins. / Mr. A. G. Andrews. / Mr. Chas. J. Edmonds. / Mr. Augustine Duncan.
Williams, soldier in Henry V's army	Mr. Joseph Whiting.
Bates, soldier in Henry V's army	Mr. J. A. Wilkes.
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph — soldiers in Henry V's army, formerly servants to Falstaff	Mr. W. N. Griffith. / Mr. Wallace Jackson. / Mr. B. W. Turner.
Boy, servant to above	Miss Dorothy Chester.
English Herald	Mr. P. J. Rollow.
Charles VI, King of France	Mr. Sheridan Block.
Louis, the Dauphin of France	Mr. A. Berthelet.
The Duke of Burgundy	Mr. Mervyn Dallas.
The Duke of Orleans	Mr. Richard Sterling.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS KING HENRY V

From a photograph, copyright, 1900, by Rose & Sands

cedent of Charles Kean—representing in pantomime the return of the English hosts from the Battle of Agincourt. The scene disclosed an open place at the Middlesex end of old London Bridge. Banners, flags, and garlands floated in the air. The streets, the bridge, windows, and house-tops were thronged with holiday makers. Against a background of pulsing music broke the cry of vendors, the mischievous shouts of boys, the buzz and laughter of the people, the blare of trumpets and the bells of Westminster and St. Paul's; and the Lord Mayor, and his scarlet and ermined suite, attended by the civic guard, passed on to the bridge to meet the King on the Surrey side and present the freedom of the City. The Guard returned and crushed back the crowd to make way for the procession. The Lord Mayor and his party returned from their errand of courtesy and occupied a booth to one side.

Expectation sat in the air as a flourish of trumpets announced the head of the column. Company after company of bowmen, archers, pikemen, miners, sappers, and other soldiers swept through the cheering multitude. Their clothes were ragged and stained by the hardships

The Duke of Bourbon	Mr. Clement Toole.
The Constable of France	Mr. Prince Lloyd.
The Duke of Alençon	Mr. P. W. Thompson.
Lord Rambures	Mr. E. H. Vincent.
Lord Granpré	Mr. W. H. Brown.
Archbishop of Sens	Mr. J. E. Gordon.
Bishop of Bourges	Mr. Bouic Clark.
Governor of Harfleur	Mr. Stanley Jessup.
Montjoy, French Herald	Mr. Edwin Brewster.
French Soldier	Mr. F. Gaillard.
French Messenger	Mr. Edwin L. Belden.
Chorus	Miss Florence Kahn.
Isabel, Queen of France	Miss Georgine Brandon.
Princess Katherine, daughter of Charles and Isabel	Mlle. Ida Brassey.
Alice, lady attending Princess Katherine	Mlle. Susanne Santjé.
Dame Quickly, a hostess, and Pistol's wife	Miss Estelle Mortimer.

Civic and Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, Knights, Nobles, Pages, Ladies of the Court and other Attendants, Soldiers, Citizens, etc.

of the campaign, but their grizzled faces grinned the joy of home-coming. The ranks were broken and their files depleted in sad evidence of the price of the victory. At the head of each company marched its knight with a page bearing his shield and a standard bearer with his colours.

There were cheers for every one, but the crowds signified their favourites and pelted them with flowers. Soldiers recognised familiar faces in the house-tops. A mother rushed out and kissed her son as he marched past. A young wife pushed through the lines to the embrace of her wounded husband and marched away with him. From the first a girl might have been seen scanning the features of the passing troopers, but her face showed that she did not find the one she sought. When half the army had passed, unable to restrain herself longer, she rushed out to an officer. He shook his head and whispered to her. With a cry lost in the pandemonium she fainted, was

The scenes were as follows:

Act I.—Scene 1—A corridor in the Palace at Westminster.
Scene 2—The throne-room in the Palace at Westminster.
Scene 3—Exterior of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, London.
Scene 4—The quay at Southampton.
Scene 5—Exterior of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, London.

Act II.—Scene 1—A room in the Palace of Charles VI.
Scene 2—The English intrenchments, Harfleur.
Scene 3—The Duke of Gloster's quarters.
Scene 4—Same as Scene 2.
Scene 5—The French Palace at Rouen.
Scene 6—A view in Picardy.

Act III.—Scene 1—The Dauphin's tent, near Agincourt. Night.
Scene 2—The English lines, near Agincourt. Night.
Scene 3—The English position at Agincourt.
Scene 4—Part of the field of battle.
TABLEAU—THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.
Scene 6—Part of the field of battle.
Scene 7—The plains of Agincourt. After the victory.

Act IV.—HISTORICAL EPISODE—THE RETURN OF KING HENRY V TO LONDON AFTER THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Act V.—Scene 1—Interior of the Palace at Troyes.
Scene 2—Troyes from the bridge.
Scene 3—Interior of the Cathedral at Troyes.
THE CEREMONY OF THE ESPOUSAL OF HENRY V TO THE PRINCESS KATHERINE OF VALOIS.

borne along in the crowd, her little tragedy scarcely noticed in the festivities.

Following the troops came other knights and their suites. Every moment the crowd expected the King to appear but each break in the procession deferred his coming with some new diversion. The Dukes and Princes approached and lined the way for the King to pass between. Another flourish of brass promised his arrival. Instead a troop of maidens in flowing white danced forth from the bridge, waving palm branches as they floated through their figures. Another pause, and then a chanting choir of scarlet-vested cathedral boys preceded two groups of allegorical figures of English prophets and English Kings, the Bishop of Ely, the Archbishop of Canterbury and their attendants, the Court, and finally—amid the huzzahs of the multitude, the chiming of bells, the blast of trumpets, the roll of drums, the roar of cannon, and the flutter of a thousand extended hands—King Henry on his white war horse rode into his welcome.

Mansfield's interpretation of this so little appreciated character which he so graphically portrayed on the stage, he set out in his preface to the play:

> This rôle has for a long time been . . . supposed not to make any claims upon the intelligence or the heart of the artist. He (as an acting part) was supposed to be devoid of sentiment, finesse, variety, and feeling. Let us see how far this is the case.
>
> The student who approaches the character of Henry with a view to impersonation, will consider him, in looking with my eyes, something in this fashion: In the first act, in order not to disconnect the chain that still binds him to the Prince Hal of the preceding play, we must find him youthful, debonair, gracious, and yet with a new-born

kingliness and tact and state-craft, which, even after the utterances of the archbishop, surprise and interest.

In the subsequent scene on the quay at Southampton, in the unmasking of the three traitors, Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, especially in his address to his former bosom friend, Scroop, we at once strike a note of profound melancholy and pathos: "Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels." Henry in his roistering days had come upon deceit and villainy and venality, but this was where he might naturally expect it; here, for the first time and in the very beginning of his reign, he stumbles upon treachery so hideous and lying so near his heart, as may well have shaken his very soul. This awakening, his horror and his grief, cannot be expressed by mere noise.

We next find him exhorting his soldiers in clarion tones, or depicting to the city-fathers of Harfleur in lurid colours (worthy of an actor, a poet, or a painter) the horrors that would attend the pillage of their city.

You will note that Henry is beginning to exhibit the many sides of a very versatile character. In the first act he was not all what he was in the second, and now in the third we have him in two different rôles: first as the brilliant captain and magnetic leader of men, and then as a very wily and eloquent pleader, for he infuses such terror into the minds of the citizens that they are moved to surrender the town then and there, instead of protracting the siege—a course which might have been fatal to Henry. Indeed, throughout this work we find Henry constantly swaying men by his reasoning and his powers of eloquence. He very rarely throws aside the mantle of the King and the manner of the good fellow and comrade, until—alone at night by the camp-fire—he and his bosom debate awhile, and he is led to speak of the emptiness of royalty and ceremony. This speech, which ranks with the finest of Shakespeare's, is one which to-day is almost beyond the comprehension of the average man. Indeed, it is interesting to observe that it is not much applauded for the reason that it is spoken entirely from the point of view *of a king*—and Kings happen to be in a minority as the

world is constituted to-day. In this soliloquy Henry refers to the fact that Kings do not sleep as well as the wretched slave (the working man) "who with a body fill'd and vacant mind gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread"—and furthermore says—that "such a wretch, winding up days with toil and nights with sleep, had the forehand and vantage of a King." As ninety-nine men out of a hundred sweat in the eye of Phœbus all day and wind up days of toil with nights of sleep, we cannot expect much sympathy from them for the lamentations of Henry. . . .

Again, the student, unless he is very careful in his interpretation, will run upon a rock in Henry's beautiful prayer, "O God of Battles." My favourite stage motto is "*Il faut excuser l'auteur*"—by this I mean that, no matter how great the author, the actor must often disguise him and in a manner excuse him to his audience. If we come to consider this prayer of Henry's calmly, we find him reminding God of what he, Henry, has done to deserve His favour and promising to do something more if God will favour him upon that day. He tells God that he has five hundred poor in yearly pay and that he has built two chantries, and he will do still more if God will help him to thrash the French. This was all then the custom of those times. It was child-like faith and simplicity. But the actor's fervour, intensity, and simple treatment of this prayer must go far to helping out the author to-day.

The most popular speech is the "St. Crispin," because it is easily understood by everybody. There are no pitfalls here. It needs only a breezy, wholesome, and wholehearted delivery. In the last act I recommend an earnest, manly wooing of Princess Katherine, as I recommend to everybody an earnest, manly wooing of anybody that anybody wants to woo. If the actor has a slight appreciation of humour, "*tant mieux.*"

This was the character as he vitalised it in his performance. It was to the interest he stimulated in royal Harry

that the pantomimic fourth act owed its very human climax. The audience shared with the mimic crowd its knowledge and love of the hero and entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the ovation.

Henry's appearances during the play were episodic and did not tax Mansfield as Cyrano and other rôles had. During the course of the play, however, he wore seven different costumes and one evening in his dressing-room as Brown adjusted the wedding garments for his last scene, he turned a weary eye on the writer and said: "If this part kills me, you must inscribe on my tombstone, 'He died of buttoning and unbuttoning.'"

The Princess Katherine of this cast was the daughter of Mansfield's sister Greta, for Ida Brassey was only the *nom de théâtre* of Mlle. Ida Batonchon. She had studied in Paris with M. Paul Mounet and M. Got. Her appearance in the one scene of "King Henry V"—the delightful wooing of French Kate by English Harry—added a note of especial charm to the performance. After her one season in America she resumed her professional career in France.

Mansfield acted "King Henry V" for eight weeks in New York and then on the largest stages of the eastern third of the continent throughout this season which embraced the last days of the old century and the first months of the new one. The passing of the nineteenth century was made the occasion of a symposium on the conditions prevailing, contributed to by the leading minds of the country, and published in the New York *Herald*. Mansfield was asked to write of the stage at the close of the nineteenth century. What he had to say was like him, more truthful than diplomatic because he did not believe that facts should be smothered by tact. From

the time he could make his voice heard on public questions he had called attention to the provincial attitude of America toward foreign art. Happily he lived to see an independent judgment supplant it. An endowed theatre as already indicated in this narrative, had for years been his panacea for many of the ills of the stage. He reverts to both of these in his views of conditions as he saw them December 31, 1900:

I am asked by the New York *Herald* to name the one thing, above all others, that should be eradicated from the stage of to-day to make it better, nobler, more elevated in its accomplishments in entering upon a new century. Presumably the New York *Herald* refers to the stage of America, or does it mean the stage of the world?

We have no stage in America. The American stage is the stage for all stages. Everybody comes here and everybody is made welcome. Herein lies the difference between New York and Paris and London and other foreign capitals. Foreign actors and foreign authors make a great deal of money in America. It would be difficult for an American actor to make any money in Paris or London or Berlin or Vienna or St. Petersburg. American stage-craft is not honoured abroad. It should be.

Concerning art, the American is neither patriotic nor exclusive. The foreigner is. As a matter of fact, American art is as good as any art exhibited abroad. A great many Americans are not aware of this. They are in the habit of exalting the foreign to the prejudice of the domestic article. The average of good acting in the United States is greater than in any other country of the world. In short, the material is here. The future of the drama is here. What remains to be done? Cease to seek and import plays from Europe. Encourage the American author. There are many men who would soon write admirably for the stage.

The ablest refuse to work for the stage at present because they are well aware that they will be roughly handled by their contemporaries. Here we touch one of the most wretched phases of art life in America. The difference in the criticism of the foreign and home product may be briefly summed up thus: The foreign—the critic searches arduously for the merits of play and performer. The domestic—the critic searches arduously for the defects of play and performer. We can never have a stage here until we have a drama. We have actors who can play anything. Now we need authors who can write something. . . .

Rich men who give so generously to all philanthropic schemes, to universities, to schools, to hospitals, to national monuments, to cup defenders and race tracks can immortalise their names by founding a national theatre. Here should be enrolled the best actors of America, or one of the best in his line, at the head of each department. Thereafter it should become a much-coveted honour to be elected a member of the National Theatre of America.

This theatre should have its typical green room, containing the pictures and marble busts of great American actors and playwrights, its stage library, its gymnasium. In this theatre only the classic tragedies and comedies and modern plays of undoubted literary merit should be produced. This theatre should set the example to all other theatres in the United States in the production of its plays and the work of its players. The future of the American stage does not depend so much upon the eradication of evil, which is slight, as upon the need for the creation and utilisation of good, which is great.

Bernhardt and Coquelin came to America in the fall of 1900. Mansfield had met Coquelin when he went to London three summers before. He had then fancied that the French comedian was somewhat patronising and that he was made to feel the disadvantage of an almost exclusively American career.

The French artists, on their arrival, found Mansfield packing the Garden Theatre with Shakespeare's historical spectacle, "King Henry V." Coquelin came at once to see him. Although "King Henry" was in no sense a gauge of Mansfield's dramatic power, there were many indicative moments, and the authority of his performance, the magnificence of the panorama, and the adulation of the crowded theatre produced their effect on Coquelin. After the play he pressed back on the stage and into Mansfield's dressing-room, this time saluting him as "*Mon confrère!*" with exclamations of admiration and wonder. Coquelin having occasion to write him next day, said in his letter: "Again my compliments on your very beautiful production of 'Henry V.' Happy great artist who can attract his public to these serious works. Happy public which comes when its friend Mansfield calls it. We have not this happiness at home. Truly with all my heart I envy you. This envy augments my friendship. *À vous*,

C. COQUELIN."

Mansfield invited the leading artists in New York at the time to a supper at The Players to meet Coquelin. Later in the season they played at the same time in Chicago and he was then Coquelin's guest.

As always, Mansfield was much distressed at the prospect of being entertained. If he sometimes made things difficult for others he was equally and unnecessarily hard on himself. He suffered every day until that supper was over. He had no desire to offend M. Coquelin or Mme. Bernhardt by refusing, but how could he go? Would not the meal be late and he would be in an ill humour while hungry; the dishes were sure to be elaborate, just what he could not eat; he would insult them if he brought his own cigars, but how could he smoke others; he would

be expected to drink champagne which he loathed and there would be none of the "Irish" which he loved; there would be draughts; perhaps they would humiliate him in placing him at table; his attempts at pleasantry were sure to be misunderstood, some one would be offended, etc., etc., etc.

And it ended? As always. He has his days of dread and his night of delight. His own little supper of things he could eat was served him immediately after the play. He arrived in a radiant mood, charmed every one, was pleased with the interest others took in him, enjoyed a remarkable evening—but, next day he declared "I will never do it again."

The American guests this evening listened with awe and deference to every word which fell from French lips. When Coquelin advantaged himself of this to assure them that there was one point in each of his performances which he selected for a nap, a nap before the very eyes of his audience—"*Oui, je dors, vraiment je dors. Je ferme mes yeux, et je dors.*"—Mansfield saw the opening and put his foot in it. "*Non,*" he replied, "*non, mon Coquelin, ce n'est pas vous qui dormez, c'est l'audience!*"

There was present a pretty, fluffy, chirping little Parisienne residing in Chicago—and her husband whose dress, manner, face, and speech were the essence of all things boulevardier. They were friends of the French players and that night their pride in their nationality knew no bounds. Repeatedly she slipped in, parenthetically to be sure, the wholly superfluous assurance that she was French, she loved her France, she longed for Paris, she lived in exile, etc., etc., etc. When the dear little patriot recurred to this for the thirteenth time, Mansfield inquired across the table with roguish solemnity: "And your hus-

band, Madame, is he German?" Next day he expressed the fear that he had not made himself entirely popular with Coquelin's compatriots.

This spring Mansfield lost one of his old guard. William N. Griffith took sick suddenly in Washington and did not recover. He had been a valued exponent of the mature comedy characters in Mansfield's casts for ten years, and he had acted Romeo to Mary Anderson's Juliet the night of her first appearance on the stage.

His successor in the rôle of Pistol, was another ripe comedian, M. A. Kennedy, who furnished Mansfield one of his most amusing anecdotes. Kennedy had to assume the rôle on short notice, but he was full of assurances that the lines should not suffer as he had a quick study. The last spoken scene in Mansfield's version of "King Henry V" was that amusing passage between Fluellen and Pistol in which the Welshman literally makes the braggart eat his words about the Welsh national emblem—the leek. Poor Kennedy floundered unmercifully. The way he paraphrased Shakespeare's lines might have passed unobserved in less deliberate French farce, but he reserved the crowning absurdity for the final scene. Swaggering boastfully, he should have flaunted Fluellen with: "Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek!" instead of which he screwed his fat purple face into a comical grimace and shouted in a piping voice: "Go away! Go away! I never could stand the smell of onions!" It was not Shakespeare, but the original line never got such a laugh as this one.

In illustrating the effects produced by altered lines Mansfield often paired this incident with Daniel H. Harkins's amusing slip. In "A Parisian Romance" Harkins, from the time he and his wife entered the company in

1887 to the day of his death had always acted Dr. Chesnel. After the great scene at the end of the fourth act he rushed into the supper room and knelt over the prostrate body of the Baron to listen to his heart. Then raising his hand he called solemnly: "Stop that music. The Baron is dead!" The music hushed instantly and the curtain fell slowly in an awesome silence. The music in some towns was pretty bad. One night Harkins raised his hand and called solemnly: "Stop that music. You have killed the Baron!" And that night the curtain did not fall in silence.

In the spring of 1901, Mansfield wrote Lincoln: "I am doing an awful lot of hard praying these days, for Beatrice and my boy are on the sea." For the first and last time since their marriage, Mrs. Mansfield had crossed the ocean without him. She spent the winter on the Mediterranean, but returned in the early summer and during the vacation the little family was together in the Mead cottage at Southampton, Long Island.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

(1901–1902)

"Beaucaire"—His benefit for the Actors' Home—Mansfield and benefits—To England on a holiday and back again—He becomes a property-holder in New London and presents The Grange to his wife.

WHEN Booth Tarkington's novelette, "Monsieur Beaucaire," flitted gracefully through *McClure's* it was immediately obvious that the stage would entertain this hero. At the time the eye of every theatrical manager was fixed on the cracks in publisher's doors and the dramatists kept at least one finger on the pulse of the book trade. The novels of this week were the plays of next.

In due time the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," with the collaboration of Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, expanded his little story into a play of four acts and it was sent to Mansfield. After Cyrano and Henry V he welcomed a character so witty and distinguished, yet as facile and restful as this Duc d'Orléans, cousin of Louis XV, masquerading incognito in Bath.

Philadelphia was anticipating its first new theatre in a score of years. While playing there the previous winter of 1900–1901 Mansfield laid the corner-stone and named the house after his favourite actor, David Garrick, and accepted Mr. Howe's invitation to open it in October, 1901. Thus it came to pass that Monday, October 7, of this

year, witnessed the dedication of the Garrick Theatre by Mansfield and the beginning of his own season. His dedicatory lines inscribed on the corner-stone are:

> Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.
> —Prologue to Henry V.
> We'll strive to please you every day.
> —Twelfth Night.

In the foyer on Sansom Street Mr. Howe placed two full-length portraits in stained glass—one of David Garrick and one of Richard Mansfield, each in the character of King Richard III.

On this occasion Mansfield acted "Beaucaire"[1] for the first time—he dropped "Monsieur" from the title for he had years before sacrificed one comedy to the difficulty which that word gives the American tongue.

[1] The cast was:

The Duke of Winterset	Mr. Joseph Weaver.
The Marquis de Mirepois	Mr. Charles James.
Lord Townbrake	Mr. Arthur Berthelet.
Sir Hugh Guilford	Mr. R. A. Geldart.
Beau Nash	Mr. Alexander Frank.
Monsieur Beaucaire	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Mr. Molyneux	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Mr. Bantison	Mr. M. A. Kennedy.
Mr. Rakell	Mr. Ernest Warde.
Mr. Bicksett	Mr. James L. Carhart.
Captain Badger	Mr. Joseph Whiting.
Joliffe	Mr. J. Palmer Collins.
François	Mr. Henri Laurent.
A footman	Mr. Milano Tilden.
Servants, Linkmen, Pages, etc.	
Lady Mary Carlisle	Miss Lettice Fairfax.
Countess of Greenbury	Miss Sydney Cowell.
Mrs. Mabsley	Miss Ethel Knight Mollison
Lucy Rellerton	Miss Dorothy Chester.
Mrs. Llewellyn	Miss Myra Brooks.
Lady Betsy Carmichael	Miss Irene Prahar.
Miss Markham	Miss Kathleen Chambers.
Hon. Ida Fairleigh	Miss Chalis Winter.
Mrs. Purlit	Miss Margaret Dills.
Miss Paitelot	Miss Margaret Kenmore.
Miss Presby	Miss Adele Claire.
An old Lady	Mrs. Preston.

The spectacle of a popular and often distinguished player exhibiting his own personality in new dresses and in new situations is a familiar one. It was the last mark of a Mansfield performance. He appeared to be a different actor in each rôle. Variety was the spice of Mansfield. He went behind the externals in search of the soul of a character. If he did not find a soul there he tried to create one, and the essentials of the play became the mere trappings of something else much more real and vital in the central personage.

It was this artistry which distinguished his Beaucaire. The dainty fiction presented no difficulties. It was simple and direct, as obvious as it was charming. The actor in the title rôle might have presented the not unusual spectacle of a graceful figure who is elegant by the grace of elegant costumes, witty as his lines are witty, ennobled by the distinction of a title and interesting by virtue of the fable's ingenuity. He defined his characters by less ingenuous means. Make-up, costume, and speech he recognised as valuable assets in characterisation, but valueless except as illuminated by manner and bearing, and his cousin of the King of France was denoted by a bearing of high distinction and a manner of courtly polish. He emphasised with personality not with "props."

Mansfield's Beaucaire was keyed to the amused surprise of a French Prince who discovers that English society does not always distinguish between a Prince and a barber, when the titles are mixed. This was easy enough satire for American audiences, but his own surprise was great when English audiences later fell victims to the charm of Mr. Tarkington's comedy entirely oblivious of its criticism of English discernment, which was the kernel of the whole affair.

After Prince Karl and Beau Brummell there was less height and depth, but more charm in Beaucaire than in any other of Mansfield's light-comedy characters. The other two were diversified by the shadow of apprehension or distress. Beaucaire met his crises with the blithe superiority of a magician reaching into space and producing nosegays. Mansfield acted the rôle for a season and enjoyed it, for he was universally admired as Beaucaire and it rested him after the fatigues of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and the confusion of the ponderous production of "King Henry V."

In Boston he played for the first time at the Colonial Theatre, built on the site of his mother's studio, and he resided in the Hotel Touraine which had replaced the building which was his first home in America.

When the Actors' Home was founded Mansfield made a generous contribution, but not until this winter did he realise a plan which he had cherished for this beneficent institution. The plan was to give a benefit entirely on the part of himself and his company. He was continually asked to lend his powerful name to benefits, but he consistently refused, not through lack of sympathy or of disposition to be helpful, but because he did not feel that he could do his best or even well in the confusion of these occasions. He would not act on a stage that he could not control, for even there, such was his nervous condition while in the theatre, the most casual distraction upset him. Nevertheless he was unfailingly generous in his contribution to the funds.

His benefit for the Actors' Home was given on the afternoon of January 21, 1902, the Tuesday of the last week of his New York engagement. He played five characters in entire acts from "Beau Brummell," "A Parisian Ro-

mance," "Beaucaire," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Mr. Harkins and Mr. Forrest volunteered to play Dr. Lanyon in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Henri de Targy in "A Parisian Romance." Every one connected with the theatre and the company seconded Mansfield's efforts with hearty generosity.

The occasion attracted national attention. The price of every seat was ten dollars from the orchestra rail to the top of the gallery, and boxes were held at one hundred dollars each. Friends in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities, even in remote San Francisco, sent checks for three and four times the price asked, in many instances following long distances to be present. Thanks to these and other generous people, to the unstinted interest of the press, and the enthusiastic support of the fellow-members of his profession Mansfield was able on this occasion to enrich the Actors' Home fund by $8,800.

The only exception to his rule not to appear in a promiscuous bill off his own stage, was brought about by Miss Alice Fischer. She conspired with Mrs. Mansfield and met his objections with concessions which left him no ground for refusal. The occasion was the benefit for the Twelfth Night Club which took place at the Empire Theatre, October 11, 1894.

He was told that his nervous anxiety should not be fed by long waiting, but within five minutes after he arrived at the theatre he should have the stage. When he reached the theatre Joseph Jefferson was entertaining the audience. Mansfield listened from the wings, and Jefferson, as he came off, shook his young friend's hand cordially. "I'm glad they captured you," he said, "for I have never seen you act. I am going to stay." The

comedian sat in a proscenium box and was one of the most interested and enthusiastic spectators.

On another occasion Mansfield was invited to be the guest of the Twelfth Night Club. It is the custom of this society of actresses to entertain, once a month, some distinguished actor who is the only man present. No one believed he would come until the president, Miss Fischer, really appeared with him and proudly escorted him to the platform.

A learned discourse and nothing less was expected from the intellectual and ambitious Mansfield. When the greeting subsided he rose, glanced over the assemblage and said: "This is my idea of heaven—the only man." Then instead of a dissertation on art he astonished every one by chatting for half an hour on "Cooks."

He took advantage of his light work in "Beaucaire" to make a long tour and play late into the summer of 1902. It was July 4, when he acted this rôle for the last time. He drove from the stage of the Academy of Music in Montreal to the steamer, and early next morning sailed down the St. Lawrence and across the Atlantic to England. Mrs. Mansfield and his son Gibbs accompanied him and they settled for the summer in a rose-covered cottage near Waybridge. There he studied the Shakespearian rôle he was to act during the coming season, a rôle in which his originality was to set tradition farther aside than he ever ventured before.

In the midst of his study an unsuspected condition developed in his business affairs at home and he was in America within six weeks after he departed. As quickly as he could he fled the heat of the city and sought the breezes of Pequod Point, New London. But he was lonely without his little family and cabled them to come at once.

"THE GRANGE," NEW LONDON, CONN.

From a photograph, copyright, 1902, by Byron, New York

When he brought them to New London he indulged himself in one of those surprises which were his delight. No satisfaction would he give Mrs. Mansfield as to where they were to be bestowed until they drove up before a colonial farmhouse overlooking Pequod Point, the Thames, and the Sound for miles, and led her in.

"Do you like it, Beattie?" he asked with the beaming enthusiasm of a boy who asks if you like his kite.

"It's beautiful!"

"It's yours."

Then there were a thousand questions to ask and to answer, details to admire, improvements to observe, while he told how he had bought the old place just two weeks before, but there was no need to tell who had directed the transformation. His generous and distinguished taste was everywhere in evidence.

Presently a scream from above. It was little Gibbs's voice. There was the glint of anxious inquiry in his mother's eye for a moment. His father smiled significantly:

"He has found his room."

Then they ran upstairs together and discovered the boy in the midst of a nursery full of toys, animals, cannon, wagons, soldiers, railroads, steam-boats, forts—running excitedly from one thing to another in an ecstasy over his father's forethought.

The Grange—that was the name he gave the house—became their permanent country house. While away on tour he would design new effects, new decorations and additions and send them to Mrs. Mansfield who took the greatest delight in directing their realisation by architects and contractors and in anticipating his pleasure in them when he would return. In this way he altered and en-

larged the house until it lost the last vestige of its original identity in a handsome modern country seat. Thereafter he spent a fortune in the various cities he visited picking up paintings, furniture, and rare art objects for this house until it became a veritable museum. He improved the little farm with lawns, drives, hedges, trees, arbours, gardens, and flowers, into a park of real beauty. Everything that he touched was stamped with his identity. At first his Wayfarer and later his racing schooner Amorita was anchored off the Point. His stables sheltered a half dozen fine horses. After boating and swimming, riding was his favourite sport. He did not fancy motoring. There was a car for Mrs. Mansfield but he got into it seldom, and then with instructions to the chauffeur that it must not be driven faster than a safe horse would trot.

The entertainments at The Grange became as famous as those at his town house or in his car or apartments when on tour. In all points he lived the life of a country gentleman, with an elegance and distinction probably surpassed not even by his beloved Garrick at Hampton.

"THE GRANGE," NEW LONDON, CONN.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

(1902–1906.)

Mansfield and his boy—Make-believe—His love of children—Letters to Gibbs—An interview with Mr. Santa Claus—Dinner with Mr. and Mrs. King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—The campaigns of Wienerschnitzel and Dinkelspiegel—Unloading a cargo of love and kisses—Gibbs's Christmas box.

THE companionship between Mansfield and his boy was unusual and wonderful. The child's imagination developed from the time he could talk. It was elfish and fantastic, and it astonished those not quite in accord. The father understood it and it was through this faculty that he reached the boy.

He and Gibbs were boon companions. So youthful was the father in his disclosure of himself to the boy and so profound were the assumptions of the youngster that Mansfield sometimes seemed to present the younger heart of the two. So happily did their imaginations complement each other that they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour without need to explain.

"Gibbs," said his father out walking one day, "why are you sliding your feet?"

"I'm a steam-engine," replied the little fellow.

"Then you need coal," and his father shovelled imaginary coal into the boy's pockets with an imaginary shovel until they were make-believe full.

The engine went full steam ahead but soon Mansfield came upon him at a dead stand-still. "What's this, something broken?"

With perfect seriousness: "Yes, sir."

After a careful examination of fingers, neck, and elbows: "Of course, this engine needs oiling." Forthwith his cane became a long-spouted oil-can and poked all over the engine which directly flew off at lightning speed as, of course, any well-lubricated engine would. Next day this conversation would take place:

"Good-morning, Gibbs."

"Good-morning, sir."

"What are you this morning?"

"I'm a sea captain and my boat has two million head of cattle in the hold which my million of sailors"—after an earnest pause—"no, I'm a green grocer this morning, father."

"Oh, well, in that case I want to complain of the cabbages and artichokes which your man sent me yesterday."

"The one with the red hair?"

"Yes, sir. I think he nibbled the cabbages and I'm sure he choked the artichokes."

After a concentrated moment to grasp this subtlety: "I'm glad you spoke about it. I felt he was a bad man. I've discharged him already. You know I want to keep your patronage, Mr. Mansfield. You're the best customer I have."

"In that case send me a bushel of turnips and a few of your nicest grapefruit."

"New ones in this morning." Hands imaginary fruit.

Making pretence of examining imaginary grapefruit: "Much better than the last. Two, if you please. How much?"

"HE AND GIBBS WERE BOON COMPANIONS. . . . THEY INDULGED IN EXTRAVAGANT VAGARIES BY THE HOUR"

From a photograph, copyright, 1902, by Byron, New York

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

Without so much as a glimmer of a smile, he passes out make-believe payment. "There you are."

"Thank you. Here's your change." Thus make-believe entertained them for hours.

The fine occasions were when Gibbs invited his little friends to tea and a sail with the pirate chief on board the Amorita. Thomas, the steward, was instructed to prepare his best dishes, and for long periods the conversation was carried on in fierce and fiery pirate jargon.

The spirit of youth hung over The Grange, for Mansfield had the heart of a child. Nothing delighted him more than to have young people about him. "They do not prattle of yesterdays," he said. "Their interest is all in to-day and to-morrow. So is mine." The great hall was added to provide a place for his young friends to dance and he was as light on his feet as any.

One of the events of his summer came to be "his tennis tournament." He did not boast of his own playing, but this did not matter for he was only the host and umpire. His tournament originated one day in his discovery of a group of little girls on the shore in deep distress. They wanted to have a contest on the club courts at the Casino, but the club directors judged them too young to monopolise the privilege of their elders. "Come along with me," said Mansfield. He took them up to The Grange, turned his court over to them, umpired the games, gave the winner a silver cup and the losers each a box of Maillard's. That established an annual custom with him and with these same girls. They later gave him a moment of rare sweetness which repaid him in full.

From the time Gibbs was five years old he and his father corresponded. The boy dictated his letters either

to his mother or to his governess, Miss Hunter. Mansfield's letters reveal a heart unguessed by those who fed themselves on the gossip about his vanity and unkindliness. They will be read with no surprise by those who knew his boyish, whimsical nature.

In 1902 on the way to the North Pacific Coast his train was held up near Pueblo, Colorado, by the spring rains and he was obliged to return to Colorado Springs. While there he wrote to his four-year-old son the first of the letters which have been preserved:

PRIVATE CAR 80,
COLORADO SPRINGS, *May* 27.

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY:

I received your beautiful letter, and I was proud to think that you could dictate it yourself. Of course you want to go fishing, so does your Dada, and also to go rowing, but he is sorry you do not want to play Indian. Playing Indian is great fun, for you carry a gun or a bow and arrow, and you lope all day long after somebody without stopping to eat or drink and, when at last you find this somebody that you have been looking for, you get down on your stomach and wriggle like a snake without making any noise until you reach him. Then you give a dreadful whoop and cut off his hair, if he has any, and hang it up in your wigwam, and are pleased.

There are lots of other things you can do, but it is time for me to talk of something else now. I am sitting in my car and the lamps are lighted and are covered with pink shades, and outside it is raining (it wouldn't be pleasant if it were raining inside, would it?), and the drip, drip, drip of the rain on the roof makes me feel very cosey and sleepy. If you were here I would give you some beautiful marbles to play with, and you could sit on the rug and roll them.

To-day it rained so hard that all the little streams drank so much water that they grew and grew and grew until

"THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH HUNG OVER 'THE GRANGE.' . . . NOTHING DELIGHTED HIM MORE THAN TO HAVE YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT HIM"

they became giants, and then they were proud and naughty, and took the bridges and the rails in their quivering hands and tore them away, so that your Dada's train could not go any farther. When you are a grown-up Engineer you will build bridges and rails that the giant streams can't tear away, won't you?

On Sunday I went for a drive with Mr. Dillon, and we went to a spring where real soda water bubbles out of the ground, and then drove home through a place called the Garden of the Gods, where there are rocks formed by nature to look like eagles and frogs and little old men and all kinds of people and things, and we saw a little baby donkey, a real one, and your Dada bought it for his little boy, and if he is as good as he always is (not the donkey, but the boy), then Dada's boy can ride and drive it next year, please God.

And now Dada kisses his boy just one hundred and one times and fifty and a half are for mudder. Jefferson is bringing Dada's supper, and Dada is going to eat it and thank the Lord he has such a good boy and such a dear mudder.

DADA.

From the time Gibbs was five years old his favourite toys were soldiers and cannon and fortresses. He was a general—when he was not an admiral, or a policeman, or an explorer, or a king or any of the hundreds of fictitious rôles he assumed. Here is a letter written before Christmas in 1903 referring to the military fiction,

December 14, 1903.

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY:

Last night I heard a tremendous row in the chimney, and I was afraid the cook had fallen into the fire, so I rushed to the fireplace, and I can tell you I *was* startled when first one reindeer and then another made its appearance, followed by a beautiful sleigh made of white candy, in which sat Mr. Santa Claus all wrapped up in white

fur. The fur was so white and the sleigh was so white, and Mr. Santa Claus' beard and hair were so white you could not tell where the sleigh began and Mr. Santa Claus ended. Of course I saluted Mr. Santa Claus, who used to be in the army once upon a time and always likes to be treated like an officer.

Mr. Santa Claus saluted me, and then said very politely: "I believe I am not mistaken, do I not see before me the father of the distinguished General Gibbs Mansfield?" I blushed and bowed, because I was very much flattered to think that Mr. Santa Claus should have heard of my General. "Well," said Mr. Santa Claus, stepping out of his sleigh, "let us sit down if you don't mind and have something hot to drink." I replied that I should be delighted, but, unfortunately, the servants had all gone to bed, and the housekeeper had taken the whiskey bottle away with her. Mr. Santa Claus winked his eye and laughed and said it didn't matter, whereupon he waved his right hand and a little boy, about the same size as the great General Gibbs made his appearance. "This is my son," explained Mr. Santa Claus, "Lieutenant Santadiddy Clauschen!" We shook hands warmly, and Mr. Santa Claus continued: "Santadiddy," he said, "get some hot grog, quickly, I'm nearly frozen." Well, in a jiffy there stood Santadiddy with a bowl of steaming grog and two beautiful red crystal glasses. "Ah," said Mr. Santa Claus, "that's better," and he pulls a fine meerschaum pipe out of his pocket and lights it with a match, which I am sorry to say he ignited by rubbing it gently on a part of his trousers which I must refrain from mentioning. "That's a black mark for you, Dada," said Santadiddy. "I'll have it brushed when I get home," said Mr. Santa Claus, "and you can go to bed now." "I don't want to go to bed," said Santadiddy. "It's bed or a spanking," remarked Mr. Santa Claus, and Santadiddy vanished before I could say Jack Robinson.

Well, Mr. Santa Claus sat back and took a whiff or two from his meerschaum and a sip or so of the grog. "Now," says he, "by your leave, we'll get to business! Pleasure

first and business afterward!" I agreed with him and started a game of solitaire. "Put those cards away, please," said Mr. Santa Claus, "I didn't come all this distance to watch you playing solitaire. It's night," he continued, looking out of the window and throwing his fur cloak over his left shoulder, "it's night and we are alone—alone!" I shuddered. "Would you mind," I interrupted, "if I went to my closet to get—to get a revolver and my sword and a dagger—I don't quite like the way you look—and I'm quite unprotected—the housekeeper has gone to bed and I'm afraid she wouldn't hear me if I called her, and the policeman doesn't pass here very often, and even when he does he has to be engaged days in advance." "Silence," said Mr. Claus. "Silence!" and he said it so loud that the neighbours on both sides knocked on the walls and wanted to know if I'd been killed. I said, "No, not yet!" and then I could hear them getting into bed again.

"For the last thirty years," commenced Mr. Santa Claus, in a deep voice which seemed to come out of his boots—"for the last thirty years I have watched your son." . . . "I beg your pardon," I said. . . . "How dare you interrupt me? For the last thirty years," continued Santa Claus—"My son is only six," I said in a small voice. . . . "Only six? Only six?" and Mr. Santa Claus fell back in his chair and closed his eyes—"only six—do you mean to say you have six sons?" "No! Only one!" I yelled, "One!" "Don't talk so loud," said Mr. Santa Claus, "I was nearly asleep and you woke me up—you should be more considerate; what is that you said about 'one'?" . . . "I have one son—one, but such a one. . . . I mean *an* one! Oh, such *an* one . . . such . . ." "That'll do," said Mr. Santa Claus, "I know all about it, is it a girl?" "No. No—a boy—a son." "Oh, yes," said Mr. Santa Claus, "I'll put it down in my book at once—does he—she—I mean it—oh, dear, this grog is certainly very strong!—does it go to work—do anything?" "Oh, lots, lots," I said. "Real estate?" inquired Mr. Santa Claus. "Oh, no," I said, "not real estate—civil

engineer—fireman—engine-driver—general—naval officer commander-in-chief—Scotch bugler—Knight. . ." "I think you had better go to bed and let me pour some cold water over your head!"—"Oh, but I assure you he is," I said. "Really?" asked Mr. Santa Claus. "How can he do it *all!*" "Well, you see," I said, "he lives with his dear mother at New London, and as they are quite alone he has to be a lot of men in order to make things lively and have plenty of people about all the time." "So then," said Mr. Santa Claus, "it's a question of providing not only for General Gibbs this Christmas, but for the engineer, and the General, and the naval officer and the bugler and the Knight Golden Ebony? Dear, dear, dear . . . I'll have to think about it; times are very hard, you know, sir, and money is scarce, and there are so many, many children—is he good—is he?" "Oh, so good," I said, "so good—he has guinea-pigs and dogs and rabbits and hens and pheasants and his Mamie[1] and his mother, and he takes care of them all—he protects them with his army and guards them with his sword—he's very brave and good!" "Well, well," said Mr. Santa Claus, "dry your eyes and don't cry. I'll do my best—but it's a long way to New London, and I'll have to make haste—gi-up!"—and with that he got into his sleigh and drawing a blunderbuss out of his pocket he shot off my head, and that is the last thing I knew until I woke up this morning—and Mr. Santa Claus and the sleigh and the reindeer, even the punch-bowl and the glasses were all gone—only my head ached a little where Mr. Santa Claus had blown me off. So, dear boy, I send you this account of my wonderful adventures, and I hope Mr. Santa Claus won't forget you! I did my best. Your

DADA.

Golden Ebony was Gibbs's own choice of his name when he played at being a knight. His mother and father repeated to him the stories of the Round Table and he

[1] Miss Hunter, Gibbs's governess.

understood the fun in the following skit which his father wrote and sent him on Christmas night of 1903:

Now when Golden Ebony rescued Sir Pelleas, who should be passing but King Arthur; he was out for an afternoon walk with Mrs. Arthur and the little Arthurs. King Arthur was so pleased with the bravery and adroitness of Golden Ebony that he went right up to him without any formal introduction, and said in his nice, frank way:

"My boy, I know you, you are Golden Ebony; already have your deeds of prowess, your wonderful adventures, and hair-breadth escapes reached the ears of the occupants of the Round Table. Come, I prithee, with us, and you, too," he said, "Sir Pelleas, and honour our poor board with your presence. I am King Arthur."

But Golden Ebony had already recognised the famous monarch, so he bent low his knee and made answer: "Great King, I shall be overwhelmed with happiness if I may be a guest in your castle and see with mine own eyes those sterling knights whose deeds have startled the world."

Then King Arthur introduced Golden Ebony to his wife and children, but Sir Pelleas was an old friend and to him he spoke not, but frowned, thinking it ill befitted a Knight of the Round Table to be rescued by so young a soldier as Golden Ebony. After some hesitation, caused by his great modesty, Golden Ebony addressed the King again. "If it please your Majesty," said he, "I would fain bring with me my staunch hound, Fleet Foot, for without him nowhere do I venture." The King smiled and made answer: "I like it well, Golden Ebony, that you show such fidelity to your dog, for if we are not faithful to our friends, how can we expect fidelity from them? Bring Fleet Foot by all means, and he shall fare well."

They now approached the drawbridge of the great castle. King Arthur took from his trousers pocket a large golden horn and blew on it sixteen times, and behold, the drawbridge was lowered and all passed across.

The portcullis was raised, and at last Golden Ebony found himself in that famed castle, the walls of which have echoed with the songs of the minstrels, the voices of chivalry, and the clash of arms. Golden Ebony was conducted by a beautiful girl whose name was Millie Hunter, to a fine large bedroom which adjoined a bath-room all built of white crystal. Golden Ebony soon had his clothes off and was swimming and splashing about in the large tank from the centre of which a graceful fountain spouted water twelve feet in the air. Six small page boys now approached carrying an exquisite costume of velvet and silk, in scarlet and pink, and with very deft fingers had soon arranged Golden Ebony, had brushed out his golden locks and buckled his shoes. After that they conducted him to the banqueting hall.

The banqueting hall was a thousand feet in length and a hundred feet high, and all the walls were covered with sparkling stones. Along the middle ran the Round Table, and at the end of the Table, on a raised dais, sat King Arthur and Mrs. King Arthur. 'Round the Round Table all the Knights were seated, but as Golden Ebony was a guest he was placed on the right hand of Mrs. King Arthur.

It is impossible to name all the good things there were on the Table. There were flowers, of course, in great profusion; roasted pigs, boars' heads—large pasties and raised pies containing blackbirds and live guinea-pigs who, as soon as the pie was opened, ran out and played about the table; then there was ice-cream of every variety, and delicious jellies that could talk, and said: "Eat me, eat me quick before I fall over, I am trembling so"; and jam and honey and *such* cakes!—cakes built to look like castles, with soldiers of sugar watching on the turrets and the walls.

You can just fancy how Golden Ebony was enjoying himself when suddenly he put his hand to his side and said: "Oh, gracious me!" "Why, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. King Arthur, "I hope you haven't swallowed a bone?" "No," said Golden Ebony. "You should say,

GEORGE GIBBS MANSFIELD AS KNIGHT
GOLDEN EBONY

'No, thank you,'" said King Arthur. "You didn't give me time," said Golden Ebony. "Don't contradict," said the King. "I've forgotten my sword," said Golden Ebony. "You've forgotten your manners," said the King, "perhaps you've left them upstairs. You'd better go and look." "It's my beautiful sword, True-as-Steel," said Golden Ebony. "I remember now, I must have left it on the battle-field, and oh, your Majesty, I must go and find it." "You can't leave the table before dinner is over," said Mrs. King Arthur, "you'd upset everybody and we'd have to send for the doctor."

Thereupon Golden Ebony began to cry bitterly. "Don't cry," said the King, "and I'll give you another one." But Golden Ebony cried more and more. "Well," said the King, "this is a nuisance. I dislike to have people cry at dinner, and this is a Christmas dinner; suppose you laugh instead, it will sound much jollier, and it won't make any difference to *you*. You'll be making a noise, you know, just the same." And as Golden Ebony was very obliging he commenced to laugh, and he laughed very loudly. "Please don't make such a row," said Mrs. King Arthur, "you'll wake the baby!" "I think," said the King, rubbing his nose with his spoon, "I think perhaps he had better go out and look for his sword; he doesn't seem to be very good company." "Oh, thank you, thank you," Golden Ebony exclaimed, "I really couldn't eat without my sword!" "You should learn to eat with a knife and fork!" the King remarked.

Golden Ebony whistled to his dog and Fleet Foot hastily swallowed a turkey and a piece of plum pudding and joined his master. Golden Ebony had already reached the end of the hall, when Mrs. King Arthur said in a voice of thunder, "Lock the door! He has forgotten to say Good-Night!" Golden Ebony apologised and bowed and said good-night, and turned about to go. "He has forgotten to *kiss* us!" roared the Queen. Golden Ebony apologised again and went up the hall and kissed the King and Mrs. King Arthur. "Kiss us all," shouted the Knights of the Round Table, and Golden Ebony had

to go about the table and kiss the Knights. "He hasn't kissed us!" squeaked the guinea-pigs, and goor Golden Ebony had to turn round once more and kiss all the guinea-pigs. "Now you can go," said Mrs. King Arthur, "but be sure to put on your woollen muffler and your rubber overshoes! Open the door!" and the door flew open and Golden Ebony found himself outside in the beautiful white snow, and who should be waiting outside but Santa Claus in his sleigh with eight reindeer.

"Jump in!" said Santa Claus, "I know where your sword is. Hurry up!" Golden Ebony jumped in, Santa Claus wrapped him up snugly in the warm white furs, and in a jiffy Golden Ebony was fast asleep and dreaming. Good-night!

"General" Gibbs's campaigns were the subject of numerous letters from his father who reported to him under various *noms-de-guerre*. One of the first was dated April 8, 1904. At this time Mansfield was playing in Cincinnati, but lived in his private car near Fernbank, a charming village on the banks of the Ohio River, twelve miles west of the city. At the top of the page he wrote "I am sitting up a tree near the field of battle." Here is the letter:

Dear General:

I have the honour to report that poor General Wienerschnitzel is again in hot water, up a tree and in a tight place. As you are aware, we rescued General Wienerschnitzel and his men from the jaws of death, and saw him safely on his way home to his wife, Mrs. Bratwurst-Wienerschnitzel and all his little schnitzels. But—hardly had we disappeared than the General remembered all at once, and quite suddenly, that he had left his frying-pans and his knives and forks in the cave. He drew up his men and made a fine speech to them, calling upon volunteers to step out of the ranks and to go back and rescue the frying-pans and knives and forks that had

MR. MANSFIELD ON THE STEPS OF "403"

been so long in the family of the Wienerschnitzels. The only one who volunteered was a small boy who had been in the habit of cleaning the knives and forks, and it was finally decided to let him go back while Wienerschnitzel and his company encamped where they then were, awaiting the return of the small boy. Before leaving, the little boy was carefully disguised as a red Indian. About midnight, when everybody was fast asleep, a most dreadful noise was heard, which sounded like the rattling of artillery and the clatter of a thousand sabres. The men all rushed to arms and were just about to fire when the moon suddenly came out from behind a cloud and the small boy was seen coming into camp with all the frying-pans and knives and forks which he had tied together with a long string, dragging for nearly a mile behind him. Hardly had the small boy reached the camp than the Indians, who had also been aroused by the rattling of the cooking utensils, came down 200,000,000,000,000 strong upon poor Wienerschnitzel. It was in vain that he and his heroes fought like lions, in vain that they performed wonders of valour, in vain that Wienerschnitzel alone slew 100,000,000 men. Numbers prevailed, and at last poor Wienerschnitzel and his men were all tied tightly and bound to stakes. At this moment the Indians are collecting brushwood and fagots, and it looks as if they intended burning poor Wienerschnitzel and all his men. I beg, General, that you will collect your soldiers without a moment's delay and under the command of Dick and Linsley[1] start at once for the scene of the disaster.

Your obedient servant,

DINKELSPIEGEL.

The next letter was written the following Monday and contains another report from "Dinkelspiegel."

MY DEAR GENERAL:

When I last wrote you I was up a tree and poor Wienerschnitzel was on the point of being fried by the Indians.

[1] Dick and Linsley Quaintance.

I had not at that moment discovered a way of communicating with you, but as I looked about for some means of furthering my object, I descried a bird perched upon a neighbouring branch. To my astonishment the bird spoke to me: "Pretty Polly wants a bit of sugar." On closely examining this feathered messenger I discovered that she was no other than a favourite parrot belonging to an elderly lady residing near your palace. Fortunately, I had in my pocket some chocolate, and as soon as I showed a piece of it to Polly she hopped over to my side, and I was thus enabled to send you my letter by tying it around her neck. Being an intelligent bird, she at once flew away home.

Having accomplished this, my attention was redirected to the unfortunate General Wienerschnitzel and his perilous position. The Indians were advancing with firebrands to light the pile of timber massed about the poor man's legs! Gazing about me for some way to assist him, I perceived for the first time that the immense oak tree up which I had climbed was completely hollow. Now I had with me my powerful air-gun, and quickly shooting the two Indians who held in their hands the lighted torches, I dropped down into the interior of the tree and soon found a small hole through which I could observe the further proceedings of the savages. They appeared to be completely stupefied by the sudden attack which came from, apparently, the very sky. They looked about them in wonder and awe, and it was some time before they came to their senses. The air-gun of course had made no noise, and they were therefore still more surprised to find the leaden bullets which had struck their men. One of the Chiefs, who was evidently more intelligent than the rest, pointed to my tree, and immediately three of the wretches started toward it with the intention of climbing up.

I had already given myself up for lost when I noticed that a large white stone under my feet gave out a hollow sound. I quickly lifted it up and discovered to my intense satisfaction that there was a passage under the oak. I

carefully entered this, dropping the stone back over my head. I could hear the Indians climbing up the tree and searching the branches in vain. As soon as they had rejoined their comrades I once more emerged into the hollow of the bark. Again the Indians advanced to burn poor Wienerschnitzel, and this time I shot two more. The savages were entirely nonplussed and scattered about in search of their enemy. Some again climbed the tree, but I had already taken pains to disappear into the passage. It now became a question among the fiends who should fire the wood pile, and it was finally decided that *three* Indians should advance abreast and close together, and at one and the same time set it on fire. Fortunately, they came forward obliquely and, so to speak, on the bias, and my shot *went through all three of them!* This was too much for the Indians, who in the space of a few minutes had lost seven men and who realised that they might *all* be killed. I left them very little time for thought, however, for as they stood there massed together, talking and gesticulating like mad men, I fired seven shots with great rapidity and *seven more men fell dead.* With dreadful cries the Indians fled pell-mell.

I listened until their shouts and their footsteps had completely died away, when I rapidly made my way out of the tree and hastened to cut the General's hemp chains—threw him over my shoulder and lowered him into the tree, where I swiftly followed. I then lifted the white stone and showed him the way into the passage. We followed this passage, crawling on our stomachs in inky darkness for probably a mile, when it became lighter, and we finally emerged on the banks of the Hudson. After reaching under the overhanging boughs of the brushwood which grew down to the river's brink, we found a large canoe, and as evening was falling we paddled rapidly under the shadow of the foliage down the river. At about eight o'clock we perceived fires burning, and as the General was still very weak and suffering, I left the canoe to reconnoitre. I cannot describe my joy when I found the General's own men peacefully encamped around their

fires, eating with very sad faces their evening meal. They had given up all hope of beholding their beloved General again, and you can imagine their joy when I marched into camp leading Wienerschnitzel by the hand! Your

DINKELSPIEGEL.

While in San Francisco, in the spring of 1904, Mansfield sent home a case of Chinese embroideries. Gibbs was much disappointed, for there was nothing for him, and so "wrote" his father. The reply was posted from Fargo, North Dakota, on June 10:

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY:

You must not be disappointed because you did not get a present from me the other day; if you had looked very carefully you would have found a whole lot of kisses and beautiful thoughts for you in the parcel. But, dear me, I suppose you quite forgot to look for them and so catch them as they flew out, and now I don't know who has got them, perhaps some other boy, and I'm afraid we'll never get them back. I'll have to save up from now on and bring them with me, as well as the Chinese coat and the Chinese trousers and the Chinese cap and the Chinese shoes I have for my boy—so all he will want will be a pigtail. Be sure to grow one before I arrive so that I can have lots of fun in my holidays by pulling it. I know my boy is brave and won't scream. I hope you will come and knock at my bath-room door every morning, and if you are very good I will let you come in and swim in my bath-tub, while I shave my face. Do you shave your face now? I suppose you have a moustache and an imperial? I wish school were over! I am longing to come home, but my schoolmaster says I must be good and remain until the end of the term. I am very glad to hear that you are taking riding lessons and are brave. If you are very gentle and good to your pony he will soon learn to love and obey you, and you will soon be able to go off for long rides in the country on his back—like a bonny knight of

ye olden days. Wouldn't it be nice for you to put on your armour and take your lance and ride away to seek Guinevere?

Your fond

DADA.

Gibbs had not yet learned to write, but he drew with coloured pencils and explained to his mother what he had drawn, and she sent the pictures and the explanations to his father. Here is his acknowledgment of one of these drawings:

May 24, 1905.

MY DEAR GENERAL AND MY DEAR BOY:

Your full-rigged ship, laden with your love and your kisses and good wishes, arrived safely in the port of Kansas City, and the work of unloading her is now progressing. The first thing she did when she sighted land was to load all her guns—I counted 22—with kisses and fire them off, and nearly every one hit me straight on the lips, on my nose, and one struck me right in the middle of my stomach and knocked me down. Some of the kisses, however, went astray. For instance, the nigger—no, I mean the coloured gentleman, who was waiting on me at dinner, and whose name is Jim, got one in the eye, and he was so astonished that he fell down with a dish of peas in his hand, and the peas rolled all over the floor and he was two hours picking them up. Another kiss struck a schoolmarm, who was walking by the hotel, and she went to the police station and complained that she had received a kiss and wanted to have somebody prosecuted. The police are now looking all over the city for some one who has lost a kiss. But—I got most of them. Then your full-rigged ship furled her sails and was hauled alongside the wharf and commenced to unload her love. My, but there is a lot of it! Huge wagons full of love are rolling up the street, and all the people are out trying to steal some of it, for there are many here who have never had any or seen any. It is such a beautiful rosy colour, and

altho' it is a dark day it lights up the whole street as it comes along. I am going to let everybody have a little of it—it would be too selfish to keep it all to myself, and I know that you have so much that you will easily load another ship full and send it to me.—And then came the good wishes! We couldn't pack them fast enough on wagons, so we got a million pigeons and tied them to their tails and they are flying all over the city distributing them—and everybody is so happy! I think your sailors are the finest set of men I ever saw—but of course they would be since they have been living on kisses and love and good wishes all the way here. And, oh, the sails! so white and all made of silk—and the flags!—the most brilliant I have ever seen! Thank you, my own dear boy. Please God, I may be soon with you and we'll have a tremendous *battle!*

From your fond
DADA.

It was the brave "Dinkelspiegel" who got into trouble in the summer of 1905. Mansfield was cruising off Mattapoissett, Mass., on the Amorita, and sent this message from "Wienerschnitzel":

OFF MATTAPOISSETT,
SATURDAY, *July* 1.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

If you wish to save Dinkelspiegel it must be done at once, altho' the predicament he is in at present is probably fatal. And even if you send your war vessels to rescue him, *how* are you going to find him? That is the question. If I knew where he was, you may be quite sure, General, that I should inform you. I will, however, no longer keep from you such facts as upon my arrival in this place I was able to gather. To go back:—Three days ago we intercepted a carrier pigeon which bore this message, written on a small piece of bunting, evidently a portion of the American ensign: "Detachment sent by

General G. G. R. J. A. Mansfield, under command of General Windbeatel Dinkelspiegel, defeated with terrible loss. Dinkelspiegel, with a small remnant, escaped on a submarine. Inform G. G. R. J. A. M. immediately! Rescue!" I immediately took 20,000,000,000,000, men and started for Mattapoissett. We embarked on a billion men-of-war, and as soon as we sighted the Hen and Chicken Light-ship we opened fire upon the enemy. The cannon-balls from our twenty billion guns were fired so rapidly that the sky was obscured by them, and when, after an hour's bombardment, I gave the order to cease firing, the greater portion of Mattapoissett, including the houses, rocks, wharfs, people, hens, cows, dogs, etc., had been completely destroyed. Thereupon I landed, and after a prolonged search found a man hiding in a hole in the ground. From him, after torturing him for an hour, I gathered the following facts: The enemy had allowed General Windbeatel Dinkelspiegel to occupy Mattapoissett without the slightest opposition, and the General, after dining copiously on hard-shell crabs, liver sausage, gruyère cheese, and beer, had retired to rest. In the middle of the night, however, the enemy surrounded Mattapoissett, and nearly our entire force was killed. The General and about twenty officers, however, were incarcerated in an outbuilding which contained a number of empty barrels, and were guarded by two young soldiers. It appears that General Windbeatel Dinkelspiegel conceived the admirable idea of singing "'Way Down on the Suwanee River" to them, and having thus freed himself of their presence he and his officers each occupied an empty barrel and rolled themselves down to the beach without arousing the suspicions of the foe. Once arrived there, they at once took possession of a submarine vessel and, diving immediately out of sight, disappeared. Altho' numerous other submarines were dispatched in search of them they were not found. I will await your orders, General, as Mattapoissett, and I have the honour to be

Your obedient servant,

WIENERSCHNITZEL.

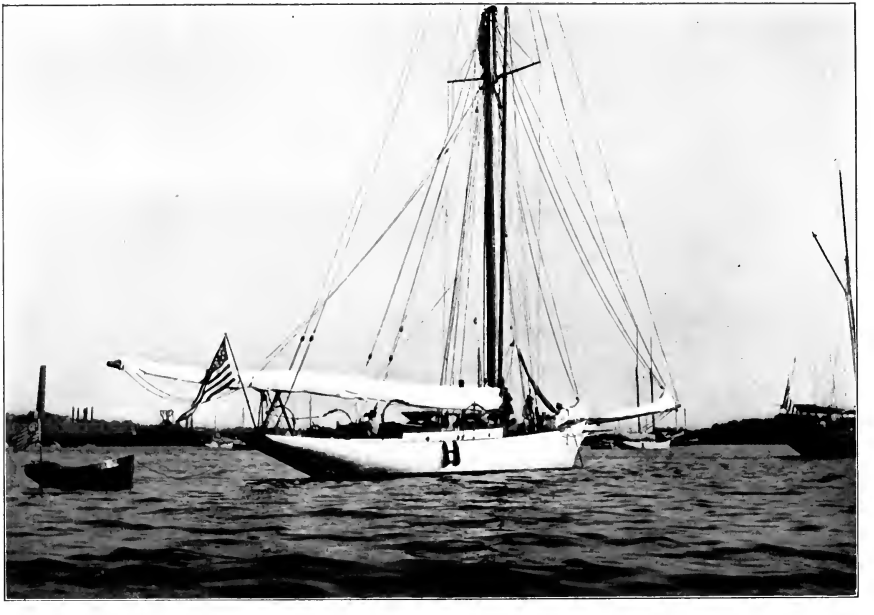
The sequel was never told, at least not in the letters. The rescue of Dinkelspiegel was probably the subject of a story when the Amorita brought "Wienerschnitzel" back to New London.

Here is a note about a kiss that was forgotten. It was mailed from the first port touched by the Amorita on a study-cruise while Mansfield was composing his performance of "Don Carlos" in the summer of 1905.

SCHOONER AMORITA, IN THE GUT,
SATURDAY.

MY OWN DEAR BOY:

When I got to the foot of the hill I remembered suddenly that I hadn't given you a nice long kiss. I think it was because I didn't believe I'd really get away at all, or I should have come back again, before sailing, to hug you. It quite spoiled my pleasure on the water, and now I must put a lot of kisses for you in this letter and ask Tother to give them to you for me. I always forget that boys like to be kissed, but I won't forget it again. The sea is beautiful, so olive and bright, and there is a splendid breeze, and we have just passed a big schooner yacht, the Iroquois, that is twenty feet longer than we are, and that started from New London half an hour before we did, and now we are actually leaving her hull down. We are just entering the Gut, a dangerous place, where the tide runs like a mill stream, and where it is impossible to get thro' unless the tide and wind are propitious. But we have the tide with us, altho' we have had to beat so far on account of the wind being ahead. When you are a bigger boy you shall learn how to sail the Amorita all by yourself—won't that be fine? You were such a good boy this morning, and I really thought I kissed you until I got to the foot of the hill, and then I felt that I missed something, and I found out it was your kiss. Now you can kiss Tother for me and tell her *she* is a good girl, too, and she is to have lots of fun and a "high old time"—I don't know what that is, do you? Here are a lot of kisses for you both from DADA.



"AMORITA," MR. MANSFIELD'S YACHT

Here is a little note of rebuke sent back to the Riverside home the day of leaving for a tour:

PRIVATE CAR 403.

MY DEAR DARLING BOY:

If you knew how hard it is for me to punish you, you would never, never hurt anybody again—but perhaps you will know that, and know that I have suffered a great deal more than you. . . . You must realise and understand that the first duty of a brave knight is to be gentle and kind, and that to hurt and wound is cowardly and cruel. Your dear mother never hurt any one, and you know how good she is! I am sure you did not mean to be cruel—but you see you have to learn the lesson to watch your hands and your feet—for you would be a silly idiot not to control your own legs and arms and restrain them when you wanted to—wouldn't you? So now I hope you'll never have to go to bed again excepting at your regular bed hour, and here are a lot of love and kisses from

Your loving

D. A.

The boy understood his father's own struggles with his temperament. One day Mansfield said to me: "My boy will go far, he grasps what many of his elders do not. If he comes into the room and sees that I am angry he never answers a word, but turns on his heel and goes out. In a little while he comes back with a cheery 'Well, Dada?' just as if nothing had happened."

From Cincinnati he wrote this letter with its amusing conceit, to thank Gibbs for a Christmas box:

December 31, 1906.

DEAREST BOY:

The box you sent me is just beautiful, beautiful! and I keep a lot of lovely thoughts in it, and when I am sad or tired I open the box for a little while and the happy

thoughts come hopping out one by one, or sometimes they tumble out in a bunch, and they are so merry—some of them, and others so cheerful and encouraging, it makes me quite gay. There is one fellow, however (I really don't know how he ever got in), who jumps out on one leg and instantly stands on his head and sticks out his tongue and pulls a long nose at me. He is very rude, of course, but still I can't help laughing at him. I have tried to catch him, but he refuses to be caught, and is so quick and deft in eluding me I get quite exhausted running after him. None of the other boys and girls in the box will have anything to do with him, and I don't see how he manages to live. The others all get candy and cake and ice-cream, but Handy Andy (that's his name) won't touch anything sweet, and the other day I caught him drinking the ink and eating the pen-wiper. So this morning I asked him to give an account of himself, and who *do* you think he says he is? He says: "All the other children are Gibbs's good deeds and good days and nice ways and polite manners and his kindness and gentleness and sweetness!"—and then he said: "I'm his badness. I'm him (his grammar is bad) when he's horrid and cross and rude, or disobeys his mother or dada—whew!" and he jumped onto his head and made a snook and swallowed the blotting paper. The other day, Christmas Day, he disappeared. I wonder where he was? You must have been very good! Well, I'm glad there are so many good of you in the box and only one bad. Here are such a lot of kisses and hugs from your loving

D. A.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

(1902–1904)

Brutus in "Julius Cæsar"—Emancipation from tradition—The boys at Fernbank—Lyman B. Glover—B. D. Stevens—"Old Heidelberg"—Aversion to photographs in character—Temper—"Ivan the Terrible"—Keeping in the atmosphere while off the scene—Acting Ivan with his foot in a plaster cast—On tour—To California again.

ADMIRED as Mansfield was in "Beaucaire," he fretted to feel his art constrained to charm alone. He longed for sterner stuff. "The Public has honoured me with its support, they have raised me to a high place, and they expect me to meet my responsibility," he said.

There were no new plays at hand which tempted him. When it came to a selection of a part which he would next present, a long-standing desire to act Marcus Brutus in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" became a decision, and he produced this play at the Grand Opera House, in Chicago, for the first time October 3, 1902.[1]

[1] The cast was:

Julius Cæsar	Mr. Arthur Greenaway.
Octavius Cæsar	Mr. Alfred Mansfield.
Marcus Antonius	Mr. Arthur Forrest.
Caius Cassius	Mr. Barry Johnstone.
Marcus Brutus	Mr. Mansfield.
Casca	Mr. W. H. Denny.
Trebonius	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Metellus Cimber	Mr. Henry Wenman.
Decimus Brutus	Mr. Ernest C. Warde.
Legarius	Mr. Edwin Fitzgerald.
Popilius Lena	Mr. Edwin Holland.

Here was imperial Rome called back into light and life again. Sir Alma Tadema designed the pictures. William Telbin, Hawes Craven, Richard Marston, and John Young painted them. Mansfield lighted and furnished them with a poet's imagination and the eye of a painter. With an enthusiasm not always patient he would sit in the darkened auditorium of the theatre by the hour for weeks before a production, experimenting with a grouping, with a piece of furniture, with a touch of colour from a scarf, a rug, a curtain, or a torch, and with unnumbered softened, tinted, shifting lights. He sought to denote more than visual loveliness or historical accuracy in a pictured scene. In the harmony of its details he strove to, and did, express the mood of the acted scene. Thus his pictures appealed to the emotions as well as to taste, and he led the way in this newly developing branch of stage art.

His last production was apt to be pronounced his best. So the sombre grandeur of "King Richard III," the sen-

Publius	Mr. W. T. Simpson.
Cinna	Mr. W. J. Sorelle.
Cicero	Mr. Grant Mitchell.
Artimidorus	Mr. Henri Laurent.
Servius	Mr. B. L. Clark.
Lucilius	Mr. M. C. Tilden.
Titinius	Mr. A. G. Anson.
Messala	Mr. Clarence Cochran.
Volumnius	Mr. Hamilton Coleman.
Lucius	Miss Mona Harrison.
Varro	Mr. Philip Stokes.
Clitus	Mr. S. M. Hendricks.
Claudius	Mr. J. E. Delmar.
Strato	Mr. Octave Lozon.
Dardanius	Mr. Frazer Smith.
Pindarus	Mr. Clarence White.
First Citizen	Mr. Paul Wiggins.
Second Citizen	Mr. Carl Ahrendt.
Third Citizen	Mr. Frank Mason.
Fourth Citizen	Mr. F. X. Baron.
Calpurnia	Miss Maude Hoffman.
Portia	Miss Dorothy Hammond.

Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Runners, Standard Bearers, Guards, Attendants and others.

sual opulence of "Nero," the chromatic loveliness of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the massive splendour of "King Henry V" appeared to be surpassed even by his "Julius Cæsar."

The imperial progress of Cæsar to the Lupercal games, past the orange temples, attended by a populace that seemed to have stepped individually from Tadema canvas; Brutus's garden, mysterious and mournful, the moon in sullen retirement, a soft note of color from the eternal fires of an altar near by, fit place for conspiracies; the curved marble tiers of the Senate rising under an arcade that panelled the deep, hard turquoise of the Italian sky, the prophetic crimson of a scarf trailing down from the feet of Cæsar enthroned in golden light; the plastic passion of the soldiers, lictors, patricians, and rabble swarming the stones and steps of the pillared forest of the place before the Forum; the tragic austerity of the Philippi scenes—this was the background against which in high relief stood the problem of Brutus, a soul set against itself, a spiritual nature made fanatical by imagination and conscience.

Brutus was Mansfield's nearest approach to Hamlet. But it was no frozen classic symbol. His mission was to humanise the classics that he acted. His interpretation of this character left tradition leagues behind. Here, as when he first acted Richard III, the interpretation shot over the heads of those who had not Hans Sachs's philosophy and would not condescend to consider Brutus from the actor's viewpoint instead of their own.

Perhaps he was thinking of the generations of actors who had been painting statuesque, declaiming Brutuses on the public mind, when he replied to a question of mine as to the kind of auditor he preferred: "Give me a man with a white mind and let me paint my portrait there. A

white mind makes the artist's work easy. The painter begins with a white canvas, but the actor may not always. In an audience are always some minds black with ignorance, yellow with prejudice, green with envy, gray with indifference. But a white, open, unclouded, generous, kindly, intelligent, receptive mind is the artist's opportunity, and that there are so many white minds is his salvation."

He took his courage in both hands, and his Brutus was as new as Whistler or Wagner would have interpreted him. Because for three acts during the observation of Cæsar's menace to the commonweal, the consideration of Cassius's subtle persuasions, and the restraint before the murder—the struggle was all subjective, the action sluggish, and the suggestion all in the artist's mood—this part of his performance was obviously difficult to the unimaginative.

Few caught the poetic tenderness of Brutus's part in the assassination. At Casca's call the conspirators rushed in a crowd upon the tribune and, when one after another they fleshed their knives in Cæsar's bosom, they fell away, revealing him face to face with Brutus, whose arm was raised to strike. "Et tu, Brute!" sighed the dying man. A shadow of infinite sorrow mantled his friend's face. A tremor shook his frame. The murder was already consummated, but his pledge had been given and the issue was met with a poet's touch. Tenderly, sorrowfully, sacrificially the patriot laid his blade on the bleeding breast of his friend, the point directed to his own heart.

In contrast with all that precedes, the quarrel scene is objective, hence vastly easier to appreciate, and it gave the actor his greatest triumph with the multitude. Here Mansfield unleashed the full reserve of his mighty voice.

He was adamantine. Against this Brutus Cassius broke like spray against a cliff. How poetically imagined was the ghost of Cæsar. It was suggested by a vaporous shadow in a lurid light, out of which the voice floated. The reality of the wraith was appallingly manifest in Brutus's face.

The death of Brutus was another bold departure from convention. Instead of melodramatic writhing, all was whispered awe, majesty, and silence. The hour imagined was evening, after the day of battle, the hour when twilight beckons night. At the foot of a shattered pine on a mass of rock sat Brutus, full armoured, helmet on head, shield and sword in hand, spent and brooding, a warrior figure Michael Angelo might have carved. As one retainer after another heard his whispered appeal for death, they fled from the spot, leaving him alone. Over the sad face and dreamy eye there passed the memory of the whole tragedy in one moment of immovable silence. Then drawing his shield before his breast and face, his sword slowly searched his heart. There was the fortitude of a general in the convulsion of the whole frame as he withdrew the blade. He slowly lowered the shield, and the sword fell from his fingers as they groped straight before him, and he addressed a second vision of the friend he came to meet:

> Cæsar, now be still;
> I killed not thee with half so good a will.

The head dropped upon his breast, and here Octavius and Antony found him dead. "The death of a despairing hero," said the *Commercial Advertiser*, "stricken for the ideals that have possessed him, could hardly be more finely imagined or more in consonance with the mood of tragedy."

"Julius Cæsar" was acted throughout every week of the season of 1902–1903, except during one of the weeks of a return engagement in Chicago. In New York Mansfield played at the Herald Square Theatre during December and January. He did not go west of the Missouri River this season. It should perhaps be made a part of this record that, in spite of the extraordinary expenses under which the production of "Julius Cæsar" was prepared, maintained, and "travelled," the audiences came in such numbers that Mansfield's profits were greater than on any other single year.

He believed in the proverb about the wisdom that cometh out of the mouth of babes and said he often preferred a boy's idea of his performance to his senior's. He was fond of his gallery and believed in its judgment except for a few of his rôles. One of the best criticisms he got from youngsters was about Brutus. He did not say what it was, but the circumstance was interesting.

As already hinted, he lived on his car at Fernbank during his later visits to Cincinnati. In a meadow near by the neighbourhood boys played ball. Mansfield at once ingratiated himself with the youngsters with gifts and stories, umpiring their games, so that his returns were the signal for a welcome from the boys.

This year of "Julius Cæsar" he invited the Fernbank boys into the city to see him act. An order for a box was scribbled on a card, and he thought no more of it. A few nights afterward the boys, much scrubbed and much dressed, presented themselves at the door of the theatre. The tickets were nearly all taken and only one box remained unsold. The boys were told that there was no box to be had.

Retiring to the sidewalk, they decided to press their

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BRUTUS

claims with their friend. By some miracle—nothing less, for by no chance was a stranger allowed on Mansfield's stage without an invitation, and that was rare—they got past the stage doorkeeper and rapped at the door of the star dressing-room. "Come in," called Mansfield, and they revealed themselves and explained their grievance. When he understood, he took the card and wrote on the back, "No box, no performance, R. M."

Need it be said that there was a performance? Next day, under the big tree near the car, he talked his character over with the boys, and from such talks he declared he learned much.

Mr. Palmer's health had been failing for some time, and this winter he retired from Mr. Mansfield's management. He was succeeded by Lyman B. Glover. Mr. Glover had, during two decades as a critic in Chicago, raised himself to a secure position among the leaders of thought and opinion on the English-speaking drama. His encouragement for all that was best in the theatre included invaluable support of Mansfield during his recurrent visits to Chicago. The same motive of gratitude, coupled with respect for his knowledge and judgment, inspired Mansfield to offer him the management as when he invited Mr. Palmer five years before. The association continued three years, when Mr. Glover returned to his home city to assume the management of a group of theatres there. Mr. B. D. Stevens then took the managerial reins, which he held until the end.

The German stage this winter attracted foreign attention to it for the first time in a long while by the appearance of a tenderly sentimental play called "Old Heidelberg." While Mansfield was on tour in the West the play reached New York, was acted at the Irving Place Theatre,

and a translation into English was performed at the Princess Theatre. The latter was soon retired on account of lack of support. Word of these enterprises drifted out to him, and he sent for the play.

Karl Heinrich struck a responsive chord in his heart at once. As he grew older Mansfield did not become less youthful. His severity in the early period, when the future stretched out before him a long precipitous climb, became mellow with success. It was not that he was free from care or that he relaxed his energies. The change was in his relation to life, not to his art. That was always the same, almost religious in its purpose. In the theatre he was ever the hard worker, the severe disciplinarian of himself and of those near him. It was not the actor, but the man who now craved the companionship of young people. By "young people" is meant those younger than one's self at any age. That is the vanity which clings to youth always as if it had recently departed.

There were tears in his eyes when he read "Old Heidelberg." "This is real comedy," he said, "I want to play this. It is truth, it is a poem. It will make people young again, and it will teach the lesson of the priceless days of youth. It may soften hearts of parents and induce them to help make youth a more precious memory for their children." Was he thinking of his unsympathetic governess or of his beloved master and the delectable days at Derby?

The choice for his next experiment narrowed to Prince Karl Heinrich or Tzar Ivan the Terrible. He grew more and more absorbed with the latter character. It possessed his mind, but the German boy captured his heart. Besides, after a tragedy he wanted to appear in comedy. So preparations were begun for "Old Heidelberg."

The Messrs. Shubert of the anti-syndicate forces had grown strong enough to build the Lyric Theatre, in New York, and Mansfield was invited to open it. His consent was made much of in an effort to represent that he would no longer act in the houses of the stronger organisation. His action was not more, however, than as an expression of his independence of any faction whatever, which he always maintained.

The Lyric Theatre was opened to the public October 12, 1903, and on that evening Mansfield produced Meyer-Forster's "Old Heidelberg." [1]

There had been only one concern in relation to this characterisation of Prince Karl Heinrich. The play itself,

[1] The cast was:

Karl Heinrich (*Hereditary Prince of Sachsen-Karlsburg*)	Mr. Mansfield.
Staatsminister Von Haugk	Mr. A. E. Greenaway.
Hofmarschall Freiherr Von Passarge	Mr. Henry Wenman.
Kammerherr Von Breitenberg	Mr. Wm. J. Sorelle.
Kammerherr Baron Von Metzing	Mr. Ernest C. Warde.
Doctor Juttner (*Tutor to Karl Heinrich*)	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Chaplain of the Court	Mr. H. S. Hadfield.
Lutz (*Valet to Karl Heinrich*)	Mr. Leslie Kenyon.
Graf Von Asterberg (*Student of the Corps "Saxonia"*)	Mr. Francis McGinn.
Von Wedell (*Student of the Corps "Saxo-Borussia"*)	Mr. H. Coleman.
Kellermann (*Steward of the Corps "Saxonia"*)	Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.
Ruder (*Innkeeper at Heidelberg*)	Mr. W. J. Constantine.
Frau Ruder (*his wife*)	Miss Annie Woods.
Frau Dorffel (*her aunt*)	Miss Vivian Bernard.
Kathie	Miss Grace Elliston.
Karl Bilz (*Student of the Corps "Saxonia"*)	Mr. H. Neuman.
Kurt Engelbrecht (*Student of the Corps "Saxonia"*)	Mr. Clement Toole.
Von Bauzin (*Student of the Corps "Saxonia"*)	Mr. F. W. Thompson.
Von Reinecke (*Student of the Corps "Saxonia"*)	Mr. Wendell Thompson.
Steiner (*Student of the Corps "Suabia"*)	Mr. Charles Quinn.
Naumann (*Student of the Corps "Vandalia"*)	Mr. J. Hafey.
Eckardt (*Student of the Corps "Rhenania"*)	Mr. P. A. McCarthy.
Scholermann, Glanz, Reuter (*Lackeys*)	Mr. Henri Laurent. / Mr. A. McHugh. / Mr. M. C. Tilden.
Conductor of the Band	Mr. Chas. Caroly.

Officers at the Court of Karlsburg:—Messrs. Hevia, Brunswick, Sachs, Faust, Newton, Patron and Pindar.

while somewhat attenuated, was so rich in charm—vividly realised by Mansfield in picturing and rehearsing every other element of the production—and the rôle of the Prince was so easily within his secure grasp, that it remained simply a question of whether he could repeat other miracles of make-up and transform himself into a boy of nineteen. Mansfield was now in his forty-sixth year. It is far more difficult to conceal age than youth on the stage.

So all was success when he came down the curved stairway from the cabinet chamber into the group of ministers, officials, and flunkies. The customary ovation welcoming his first entrance was in this instance rather more than half for the surprising youth of the Prince. Few could believe at first it was really Mansfield—that was merely the triumph of make-up, the triumph of youthful simulation developed from speech to speech. When, later, the young automaton of Karlsburg Palace began to breathe the intoxication of Heidelberg, he not only looked, but was, young. His voice was a bland treble, his blood seemed to boil, and his heels never touched the floor.

It was especially with his light-footedness that he indicated youth. His early skill in dancing showed in his agility and grace, and dancing was one of the arts he advised stage aspirants to cultivate.

Students of the Corps "Saxonia":—Messrs. Deery, Delmar, Walter, O'Brien, Lyman, Rensaeler, Gross, Osborne, Scrace, Osborn, Harmon, Lieblee, Silverman and Conway.
Students of the Corps "Suabia":—Messrs. Foster, Berkess, Hadfield, MacDonald, Parry, Miller, Bradford, Dimond, Foster, O'Brien, Berkes and Le Voisier.
Students of the Corps "Saxo-Borussia":—Messrs. Waterbury, Clinton, Paterson, Stevens, MacCallam, Primrose, Hope, Jones, Gordon, Taylor and Chase.
Students of the Corps "Vandalia":—Messrs. Whitehouse, Wagner, Bordley, Prescott, Marsile, Thackera, Vest, Carrol, Brosseau and Myers.
Students of the Corps "Rhenania":—Messrs. Casey, Steiner, Neumann, Koch, Harvey, Taylor, Eekelhardt and Foster.
Students of other Corps, Officers, Guards, Lackeys, etc.

As often with him, Karl Heinrich was not one character but, in a way, a series. The shy, awkward boy under the constraint of military discipline, became a pulsing, natural youth at the university, and responsibility aged him perceptibly, soul as well as body, when he had ruled a while in his hard old uncle's place.

Mansfield would not be photographed as Karl Heinrich. Indeed it was extremely difficult to persuade him to be photographed in any character. The value of photographs as a medium of publicity had no influence with him. Sometimes at the end of a season he would be persuaded that he owed it to his wife and his boy to perpetuate the characterisation to the extent of a portrait. This was the only argument that had any effect with him.

"Photographs of characters are inartistic and disillusionising," he repeated when persuasion was offered. "They convey only the shell of the character. An audience does not really see what is before it, but what I make it think it sees." For that reason he would not pose in character for a portrait painter. "You must get your impression across the footlights. The stage is for illusion. Paint the character as it appears to you. You would find it quite different at close range frozen in a pose."

Waves of genuine affection came across to him when he played Prince Karl Heinrich, and those letters full of admiration and praise, which had poured in for nearly every rôle, were for this one glowing with affection. This was especially gratifying to him, for, having won the confidence and the esteem of the people, he wanted their love. In spite of the nagging disposition of an irresponsible section of the press, the old fiction of his identity with his darker, instead of his lighter, rôles was falling away. The sterner fibres of Courvoisier, Cyrano, King Harry, Beau-

caire, Brutus, and Karl Heinrich had been so exquisitely tempered with tenderness that the actor's silence in the face of personal detraction was justified by the answer he made for the past five years through the spirit of his acting.

He felt sufficiently firm in public affection now to give rein to his versatility and present himself in an unsympathetic rôle once more. For nearly seven years he had been composing his Tzar Ivan. As he was to reappear for a brief engagement in New York City in the spring of 1904 he decided to make a production of the Tolstoy historical tragedy.

"Ivan the Terrible" was written in the Russian language, about 1867, by Count Alexis Tolstoy, a cousin of Count Lyof Tolstoy, and was the first of an historical trilogy of which the other two dramas were "Tzar Feodor" and "Tzar Boris." The censorship against plays dealing with the person and character of the Tzar was very strict in Russia, and it was not until 1901 that "Ivan the Terrible" was acted before the public at the Theatre Alexandre in St. Petersburg, whereupon it attained enormous popularity.

Before this time, however, it had been produced in "private theatricals" at court, a near relative of the reigning Tzar having acted Tzar Ivan. In the audience was Madame Sophie de Meissner, daughter of Admiral Radford of the United States Navy and widow of Vladimir de Meissner, at the time of their marriage secretary of the Russian legation in Washington and afterward attached to the Imperial Court in St. Petersburg. Immediately she saw the play she made up her mind that she would translate it into English for Mansfield, who alone, as she later wrote gracefully, she believed was capable of its complete realisation. He hungered to act the celebrated tyrant

from the first reading, but for a long time listened to the advice of those near him and to his own fears which suggested that, superb as were the acting opportunities of the central character, the unrelieved gloom and the sketchy, disconnected nature of the play would defeat him. As usual, he listened to every one but did as he pleased, and he now pleased to stake his embodiment of this great rôle against the absence of sympathy or even of play.

Preparations were forwarded during the winter under trying circumstances. He was on tour until two days before the play was produced, in a different city nearly every week, playing nightly and travelling on Sunday. The scenery and accessories were prepared in New York under long-distance directions. They were reproduced from drawings which Madame de Meissner went to Russia to secure, and she brought over most of the costumes. Rehearsals were held wherever Mansfield happened to be. He memorised his long rôle over his coffee in the morning, or late at night after a day's rehearsal and an evening's performance. For months he had no waking thought but of ingenuous, charming young Karl Heinrich while the curtain was up and of vicious, senile Tzar Ivan while the curtain was down.

In spite of the difficulties under which he worked he never showed more patience than during these rehearsals of "Ivan the Terrible." That is saying much, for he insisted on carrying the burden of every detail, whereas merely the learning of his own lines and the formulation of his own rôle was many times the burden of any one of his associates. Back of it all was other anxiety. Not only was his reputation, his prestige put up each time for opinion to bowl over if it cared to or could, but in each production he invested as much as the average rich man pays for a

country home which he expects to occupy for life. All these considerations reacted on his nerves, and his nerves reacted on his temper. But those who knew him, knew that it was a tempest of the nerves and not of the heart. To say to a workman "You're discharged!" meant nothing more than a reproof. It was the habit of exaggerated words. A carpenter for many years with Mansfield had the correct focus on his temper. Mr. Glover approached him with some question as to Mr. Mansfield's wishes about a new setting. "Really, Mr. Glover, I don't know," replied the workman, with ingenuousness. "Mr. Mansfield has only discharged me four times on this production and I haven't quite got his idea yet." Most often the outbursts were the effect of nervous despair. At times before acting a new rôle, there were moments when his confidence in himself appeared to desert him, and he broke down completely. Then in a nervous burst he would toss away his part and pace the stage in a voluble agony, declaring it would be impossible to give the production, everything and everybody, including the play and himself, were beyond hope, the opening must be postponed, etc., etc. At such moments no one had influence with him but his gentle wife. With soft words of agreement, the tender terms with which a mother would propitiate a child, she would calm the spirit of this mighty child, and in five minutes have him quieted, comforted, and back at work again.

Hence his unfailing patience and gentleness during the rehearsals of Ivan were a matter of ominous comment among the company. He seemed to be holding himself under a strain which would break him. This endured until the dress rehearsal, which passed swimmingly up to the fourth act. There in the passionate confession scene the tricky lines slipped, and with them slipped his self-

possession. There were five minutes of realistically improvised Tzar Ivan before he settled down, but the burst was welcomed by every one. An old timer of some fourteen years in the company said: "I was afraid for him. And I was afraid for this piece. It seemed as if he hadn't blown in the trade-mark. But it's all right now. Besides, he is all the better for it."

When he returned to play in New York, it was to the New Amsterdam Theatre where he had not before appeared. He did not afterward act on any other stage in New York. As usual, he brought the house good luck. Here on Tuesday evening, March 1, 1904, he presented "Ivan the Terrible" for the first time.[1]

[1] The cast was:

Ivan Vassilyevich (the Terrible), Tzar of Russia	Mr. Mansfield.
The Tzaritza Marie Feodorovna	Miss Ida Conquest.
Tzarevitch Fyodor Ivanovitch	Miss Mona Harrison.
Tzarevna Irina	Miss Adelaide Nowak.
Marie Grigorevna, wife of Boris Godunoff	Miss Olive Oliver.
Prince Msteslavsky	Mr. William Sorelle.
Prince Nikita Romanovitch Zaharin	Mr. Ernest Warde.
Prince Shuisky	Mr. Henry Wenman.
Prince Belsky	Mr. Francis McGinn.
Prince Galitzin	Mr. Francis Kingdon.
Prince Troubetskoy	Mr. Leslie Kenyon.
Prince Tatistcheff	Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.
Prince Saltikoff	Mr. W. T. Patron.
Michael Nagoy	Mr. Henri Laurent.
Boris Fyodorvich Godunoff, brother-in-law of the Tzarevich	Mr. Arthur Forrest.
Gregory Nagoy	Mr. Hamilton Coleman.
Pan Garabourda	Mr. Kenyon.
Proskof Keekin	Mr. H. Hadfield.
Michael Bitagofsky, an adventurer	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
First Magician	Mr. Laurent.
Second Magician	Mr. M. C. Tilden.
Doctor Yakoby	Mr. Kingdon.
A Jester	Mr. Marcel Scrace.
Flour Dealer	Mr. McGinn.
Attendant on Prince Shuisky	Mr. Ludwig Brunswick.
A Nurse	Miss Vivian Bernard.
Ladies in Attendance	Miss Alma Hathaway. Miss Laura Eyre.

Nobles, State Officials, Guards, Buffoons, Serfs and People of Moscow.

His Tzar Ivan disappointed no one. Here were no harassing traditions and conventions. He did not have to create as many Ivans as there were conceptions in the audience. Every one came without an Ivan. Each one brought a "white mind." On it he painted a portrait which was his very own from the first stroke to the last.

As for the play, no one expected it to succeed. It could not. There was no play. It was practically an interrupted monologue. In spite of the lack of any extraneous interest Mansfield stalked straight ahead to a triumph such as only the greatest artists attain. "Ivan the Terrible," either as play or character, was not designed to become popular. It was grim gloom, shot by red flames of passion and yellow bursts of sardonic humour, but it was mighty, irresistible, overwhelming. It swept away any lurking doubts of Mansfield's greatness.

He found himself acting Ivan during the first few evenings at the New Amsterdam with peculiar difficulty. At first he could not define it. Presently it came to him. "It's the dressing-room," he said. "I cannot act if I continue to dress up here."

The dressing-rooms in this theatre are designed for the safety of the actors in case of fire and to give them the benefit of all possible daylight and fresh air. They are reached from the stage by going into an outside hall and ascending on an elevator.

Mansfield's trouble was that he felt every time he went to his room as if he had left the theatre and the atmosphere of the play behind. This made it unbelievably difficult to keep in character from act to act. Besides, like a general, he liked to be within earshot of the din of things. He missed the faint echo of the entr'acte music, the applause, the bustle of shifting scenes, the indistinct

hum of the voices of the actors who were on the stage while he was not. The normal noises of the theatre did not disturb him, they stimulated him. While the curtain was up his dressing-room door was open, and through the light hanging which draped the opening he was subconscious of the progress of the comedy or the tragedy of which he was a part. This was what he missed in the New Amsterdam, and after the remoteness of the first few nights up the elevator shaft he insisted on a dressing-room being built on the stage. This was done, and in this big canvas room, kept year after year for his use, he passed all of the evening of a play when he was not on the stage. This demand, however, for a dressing-room on the stage—even a temporary canvas structure—while so handsome and well-equipped a room was provided for him upstairs —was accounted one of Mansfield's eccentricities.

Campbell, in his life of Mrs. Siddons, quotes a letter of the great actress in which she writes: "If the representative of Constance (in Shakespeare's 'King John') shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the moment of her appearance in the third act—she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait. . . . Whenever I was called upon to impersonate the character of Constance, I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that my mind might constantly be fixed on those distressing events, which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented to me.

. . . In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly riveted on the passing scenes."

"Ivan the Terrible" was acted for two weeks and thereafter in repertoire for two years. The third week at the New Amsterdam began with "Old Heidelberg" under circumstances which displayed Mansfield's wilfulness and fortitude. On the Sunday after his first seven appearances as Ivan he slipped and fell in his home on Riverside Drive, and the pain soon told him that he had sprained his ankle. It was the same treacherous ankle which had turned on him in Edinburgh twenty-four years before and in Baltimore two and a half years later, when he returned to New York—little thinking—to play the Baron Chevrial. The foot was put in a plaster cast, and it was assumed, of course, that he would not act for several weeks.

To this he made emphatic objections, and during the week following he went through the performance of "Ivan the Terrible" seven times. Fortunately, the Tzar's robes reached the floor. Moreover, he was on his feet very little in this play except to enter and leave the stage. But in the last act, in the delirium of the death scene, where the infuriated old Tzar summons his failing energies to reach Godunoff, falls, and rises to fall again and again, and is finally dragged back to his chair to breathe out his spirit in a final burst of choler, Mansfield's absorption in the rôle cost him suffering, of which he said nothing till months after. One night when he was dragged back to his chair there was a pause not in the "business" of the part. Whether or not he had fainted was not at once apparent. It lasted but a moment, then his eyes opened, and he stared about and completed the mimic tragedy. When the curtain fell that night the audience stood in their

places and called for him in vain. He was carried to his dressing-room and did not appear.

It was one thing to act Ivan with a foot in a plaster cast, to act Karl Heinrich was quite another. In this character his feet were not only in evidence in trim boots, but the spirit of youth seemed to spring from his dancing heels. The doctor removed the cast on Sunday, but forbade him using his feet for several days. Mansfield listened to the advice and did as he pleased.

The next evening he acted the young Prince in "Old Heidelberg," and those present saw an altogether remarkable evidence of his reserved powers. His feet were practically leaden so far as agility was concerned, yet, such resources of gesture and posture and litheness of the body above the knees did he possess, that it was quite a new Prince he acted for a few nights, though as apparently youthful and buoyant and agile as ever.

During his last week at the New Amsterdam Sir Henry Irving acted at the Harlem Opera House. On Friday evening they had supper together in the company of other friends, at the Plaza Hotel. They parted without reservation better friends than they had ever been. The next day Irving sailed for England. They exchanged greetings at Christmas, and the message of Irving's death came the next autumn while Mansfield was studying "Don Carlos." When representatives of the press asked for some expression on the character of the English actor, he looked up from the pages of Schiller's tragedy and repeated one line:

An atom of his soul had made a god of thee.

In the spring he went to San Francisco and appeared fourteen times at the Columbia Theatre. He had not

acted in California since 1893. For some reason he carried unhappy recollections of that visit and prophesied disaster on his return. He did not mind being a bad prophet under such agreeable circumstances. Prices for his engagement were advanced to a figure commanded only by foreign artists of the first rank who discreetly kept the bloom of novelty on their appearances by long intervals between. Every seat for his fourteen appearances was sold before he entered the city, and holders of tickets caring to speculate received six, eight, and ten times the original price. Every one was most kind, and until his next visit, two years later, this fortnight in San Francisco remained a treasured remembrance.

CHAPTER THIRTY

(1904–1905)

Campaigning begins to tell—Characters he planned to act—His attitude toward certain rôles he did not act—Revives his repertoire—Shylock to an audience of one—Changes in the "business" of "Richard III"—Shylock's accent—Intuitions in characterisation—Preparations for a performance—Distress as Hyde—A biblical repertoire—"The Misanthrope"—Superstitions—His thirteenth wedding anniversary.

MANSFIELD was now famous and rich, but thirty years of campaigning were telling on him. When he returned to the city for rehearsals in the fall of 1904 he talked continually of his weariness. His spirit of unrest and discontent had made this attitude familiar during many years, so that it was not so significant as his confession that he began to feel unequal to the strain. He had great difficulty getting into harness, "getting the stride" as he expressed it. There often came to his lips the lament of weary King Richard the night before Bosworth: "I have not that alacrity of spirit I was wont to have."

This weariness did not manifest itself while he was on the stage, however, but once. Before an audience he showed no diminution of his energy and fire or of that hypnotic faculty of commanding the concentrated interest of those before him. Personality radiated from him. It made little matter whether one liked him, or liked the play,

or liked the character, while he was in sight he commanded every eye.

His position now permitted him to do much as he liked in the choice of plays. The vehicle was of secondary consequence. Whenever and wherever he appeared the theatre was packed with people who came to see Richard Mansfield. It was like him to use his accumulated power and profit to the advantage of the public. From now on he presented such characters as he felt the public should be made acquainted with in spite of prevailing taste. His immediate plan was to revive his repertoire, in abeyance since his success in such elaborate productions as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "King Henry V," "Julius Cæsar," and "Ivan the Terrible" had made it as impractical as it was unnecessary to "travel" more than one play at a time. With this accomplished he proposed to acquaint the public with performances of Molière, Schiller, the poetic plays of Ibsen, and other masters

This decision was arrived at after winnowing through the accumulated manuscripts and plans of years. There were many great characters which he strove continually to have embodied in adequate plays. Among these were Cagliostro, Rembrandt, Dean Swift, Frederick the Great, Omar Khayyam, Grimaldi, Molière, Cardinal Mazarin, John Paul Jones, Voltaire, and Emperor Frederick William. Those were the characters he would have loved to embody. Hundreds of others were suggested by the daily influx of manuscripts.

Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold, and Alexander the Great appeared to be the most thought-of characters for Mansfield in the amateur mind. The number of plays on each of these men received each year reduced them to somewhat of a joke. And so, as he looked over the weekly

accumulation, he would exclaim: "Ah, here's our old friend Benedict Arnold this morning," or "Some soul in Michigan has Burritis again," or "Alexander once more, eh? His ambition won't rest beyond the Styx. He has heard of America and wants to conquer it with me as his humble weapon. The scalp of my reputation would be the only trophy of such a campaign. Send it back."

Of all the remote corners from which plays were sent him, perhaps the strangest was Iceland. In 1903 an explorer, William Napier of Pittsburg, returned from an expedition in the frozen North, and brought with him the manuscript of a drama by Professor Einarsson of that arctic country. It was called "Sword and Crozier." The author wrote in his letter to Mansfield: "Your great reputation has reached Iceland, and in committing my precious verses to you I am sure they will be crowned as no other artist could. It is said you speak many languages. Since German is among them and Icelandic is not, it is into German that I have translated the play that you may understand it. I could make an English paraphrase, but fearful English it would surely be."

In the search for new characters the Shakespearian gallery was continually under scrutiny. Timon of Athens, Falstaff, and King John were often on the verge of production. He was not disposed, however, to revive a classic rôle to which he could bring nothing new—not merely new "business," for which when advanced for its own sake he had contempt, but a new interpretation of character—and this precluded his acting Hamlet or Othello, for he often expressed his belief that Edwin Booth's acting of the Dane and Tomasso Salvini's acting of the Moor left no hope of any other artist re-creating them.

His reason for not appearing as Macbeth was quite apart

from such considerations as these. He had this rôle completely composed during years of study, and he longed to add the Scotch King to his repertoire. He refrained from lack of a youthful, beautiful, bewitching Lady Macbeth. In acting the royal murderer he would have accented the native probity of a soul besieged by an ambitious enchantress who softly, stealthily, ingeniously, and intrepidly stole away his heart, his conscience, and his will. He repeatedly said that he knew of but one woman in his lifetime endowed physically, mentally, and temperamentally to embody the irresistible excuse of Macbeth's fall, and she was Ellen Terry in her youth. To his mind no amount of tragic fire or subtlety in this rôle made up for the lack of physical allurements and of the complete understanding and mastery of their power over the will of a man.

He made up his mind very early in his career that "King Lear" was not for him, but it was repeatedly suggested to him until he was driven to a state of mind expressed in a letter to his friend, George Seibel: "My bête noir is 'King Lear' because some one is always worrying me about that old lunatic. Like Uncle Dick's King Charles, I fear he will soon crop up in everything I say or do or write."

He debated a long time on Byron's "Sardanapalus," but his final reason for discarding it was that he disliked to build up the interest throughout a play to a mechanical climax—like the death of the King in the flames of his burning city in this play—which his instincts told him would be sure to go wrong and destroy the illusion his acting had created. Goethe's "Egmont" was often in mind. Stephen Phillips's "Herod" was written for him, but when the play was finished he had changed his mind and the character repelled him. In a letter to the writer

he epitomised it in these characteristic terms: "Herod for reasons of policy murders his handsome brother-in-law and thereby loses the love of his beautiful wife Marianne. Failing to regain her love he has her murdered and then has a fit because he discovers she is dead. This is the tragedy of Herod."

For his previous spring engagement in New York he had revived "Beau Brummell," "A Parisian Romance," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He retained "Ivan the Terrible" in repertoire, and for the season of 1904–1905 he reappeared as Shylock and King Richard III for the first time since the spring of 1898.

His Shylock this season revealed a new make-up of the Jew, quite distinct from his earlier expressions. The hair was thin and wispish. The beard was no longer long, broad, and matted, but short, spare, and grizzled. The cheeks were yellowishly pale, the eyes deep, the whole aspect of the countenance was aged and ascetic. This was the Shylock which Edgar Cameron painted a few months later.

In Boston, one morning, he acted Shylock to an audience of one. He was playing at the Colonial and Ada Rehan was playing at the Majestic. The two theatres faced on different streets, but their stage doors were approached by the same passage. The morning after Mansfield's reappearance as Shylock they met here on their way to rehearsal.

In her hand Miss Rehan held a newspaper with an account of Mansfield's performance the night before. "How I wish I could have been there!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen your Shylock, and I so wish I might."

"Then, if you can spare the time, you shall now," he replied.

They turned together into the Colonial stage door and to Miss Rehan was given the seat of honour at the prompter's table. The rehearsal of "King Richard III" was abandoned, and instead Mansfield and his company acted the Shylock scenes from "The Merchant of Venice," though without scenery or costumes, to their distinguished audience of one.

The Monday of the second week was devoted to his reappearance as Richard III, and that night his nerves betrayed him as they never did before or after. After the two performances, Saturday, he had rehearsed Richard III all day and night Sunday and all day Monday. When it came time for his entrance as Gloster, Monday evening, he appeared and began his scene, but presently, after a pause, he looked up at the audience and said, with pathetic weariness: "It's no use. I can't do it. I'm too tired. The words won't come." Then he crept off the stage.

The effect on both players and audience was electric. No one said a word, but the suspicion in every one's mind was conveyed by silent glances. In a moment the curtain fell.

He went to his dressing-room and threw himself on a chair. He was a man to whom, at such times, it was impossible to offer either sympathy or assistance. Everybody and everything was at an ominous stand-still for ten interminable minutes. No one knew what to do or what to say. Finally he raised his head, drew himself up, and returned silently to the stage with a signal to the stage manager to raise the curtain. He finished the scene securely, and rose as the evening progressed to his accustomed heights in this character. It was the only time in his life that his memory succumbed to the tax he put on his vital energies.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS SHYLOCK

From an oil painting by Edgar Cameron

He altered the "business" of Richard in two instances in this revival. One was to omit the opening soliloquy "Now is the winter of our discontent." Up to this time he had a significant effect with the prayer-book when he enters between two monks on the gallery at the head of the stairs before the crown is offered him in Crosby Palace. The Lord Mayor calls attention to him in this line: "See, where he stands between two clergymen!" and Buckingham continues:

> Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
> To stay him from the fall of vanity:
> And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
> True ornaments to know a holy man.

Gloster's attention appears to be piously riveted on the prayer-book, but the moment the others shift their glance he turns the prayer-book around. It pointed the Duke's hypocrisy neatly.

At supper, one evening, after the play, some one remarked on the cleverness of the point. "Mere business," replied Mansfield. "Any one could make that point. There is no acting required." The next time he played the part he put all the hypocrisy in his manner, he acted it, and omitted the "business" of the upside-down prayer-book, nor did he ever restore it.

His Richard performance lasted from eight o'clock until half-past eleven. "Yet," he wrote me, "papers complain that my version is a merciless 'cut' from the original text. I am thinking of adding this note to my advertisements: 'On Saturday evening, the 28th, the entire tragedy of "Richard III," by William Shakespeare, will be presented by Richard Mansfield and his company. The parts will be read. The performance will commence at 7.45 sharp

and will terminate Sunday morning approximately at 5 A.M.'"

These two Shakespearian rôles revealed the authority he had at last acquired with the public. When first acted, both were treated with consideration by thoughtful people, but neither drew large audiences. Now they were towers of strength in his repertoire, and neither was henceforth played to fewer people than the theatre would hold. Critical praise of them was unreserved, yet he insisted that the quality of his performance of each rôle was essentially what it had been when he played it years before. He planned to act "The Merchant of Venice" at least once without scenery, before dark draperies and in dialect as he believed it should be played. But it came to naught. When he disclosed this plan one evening in Chicago, James O'Donnell Bennett called his attention to a passage from Schlegel:

"Shylock is everything but a common Jew, he possesses a strongly marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a slight touch of Judaism in everything he says or does. We almost fancy we can hear a light whisper of the Jewish accent in the written words, such as we still find sometimes in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil moments all that is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible, but in passion the national stamp comes out more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express."

"That's precisely the whole substance of the matter," exclaimed Mansfield, "I am often tempted to broaden and deepen the slight touch of accent I give certain words in Shylock's mouth into a pronounced dialect. That would be appropriate. It would enrich the colouring of the rôle,

and it would intensify what is most important in defining the man—his utter aloofness from the social code under which his life is lived. He is an alien in his mental attitude, in his speech, and in his conduct. Therein lies the pathos of the situation, and the more firmly you accentuate his forlorn aloofness the more truly you present a tragic embodiment. Shylock's fourth word upon his first entrance suggests a foreign accent. 'Three thousand ducats,' he says, and adds 'Well.' Some actors have said 'Well?' in the manner of an interrogatory exclamation. I think it is a very positive declaration, as though he said 'Very good' or 'It is well.' Shakespeare probably had in mind the Italian '*bene*,' and so I choose to come down heavily upon the word, and utter it as if denoting complacent satisfaction with the proposition of the Merchant. This single word may be spoken in a manner to indicate at once the money-lender's alien accent. When I played Shylock as a boy at Derby I gave him the full measure of the accent, I now only suggest."

Mr. Bennett in recounting this wrote: "Mr. Mansfield then ran through Shylock's first long speech in the manner in which it might be spoken to intensify this idea of its complete foreignness. The utterances were amazingly rapid, the tone nasal, the shrugs and bendings frequent. All the vowels were lengthened and the 'd's' became 't's,' as, for example, 'My meaning in saying he ees a goot man ees to have you understand me that he ees suffeecient.' 'Tripolis' became 'Treepolis,' and the accounting of the perils of the deep fairly tumbled from his lips in a rush of cadenced syllables, crackling consonants, and rotund, melodious vowels—'There be land ratz and vatter ratz, vatter tieves and land tieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of vatters, vinds, and rocks. The man ees

notvithstanding, suffeecient?' Before the listener was the embodiment of a fluent, emphatic, obsequious Jewish money-lender, who, though he was obsequious, was deeply intent upon driving his bargain, and who set forth its various phases of possible loss with all the positiveness that sharp downright accent here and a stern rolling emphasis there could bestow. And not the least wonderful feature of the reading was that, though it was in dialect, it was not grotesque."

Then Mansfield referred to his suggestions of alien birth and speech in other rôles: "I tried in my embodiment of Napoleon to differentiate the Corsican from the Frenchmen about him by throwing into my speech the hint of a foreign accent. Afterward I learned that Napoleon did actually speak French with a pronounced accent. Now, what could have impelled me to employ the suggestion of an accent in the first place? Sometimes these impulses to do a certain thing in portraying an historical character turn out to be almost uncannily accurate.

"The first evening I played 'Ivan the Terrible' I sat down at my dressing-table to make up with a full, flowing beard. But I put aside the material at the last moment and indicated the Tzar's beard and the locks on his head with a few straggling hairs—as though his beard had been eaten away by moths. Among those who came on the stage after the play was a traveller who had seen the portrait of Ivan that is in the Kremlin at Moscow. The traveller said: 'Your make-up is an amazingly accurate duplicate of the Kremlin portrait of Ivan I saw last summer, and it is a likeness said to have been painted in the Tzar's lifetime.'

"In the last act of 'Ivan the Terrible' there is a moment in which for no reason except that it seems a perfectly

natural thing to do, I make the monarch's progress across the stage break into a little, swift, pattering run, almost like a child's. Since that bit of acting was introduced into this rôle a famous American physician has told me that that eccentricity of locomotion is a phase of the nervous and physical decay of which Ivan IV is supposed to have died. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' In Hamlet's dictum, it seems to me, is some sort of explanation of these little instinctive returns to the actual in a player's treatment of an historical figure."

Mansfield's communicativeness about his characters on this occasion was unusual. He rarely explained himself. He was now studying Molière's "The Misanthrope," yet no one dared mention it to him. In good time he would say when he expected to act it, and the production would be made ready but without one word from him about his interpretation of Alceste. The evolution of a character in Mansfield's mind remained unexplained. He retired into what Pater called "mystic isolation." Like Rossetti, he became "A racked and tortured medium." But when he came to rehearsal, even to the first, it was with full possession of the new character, just as later, when he went on the stage to give the character to the audience, it had full possession of him.

His performance of a rôle—even of those which he retained in his repertoire from his early successes—whether in comedy or tragedy, was to him a sacred work, almost sacramental. He was first in the theatre, never less than two and sometimes three hours before his first entrance. This time he spent in the seclusion of his dressing-room.

But the preparation did not begin there. In the afternoon he took a long walk. When he returned he would

see no visitors, none of his household, and his servants attended him in silence. He ate a light repast at five o'clock with a book for company at table. Then he retired to his own apartment for a short nap and a bath, and rode away in his unbroken silence to the theatre. At this hour he wore an old great-coat with cape, a slouch hat well down over his eyes, and a muffler over the lower half of his face. He made it imperative that the carriage be draughtless.

And so into the dressing-room. When the call came for his entrance and he emerged from his room a metamorphosis had taken place. It was not the actor who went upon the scene, it was the character. By some process, and it has been called self-hypnotism, he became the person he was playing.

He carried the manner to and from and into his dressing-room. He acted the rôle all the evening on and off the scene, and it fell away from him only as he put aside the trappings and emerged from the dressing-room his own self bound for home. He preferred not to see any one during a performance. The nights he played certain characters it was inviting trouble to attempt to bring him out of the character with disassociated topics, however important in themselves.

When he played Brummell he was courtesy itself, but disorder, untidiness, or any offences to the five senses were met with the high-bred resentment of the Beau. Nothing disturbed him on Baron Chevrial night, his mind was on Rosa and Marcelle and the effect he was to produce on them; nothing else mattered. He was equally independent of extraneous conditions when he acted Bluntschli and Dudgeon. There was always a cloud over the stage on Richard, Ivan, and Hyde nights. Undis-

tracted, all went well, but disorder, inattention, wrong lights were met in the spirit of the imperious characters who had possession of him.

No critics knew half so well as he how much the effects produced in the early acts of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" depended on the lights. He never went on the stage for the transformations that he was not in an agony of apprehension lest the effect be spoiled. This apprehension stimulated his imagination and he grew to suspecting always that the lights were wrong, so that "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" nights became the same terror to him and all about him on the stage, though for a different reason, that they were to audiences. He often said that on these nights he suffered actual martyrdom. The part was not long. Yet such was his distress that repeatedly he declared that he could not live through Hyde another night. In these last years he acted it only when the other pieces of the repertoire were overplayed. This performance had a remarkable hold on the public, and it held the record for attendance and receipts in nearly every theatre in which it was acted. It drew to the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the oldest theatre in America, the record audience since it was opened in 1806.

After a night of Jekyll and Hyde he usually saw no one and supped alone. His friend, "Jack" Lincoln, had this in mind on the last night of Mansfield's Chicago run this winter of 1904–1905, when he was invited to come to have a farewell supper, and pleaded an indisposition, adding that he was coming to see him play, however. Mansfield gave finality to the invitation with this note: "Caro mio Jacko: I think if you are well enough to see Jekyll and Hyde you are well enough to see me—and if I can endure playing Jekyll and Hyde I can stand seeing you."

When he reached Philadelphia in November of this season he found an acute situation between the theatres and the newspapers. Each group had combined against the other. The editors finally placed the whole matter of theatrical mention on the basis of advertising, and the manager who spent the most money on advertising received the longest criticism (not necessarily the most favourable), and it was given precedence over the others. Mr. Wright Lorimer was acting David in "The Shepherd King" at the time and as he began his Philadelphia engagement the same evening as Mansfield, his manager multiplied the customary advertising space many times and had the satisfaction of seeing his star lead the column in two papers with Mansfield tagging on.

Mansfield understood the commercialised situation, but, in an amusing letter to Mrs. Mansfield that day, pretended that "biblical drama" had captured the country, and if he expected to maintain his position of preëminence he would at once have to provide himself with a biblical repertoire. He submitted the following as likely to "draw":

MR. MANSFIELD
next week will appear in a series of
GREAT BIBLICAL CHARACTERS.

Monday and Saturday evenings—*Mr. Mansfield as Solomon.*

On this occasion all King Solomon's wives and concubines will appear (by arrangement with E. E. Rice).

Tuesday Evening—*Mr. Mansfield as Absalom.*

Mr. Mansfield will hang by his hair from a tree during an entire act. One performance only. (Mr. Mansfield will use his own hair.) Note: As this performance cannot be repeated, there will be a slight increase in the price of seats.

Wednesday Evening—*Mr. Mansfield as Nebuchadnezzar.*
Mr. Mansfield in this extraordinary impersonation will, at the close of the play, crawl on all fours and eat grass and other vegetables.

Thursday evening and Saturday Matinée—*Mr. Mansfield as Moses.*
This play opens with the bull-rushing episode and concludes happily with the advent of the Golden Calf.

Friday Evening—*Jonah and the Whale.*
Mr. Mansfield's first appearance as Jonah. This play finally removes all doubt as to why the whale objected to Jonah.

The custom of playing his New York engagements when the opera season had waned, which was established in 1904, was followed thereafter without exception. This spring of 1905 he reappeared at the New Amsterdam Theatre on Monday evening, March 20, and changed the bill nightly for the first three weeks.

The acclaim with which he was received was beyond words. The neglected Richard III and Shylock were now the inspiration of the greatest enthusiasm. One evening, after he had been called before the curtain for the tenth time, he turned wearily toward his dressing-room to find Emma Thursby and her sister at the door. The light of a peculiar pleasure shone through the mask of King Richard. As he grasped the hand of this pet of his mother, he thought of her whom he would have liked best of all to have witness these triumphs, in spite of her declaration, "see that boy of mine making a fool of himself," or her withdrawal of his allowance when she heard he was "an entertainer in London."

"What do you suppose my mother would think of me now? Do you think she'd be pleased?" But before Miss Thursby could answer, his eye twinkled and he con-

tinued: "But she would spend all my money for bric-a-bracs!"

"The Misanthrope" was now ready, and it was acted the fourth Monday evening, April 10,[1] and throughout that week. Mansfield had no illusion about the possible popularity of the Molière classic. He presented it for the pure joy of acting Alceste, for the satisfaction of adding Molière's name to his repertoire, and as a gratuitous thank-offering to his public. This was the first time that a comedy by Molière had been acted on an American stage in English by professional artists. A comedy founded on "Le Malade Imaginaire" and called "The Hypochondriac" had been acted occasionally in an early period of the American theatre. The translation of "Le Misanthrope" by Katharine Prescott Wormeley was used.

The performance in every character and every detail provided an intellectual and artistic occasion of pure joy. How he did work on everybody and on everything with the pains of Fragonard on a panel! What intelligent response from the artists! What a delightful ripple of appreciative merriment all the evening long from the audience! And the critics responded with praise that crowned his high intention and execution. It was even more popular than he had anticipated, though it was designed essentially for the few.

[1] The cast was:

Alceste	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Philinte	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Oronte	Mr. Leslie Kenyon.
Célimène	Miss Eleanor Barry.
Eliante	Miss Irene Prahar.
Arsinoé	Miss Gertrude Gheen.
Acastë	Mr. Morton Selton.
Clitandre	Mr. Arthur Berthelet.
Basque	Mr. Hamilton Coleman.
Dubois	Mr. Henry Wenman.
An officer	Mr. Francis D. McGinn.
A Maid	Miss Mildred Morris.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS ALCESTE

Célimène's salon was an exquisite white and gold reproduction of an architectural print of a Louis XIII salon by Meissonier. Mansfield found it when a boy in Tottenham Court Road, London, and had kept it all these years in sheer admiration of its delicate formal beauties. It hung in his bedroom for many years before he died. As Molière had himself acted Alceste, Mansfield made up after the familiar portraits of the French dramatist and comedian.

The character of Alceste had made a profound appeal to Mansfield's sense both of humour and of life. It has been called the mental autobiography of Molière, and those who knew Mansfield had no difficulty in reading him into the character. The misapprehension of the world made both men cynical. Both drove their relentless way regardless of cost, believing in their own point of view so implicitly they could not conceive of any other. Alceste was a man of radical temperament, extreme earnestness, delicate sensibilities, rugged honesty, and a mental focus so direct as to bring him under the indictment of eccentricity. Mansfield was all these. Unconsciously, perhaps, this analogy begot a sympathy which gave remarkable verisimilitude to Mansfield's characterisation, and he added grace, distinction, courtliness, a piquant charm, and an appealing humanity in his performance of the rôle. From all quarters there were hearty acknowledgments, not less of the fresh evidence of his scholarly penetration and facile technique, than of the happy issue of his renewed effort to elevate the standards of the stage of which he was now the acknowledged leader.

The approach of his thirteenth wedding anniversary showed again that signs, omens, and dreams all had their

influence on Mansfield. He allowed his "intuitions" to guide him in most important crises. "Something tells me," was frequently on his lips. He was especially susceptible to the traditional superstitions of the theatre. The appearance of a black cat on the stage gave him comfort. He would not allow an umbrella to be raised in the theatre, and a quotation from Macbeth quite upset him. The "tag," or last line, of a play was never spoken at rehearsal. If it was his speech, he would read to the last line and conclude quite seriously with his finger to his lips: "And the rest is a secret."

He often cited coincidences in his experience like the dream years before in London in which he saw D'Oyly Carte's secretary coming for him; and here is another strange experience as written by his own hand, but without date:

"The strain of two performances had left me in a state of almost intolerable mental excitement. I returned to my room in this nervous condition and threw myself on a sofa in order to relax. Try as I would, however, I could not shake off the obsession of a character I was studying at the time—that of an educated, intelligent man who was goaded by a train of almost fatal circumstances to commit a series of brutal murders. While I was revolving the psychological problem of how far this man was responsible for his deeds and to what extent he was the victim of circumstances, the door which I had locked suddenly opened, and the most hideous man I had ever seen boldly entered. He was ghastly pale, with a long, black beard, and wore a heavy fur coat.

"Before I could spring to my feet this phantom had vanished, and upon examining the door I found it securely fastened. For days I could not shake off the effects of

this uncanny visitation, although I had attributed it to a nightmare.

"A few evenings later I visited the slums in search of local colour for the part, and upon returning to the business district of the city I was attracted to a wax figure museum. Almost involuntarily I was seized with a desire to enter. The proprietor told me it was about closing time and he could not admit me, but by feeing him I was permitted to go in. I visited the various exhibitions, and finally entered the chamber of horrors. To my consternation the first wax figure that struck my eye was that of my uncanny visitor. Feature for feature it was the same. There were the repulsive ugliness, the ghastly pallor, the long, black beard, and even the heavy fur coat.

"'That,' said the proprietor, 'is the effigy of a well-known murderer. Some people thought he was the victim of circumstances, but his crimes were so numerous and so cold-blooded that he suffered the death penalty.'

"As he proceeded to enumerate the crimes I experienced a cold perspiration. They were almost identical with those committed by the hero of the drama I had been studying at the time of the ghostly visitation.

"To this day I cannot decide whether the case was an odd mixture of nightmare and coincidence or whether it was a psychological example of thought producing spiritual manifestation."

As the day of the anniversary approached, Mrs. Mansfield filled the house with young guests and a dinner and party were arranged. To console him, everyone hunted up good omens and charms, and after dinner he submitted cheerfully to the most absurd incantations and devices for driving off bad luck.

The health of the "bride and groom" were proposed by Augustus Tyler, with a Southerner's gallantry to his own lady in the reservation of the first line:

Here's to the sweetest woman in the world,
Bar one;
And here's to the greatest actor in the world;
Bar none.

Mansfield found much pleasure in the letters and telegrams and verses of good wishes, but his especial comfort was a sonnet, written for the occasion by Vivian Burnett, and entitled "Recompense":

To scorn eternal from his natal day
Poor luckless Thirteen seemed by fate consigned,
In every breath denied by Humankind,
By brother numbers shunned at work or play.
I never saw him, but his cheeks, ash gray,
And tears that did his dumb eyes nearly blind,
And furrowed brow and quivering lip combined
The pinch of his heart's anguish to betray—
But once.

This morn I found him radiant-faced
(His dimpling mouth did Pleasure's self possess),
Enthroned 'midst flattering brothers crowded thick,
"Full recompense," cried he to me, "I taste,
'Tis mine to mark a year of happiness
That Hymen grants to Beatrice and Dick.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

(1905–1906)

A summer of illness—"Don Carlos"—Poetical embellishments—More addresses—Discipline on the stage—As to productions—Creating a rôle—"Acting acting"—Acting in every-day life—A warning from his physicians—San Francisco under difficulties—Triumph—Christmas on the train—Bernhardt offers him her Paris theatre—Announces his last years on the stage.

After Molière, Schiller. And at this time with peculiar appositeness, for 1905 was the centenary of the poet's death. The choice narrowed to Wallenstein and Don Carlos. Mansfield would have preferred to act the stout warrior, but he believed there would be no interest in the epic. It was well enough to do the fine thing occasionally, as in "The Misanthrope," in disregard of all considerations but art, but such experiments are not only expensive in themselves, but in their reaction. He believed vastly more people would be interested in "Don Carlos." On this play his final decision fell, and it was announced for the autumn.

This was one of the productions in the preparation of which his wishes could have reached his manager by no less subtle means than telepathy. Up to a month before the first night Mr. Stevens could get nothing from him either by letter or by going to New London beyond an indefinite: "Go ahead, you know what's wanted." Added

to this was his own indecision about doing the play at all. One day a letter would come directing his manager to rush everything, only to be followed twenty-four hours later by a telegram to stop work till further instructions. Three different times the preparations were started and stopped. The final decision to present the play was reached so late that the order for the scenery was parcelled out to five studios in order to have it finished in time.

Like fever-born Rodion this Spanish Prince was the child of distress. Mansfield was ill all through the summer and resisted an operation to the end. He had to submit, however, and the opening of his season was postponed a fortnight. After ten days he came to New York and began rehearsals, but with much suffering. Again the opening of the season was postponed, and for the second time he submitted himself to the surgeon. His vitality was remarkable, and in a few days more he was back at work with his accustomed vigour. But from that time on he suffered a distress which gradually laid him low. His fortitude was such, however, that his audiences never suspected the effort which those brilliant, unsparing performances cost; nor did even the players at his elbow know at what a price he performed those emotional and physical prodigies, possible only to one of his dynamic personality.

The season was finally announced to open October 30, in Chicago, but a preliminary performance of "Don Carlos" was given at the Valentine Theatre in Toledo, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 27.[1] Mansfield

[1] The cast was:

Philip II, King of Spain	Mr. Fuller Mellish.
Don Carlos, Son of Philip	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Alexander Farnese	Mr. Thomas Mills.
Marquis de Posa	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Duke of Alva	Mr. Leslie Kenyon.
Count Lerma	Mr. Sheridan Block.
Duke of Feria	Mr. Henry Wenman.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS DON CARLOS

constructed his acting version from R. D. Boylan's translation.

He acted "Don Carlos" exclusively in Chicago, and it held a conspicuous position in his repertoire throughout the season. It is a play that invites respect without enthusiasm except in Carlos's torrent of "passionate avowal, apostrophe, eulogy, lament, defiance, and despairing anguish" over the body of his murdered friend, Posa. Mansfield's ample and diversified dramatic powers were only partially elicited up to this point, for until then the character is presented in moments of restraint. At this moment of tragic crisis, however, his youthful features were illumined, "the choler of the eternal cosmic passions" swept through his voice, and he manifested a dignity, depth, power, and diversity of feeling which never failed to stir the deepest emotions and highest enthusiasms of an audience. Here he exemplified the saying of the French philosopher: "Genius is a question of a quarter of an hour." But this refers to expression only. The art in the performance of that one scene crystallised the study, training, experience, and suffering of a lifetime.

In the last moment of the play, as the hooded Inquisitors pushed the young Prince to his death, Mansfield's mask of terror and his impassioned constraint stimulated the imagination to a haunting sense of the agony awaiting him. With this tragic note suggested, but not denoted,

Duke of Medina Sidonia	Mr. Sydney Mather.
Don Raymond de Taxis	Mr. Ernest Warde.
Domingo, Confessor to the King	Mr. Clarence Handyside.
The Grand Inquisitor	Mr. Walter Howe.
Page to the Queen	Miss Margaret Kilroy.
Elisabeth de Valois	Miss Florence Rockwell.
Duchess d'Olivarez	Miss Vivian Bernard.
Marchioness de Mondecai	Miss Nora Dunblane.
Princess Eboli	Miss Eleanor Barry.
Countess Fuentes	Miss Adelaide Nowak.

Ladies of the Court, Pages, Officers, Soldiers, etc.

by Schiller, the play ended. Mansfield had conceived a further poetic addition which was not even rehearsed. He had opened the first act in the flowery gardens of Aranjuez with a game of racquets among a number of the Queen's pages, who are driven away by the approach of Elizabeth and her suite. It was a spirited picture of youth, beauty, and gayety. Mansfield's intention for the end of the play, defeated by the great length of the performance without further embellishments, was that, after the procession of Inquisitors had disappeared with the doomed Prince, into the shadows of the night, the music of the dead march should gradually lighten as night disappears before dawn, the birds should break into song, the sun beam its golden radiance over the scene, and the laughing pages rush out of the palace and resume their romp—the tragedy of life eclipsed by the eternal youth of the world.

He had many dreams of this sort which he did not materialise. But how he felt when he did embroider a play, he tells in his own words:[1] "I am wondering all the while whether any one else feels all this—perceives it and likes it—or only imagines the suggestion is there when it is not. I know very well that I often wonder why people do not comprehend what I wish to convey to them without long explanations, and perhaps it's the same with my stage pictures. I generally understand what people are going to say when they *commence* speaking, and in most cases I find listening exceedingly tedious; but I always *do* listen, if I can afford the time, because I have learned how much pleasure they derive from talking."

For this winter an ambitious course of lectures on the drama had been arranged by the University of Chicago,

[1] *Harper's Weekly.*

and Mansfield was invited to open the series during his visit. On November 2, he addressed a vast audience in Orchestra Hall, on "The Art of Talking *versus* the Art of Acting." This address he made the foundation of his talk before the faculty and students of the University of California a fortnight later. On the invitation of Provost Harrison he addressed the faculty and student body of the University of Pennsylvania on "Man and the Actor," while playing in Philadelphia the January following. Certain points in these addresses were digested in the article, "Man and the Actor," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1906. In these talks he gave expressions to characteristic views on his art, and to some comments on life which are literally autobiographic, or may easily be construed as such. He rarely spoke to or wrote for the public that he did not refer to his life-long desire to see in America a theatre independent of financial considerations:

At this moment, it cannot be denied that the stage is drifting somewhat hither and thither. Every breath of air and every current of public opinion impels it first in one direction and then in another. At one moment we may be in the doldrums of the English society drama or we are sluggishly rolling along in a heavy ground swell propelled by a passing cat's paw of revivals of old melodramas. Again we catch a very faint northerly breeze from Ibsen or a southeaster from Maeterlinck and Hauptmann. Sometimes we set our sails to woo that ever-clearing breeze of Shakespeare only to be forced out of our course by a sputter of rain, an Irish mist, and a half squall from George Bernard Shaw, but the greater part of the time the ship of the stage is careering wildly under bare poles with a man lashed to the helm (and let us hope that, like Ulysses, he has cotton wool in his ears) before a hurricane of comic opera!

But while the Press, which is the voice of the public, is finding fault with the condition of the stage, it is perhaps forgotten that the public itself is largely responsible for this condition. There has, ever since I have had the honour and privilege of appearing before American audiences, been this same outcry against the American stage, and there has always been sufficient interest at work to make this outcry, but never sufficient interest to do anything about it, and here is a case of talk *versus* acting. Yet here are some ninety millions of people possessed of the greatest wealth of any nation in the world. It is just as easy to have a national theatre in this country as it is in France or Germany. It is now some seven years since I attended a very delightful function in this very city [Chicago], and being called upon to make some remarks and being totally unprepared, it occurred to me to suggest the establishment of a national theatre. This suggestion was widely discussed at that time by the Press and immediately after forgotten. Since then various eminent persons have stolen my thunder; but neither my thunder nor their echo of it has cleared the air, and to-day the stage of this country—as indeed of England—is in the same unsatisfactory condition. And so we talk and don't act.

We need a recognised stage and a recognised school. America has become too great and its influence abroad too large for us to afford to have recourse to that ancient and easy method of criticism which decries the American and extols the foreign. That is one of those last remnants of colonialism and provincialism which must depart forever.

Reviewing the benefits accruing from an endowed theatre, especially in the training of actors, he declared himself on discipline, which had caused him so much criticism:

The training of the Actor! To-day there is practically none. Actors and actresses are not to be taught by pat-

ting them on the shoulders and saying "Fine! Splendid!" It is a hard, hard school, on the contrary, of unmerciful criticism. And he is a poor master who seeks cheap popularity among his associates by glossing over and praising what he knows to be condemnable. No good result is to be obtained by this method, but it is this method that has caused a great many actors to be beloved, and the public to be very much distressed. The great past masters in any art are, and ever have been, severe critics, not only of others but of themselves, and they spare neither themselves nor others in the betterment of their art. Of course the easiest way to lead an easy life is not to find fault, and an idiot or an oaf is content with things as he finds them. At that rate we should still be in the dark ages. It is he who changes and improves, corrects and creates, who benefits mankind! And my ideal theatre should have the most severe and indefatigable of stage managers.

He felt the inequality of conditions under which Garrick and Siddons, the Keans and Kembles had builded their careers and those which confronted him—the disposition to judge achievements under new conditions by old standards:

Garrick was surrounded by a coterie of delightful spirits, among whom were Samuel Johnson and Goldsmith and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and a dozen others known to you all. The Prince Regent was there every night with a galaxy of art and beauty, and he was glad to give Mr. Garrick his arm or to be tooled down to Twickenham or Richmond on the box seat of Mr. Garrick's coach. To-day the actor may be said to weep his heart out in solitude. Where and from whom can he draw inspiration? In the days of Garrick those men who wrote plays came with bended knee and bated breath and whispering humbleness to beg Mr. Garrick to accept their work. To-day! We look around a vast plain of emptiness, and if upon the

horizon we descry the nebulous figure of a nascient dramatic author pressing to his puling lips a sucking bottle of dramatic buttermilk, we crawl to his feet and implore him to bestow upon us, regardless of cost, one drop of the precious fluid. Can the actor to-day, remaining in one city, produce with any hopes of success one play after the other? . . . Let me tell you that the standard to-day is so much higher, the demand of the public so much greater than in the days of Garrick or Edmund Kean, that a hasty or superficial representation of any one of these men's masterpieces would not be endured. Sir Henry Irving has, alas, just passed away, and the wreath of everlasting fame has been placed upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey by a grateful king and queen and people; but he was not able to produce more than one, or at the outside two, plays in his theatre each season, and even that effort bankrupted him and he died, to all intents and purposes, penniless! The costly productions inaugurated by Charles Kean, Kemble, and Macready, and faithfully improved upon by Irving and Calvert and others, have spoiled the public for anything but the costliest mise en scène, and it is not enough for the actor to study his rôle, but he must be prepared to devise and superintend the construction of a mass of scenery and costumes, of effects of lighting, of the movements of a mob of figurants, and he must have the practical and financial mind to meet the dreadful question of expense! . . . The real work of the stage—of the actor, does not lie there. It is easy for us to busy ourselves, to pass pleasantly our time designing lovely scenes, charming costumes, and all the paraphernalia and pomp of mimic grandeur, whether of landscape or of architecture, the panoply of war, or the luxury of royal courts. That is fun, pleasure, and amusement. That, again, comes under the head of "Talking *versus* acting." No, the real work of the stage lies in the creation of a character. A great character will live forever, when paint and canvas and silks and satins and gold foil and tinsel shall have gone the way of all rags.

But the long, lone hours with our heads in our hands,

the toil, the patient study, the rough carving of the outlines, the dainty, delicate, finishing touches, the growing into the soul of the being we delineate, the picture of his outward semblance, his voice, his gait, his speech, all amount to a labour of such stress and strain, of such loving anxiety and care, that they can be compared only in my mind to a mother's pains. And when the child is born it must grow in a few hours to completion and be exhibited and coldly criticised. How often, how often have those long months of infinite toil been in vain! How often has the actor led the child of his imagination to the footlights only to realise that he has brought into the world a weakling or a deformity which may not live. And how often he has sat through the long nights brooding over the corpse of this dear figment of his fancy! It has become lately customary with many actor managers to avoid these pangs of childbirth. They have determinedly declined the responsibility they owe to the poet and the public, and instead dazzled the eye with a succession of such splendid pictures that the beholder forgot in the surfeit of the eye that feast that should have fed the soul. It is what I am pleased to term "talk *versus* acting."

He had no belief that acting could be taught. "You can teach people how to 'act acting,'" he said, "but you can't teach them 'to act.' Acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting, is acting acting. This is what is generally accepted as acting. A man speaks lines, moves his arms, wags his head, and does various other things—he may even shout and rant; some pull down their cuffs and inspect their finger nails; they work hard and perspire, and *their skin acts*. This is all easily comprehended by the masses and passes for acting, and is applauded; but the man who is actually the embodiment of the character he is creating will often be misunderstood,

be disliked, and fail to attract. Mediocrity rouses no opposition, but strong individualities and forcible opinions make enemies. It is here that danger lies. Many an actor has set out with an ideal, but, failing to gain general favour, has abandoned it for the easier method of winning popular acclaim. . . ."

In telling how inspiration reflects itself in acting he exposed his own method on the stage: "Inspiration only comes to those who permit themselves to be inspired. It is a form of hypnotism. Allow yourself to be convinced by the character you are portraying that you *are* the character. If you are to play Napoleon, and you are sincere and determined to be Napoleon, Napoleon will not permit you to be any one but Napoleon; or Richard III, Richard III; or Nero, Nero, etc. He would be a poor, miserable pretence of an actor who, in the representation of any historical personage were otherwise than firmly convinced, after getting into a man's skin (which means the exhaustive study of all that was ever known about him), that he is living that very man for a few brief hours. And so it is, in another form, with the creation or realisation of the author's—the poet's fancy. In this latter case the actor, the poet-actor, sees and creates in the air before him the being he delineates; he makes him, he builds him during the day, in the long hours of the night he gradually takes being; he is the actor's genius, his slave of the ring, who comes when he calls him; he stands beside him, he envelops him in his ghostly arms; the actor's personality disappears; he is the character. You, you, and you and all of you have the right to object to the actor's creation. You may say this is not your conception of Hamlet or Macbeth or Iago or Richard or Nero or Shylock—but respect his, and who can tell whether he is right or you

are right; he has created them with much loving care; therefore don't sneer at them—don't jeer at them—it hurts! If you have reared a rosebush in your garden and have seen it bud and bloom, are you pleased to have some ruthless vandal tear the flowers from their stem and trample them in the mud? And it is not always our most beautiful children we love the best. The parent's heart will surely warm toward its feeblest child."

The poet, the sculptor and the painter, he declared, might withhold his work till he saw that it expressed the fullest and truest measure of his art. But in acting "the execution must be immediate and spontaneous. The word is delivered, the action is done, and the picture is painted! Can I pause and say: 'Ladies and gentlemen, that is not the way I wanted to do this or to say that. If you will allow me to try again, I think I can improve it'? The most severe critic can never tell me more or scold me more than I scold myself. I have never left the stage satisfied with myself. And I am convinced that every artist feels as I do. . . .

"The race for wealth is so strenuous and all-entrancing, that imagination is dying out, and imagination is necessary to make a poet or an actor! The art of acting is the crystallisation of all arts. It is a diamond in the facets of which is mirrored every art. It is therefore the most difficult of all arts. The education of a king is barely sufficient for the education of a comprehending and comprehensive actor. If he is to satisfy every one, he should possess the commanding power of a Cæsar, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the patience of Job, the face and form of Antinous, and the strength and endurance of Hercules."

Turning, in another vein, from the contemplation of

acting on the stage to the contemplation of acting off the stage, he said: "Mr. Ibsen, in one of his letters, wrote, 'Garb yourself in dignity.' Here we are again. 'Garb yourself in dignity.' Assume dignity. Act the part of dignity. I think Mr. Ibsen is wrong. I would rather he had said: 'Be a child; remain a child!' But, no, we are to appear dignified. We must impress our fellow-men. But we are not likely to impress the Divine Being by our assumption of dignity, and therefore it is to all intents and purposes futile. I think I'd rather play the part of a little child!—what I am in my soul and in spirit and what I shall have to be hereafter in the face of that Terrific Power before which we are all very small children. I think perhaps the professional actor enjoys this advantage that, when he has acted fifty parts or more, and acted and acted and acted out all that is in him and given it every form of expression, the desire to act in his private life is not strong in him, and he is happy to be permitted to be himself and to indulge in being himself without the mask and the buskin and the toga. But so fond are the people of this world of seeing a man act that I have noted, and it would be impossible not to note, the grave disappointment if any personage behaves as an ordinary everyday child at any public function, where he is not called upon for the exercise of his profession. This fact is well known probably to all men in public life, and that is why they dare not indulge in the unveilment of themselves. I have no doubt that if *I* had appeared before you to-day with a thick, black curl over my brow and the rest of my hair floating over my collar, with a long, pale face and brooding eyes, with an absent-minded air as if I were communing with the spirits of all the departed poets, I should have made a much greater impression upon you than I

do in these clothes which convention compels me to wear, and with the expression on my face of a child that is badly scared. Which I am. Dignity! If I had my way I would ask you to come with me into the country—into some green field, and be allowed to sit on a fence and dangle my legs while I whittled a stick or pared an apple, and discussed these matters with you. And as you would, as you probably now are, be soon very tired of this—somebody might pipe a tune and we could dance and sing and be children. Instead of which I shall walk home with terrific dignity and grow old in my bones and stiff in my joints, and condemn myself to an early grave by dint of acting not only on the stage but off."

From Chicago, in this autumn of 1905, Mansfield went almost direct to San Francisco, and his engagement there was accomplished under circumstances that gave him a triumph in proportion to his anxiety. En route westward he played the first four evenings of the last week in Denver, and on Friday afternoon he acted Shylock. The audience expressed an unusual compliment. On that afternoon the high schools and some of the upper grades of the grammar schools were dismissed so that the pupils might see Mansfield's performance. The Broadway Theatre was packed up and down with merry, eager, and demonstrative school-boys and girls. Mansfield was touched and played with all his heart and soul. He had rarely spoken before the curtain during the ten years passed, but after the trial scene, he removed the make-up of Shylock, appeared *in propria persona*, and addressed the pupils in feeling terms. When he left the theatre he found nearly the whole audience in the street about the stage door, and they cheered him as he was driven to his car.

The special train departed at seven o'clock and was scheduled to arrive in San Francisco Sunday evening at the same hour. He left Denver in high spirits, and nearly every meal en route was the occasion of a party in his car, to which members of the company were invited.

From the time his return to San Francisco was announced, inquiries and bookings poured in so fast that it became apparent that a theatre twice the size of the Columbia would be none too large. The Grand Opera House stood on a street next east from Market, around the corner from the Call Building—this was the November before the earthquake and fire. It was one of the noblest theatres in America and held about 4,000 people. Mansfield was independent of any party lines in theatrical interest, so that, although the Grand Opera House was not associated as the Columbia Theatre was, with a syndicate, his engagement was transferred to this larger house.

His special train was five hours late, and it was nearly one o'clock Monday morning when the ferry carried him across the Bay. He found himself preceded by one of those unfounded slanders which were not new to his experience. The newspapers on Sunday blazed with the report telegraphed from Denver that he had discharged all his principal artists and left half the company in the Colorado capital. Denials are never of avail once the seed is sown. His answer to canards was silence.

When he reached his apartments his secretary brought his telegrams and letters. His first interest was that never-failing message of love and assurance which came to him on electric wings from his wife and boy; and his answer. Then he cut the envelopes, one after another,—notes of welcome from old friends, invitations, requests

for autographs and photographs and charity, and the other miscellanies of his varied mail. He stood by the table talking the while. Presently a letter caught his attention. He read it through carefully, and the colour appeared to leave his face as he tossed it on the table, and turned to a window at the other end of the room. "There, read that," he said, and stepped between the parted curtains and affected to be watching the night.

The letter was from the chief of the consulting specialists he had summoned in Chicago for an expert opinion on the illness which distressed him. It was the conscientious report of a surgeon who uses his pen like a scalpel, cruelly, to be kind. The letter can be repeated only from memory, but its contents were practically this: "The years you have suffered from indigestion have weakened your constitution to a critical point. You have worked immoderately all your life on your nerves until these, too, from sickness are rebellious. Unless you give up your work and rest absolutely, we cannot promise that your condition will not immediately become acute, and perhaps with results that will be fatal."

If the canard from Denver had any effect on the people of San Francisco, they graciously concealed it. The audience on Monday night packed every corner of the huge opera house and cheered him at every opportunity. On his part he concealed the chagrin he felt at the heedless printing of such reports as well as he did the effect of the doctor's message with its alternative of sacrificing his career or himself. Not so two of the writers on dramatic subjects. Hushed in their pursuit of the lie about the discharged players by the appearance of every member of the original cast as in Chicago, the feeling of bitterness aroused by the story in the first instance or of dis-

appointment that another of the sensational stories about Mansfield had disproved itself without rousing him to a reply, evidently caused them to attack his acting, his company (for discharging which they had before attacked him!), his choice of play, his production—everything. On Tuesday night Mansfield acted Shylock, on Wednesday Brummell, on Thursday King Richard—they flayed them all.

On Tuesday afternoon, by previous invitation from President Wheeler and the Faculty, Mansfield crossed the bay to Berkeley, and addressed the students of the University of California. The demonstration was extraordinary, and perhaps it was significant. As the attacks continued, however, the reaction began to manifest itself. Letters came by the hundred, and people called personally to repudiate the attacks, assuring him that the citizens of San Francisco felt humiliated that a great artist should honour them with such expressions of his genius and suffer the libels which had been put upon him. On Thursday a committee from the Bohemian Club called and invited him to be a guest of the club at a banquet the following Monday night, that they might give expression to their appreciation of him. The same day the Faculty of the University of California sent representatives to say that the humiliation was not his but theirs, and if he would be their guest at a supper they would not ask him again to cross to Berkeley, but would come in a body to San Francisco. There were other invitations for public entertainments in his honour, but he accepted only these two: the Bohemian Club for the following Monday night, and the Facutly of the University of California for his last night in San Francisco, Saturday, December 2.

By Thursday night of the first week the public seemed

RICHARD MANSFIELD

One of his latest pictures

thoroughly aroused, and the thousands who crowded the Grand Opera House interrupted the play on his first entrance and rose and cheered him with a heartiness which moved him so that he could not begin for some minutes. These demonstrations continued through the evening and were repeated every night during his engagement. It is rare that a succession of such vast audiences and a continuation of such enthusiasm greet an artist.

On the second Monday he played "The Misanthrope" for the first time in San Francisco. He offered it only once, and it had been counted on as the weak night of the season, but he gave it as a gratuitous offering to the few who might care to see a Molière comedy. Again the theatre was filled. Next day the two recalcitrant writers capitulated. There was unqualified and unanimous praise for Alceste, which was declared to be the most remarkable characterisation he had given. The day was won. There was only eulogy in the papers from then until he left the city, after playing to larger receipts than he ever played to, before or after, in his entire career. After the management of the theatre received its percentage and after all salaries and current expenses were paid, Mansfield's individual remuneration averaged $2,000 for each of his fourteen appearances in San Francisco.

It had, nevertheless, been a most anxious and fatiguing fortnight for all concerned. The first week Mansfield gave three revivals for the first time that season. On the second Monday he played "The Misanthrope" for the first time in eight months. Recovery was difficult to him in a rôle which, like conversational Alceste, depends on words and words and words. He wrote me next day: "'The Misanthrope' was an immense success! Unexpectedly so—but I had to lie on my back *all day* with a

book in my hand to accomplish it!" The artists had rehearsed faithfully, and every one about the theatre had contributed without a murmur his fullest energy. Mansfield's thanks were not given cheaply, probably because he felt that others should, as he did, get their greatest satisfaction in work well done from their own consciousness. But it was not that appreciation was lacking. Often he permitted himself a demonstration. This was especially true of holidays which carried all their sentiment to him. Thursday of the second week in San Francisco was Thanksgiving. After the play the stage was transformed into a banquet room and his guests were every one connected with the theatre or his company. He thanked them all by name for their contribution to the success of the engagement and "ruled the kingdom of the revel."

The remainder of the tour, with the New York engagement at the close of the opera season, was one continuous triumph. In every city the theatre might have been filled twice over. The cordiality of the press was unreserved. Public deference to the man, apart from the actor, as one of the leading figures of the Republic, was shown him in nearly every city.

Mansfield always made much of Christmas, but this year the celebration was somewhat unusual. December 25 began the week in New Orleans, and the week preceding was spent on the special train en route east from Los Angeles. He did not need the long days of travel over the desert to remind him of his heart sickness for the wife and boy in the home on the Sound.

He had sent a wonder-box from San Francisco "to be opened on Christmas morning." But his big family of travelling companions was not forgotten, for the private

car was littered with mysterious packages. A party was his own affair and he allowed no one to help him. All this week as the train bowled along he sorted the gifts and wrote the inscriptions and verses. In Houston, Thomas, the steward, was commissioned to smuggle a tree aboard with all the candles and silver angels and gold strands and coloured balls and pop-corn strings he could find.

The last leg of the trip was made into New Orleans on Christmas Eve. Early in the day an order was sent forward: "Mr. Mansfield wishes every one to vacate the car next his." There was, of course, much grumbling at this fresh evidence of eccentricity.

As the train crossed into Louisiana another order was carried forward: "Mr. Mansfield wishes to meet every one in the car next his." He came himself for Ory Dimond, the little girl who acted the Duke of York in "King Richard III" and little Pearl in "The Scarlet Letter." The car was darkened and at one end was Thomas lighting the last candle on a gala Christmas tree. When Ory and the others had their presents, the chef and his boy brought in a bowl of hot Christmas grog, and tray after tray of sandwiches, pastries, and cakes; and as the engine pounded out its fifty miles an hour, there was a right merry party, till the ominous silence outside announced that the train was on the ferry crossing the waters of the Mississippi into New Orleans.

Madame Bernhardt was touring in America this winter of 1905–1906. Many agreeable messages passed between her and Mansfield, but their paths did not cross until they reached Pittsburg in January. The rival engagements of "The Divine Sarah" and "Richard the Magnificent" were made much of by the press of the entire country, with the usual silly fictions. In Pittsburg, each dined the

other with gracious amenities, and the French actress attempted to persuade Mansfield that a triumph awaited him in Paris. She offered him the courtesy of her theatre with its resources if he would come. Shortly afterward an invitation was extended to him to play a London season of his long repertoire during 1907–1908. Had he accepted this proposition he would undoubtedly have made it a part of his plan to cross the Channel and appear at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt.

On one occasion, later this winter, he even indulged in political prophecy. While he was in Detroit the Chamber of Commerce entertained the Secretary of War, William H. Taft. Up to this time Mr. Taft had been spoken of for the Supreme Bench, but not for the Presidency. A place was held for Mansfield next the guest of honour. He was playing "Don Carlos" that night and was somewhat late in reaching the banquet room. Congressman Bede was speaking as he entered, but graciously discontinued while the assembly cheered the actor, nor would he resume until Mansfield had responded to the calls for a speech. He was nervous and hesitating, as always when caught off his guard, but after a moment he regained his self-possession and concluded with the hope that Mr. Taft would soon be in the White House. The sentiment was taken up and applauded with an energy that was significant.

If the reception of "The Misanthrope" in San Francisco was a surprise, so, too, was its reception in Boston. Elsewhere he did not allow himself to hope for popularity for either Moilère's comedy or the character of Alceste except from the discerning few. Boston was really in his heart when he prepared the little classic for the stage. Continually he repeated "Wait till we play 'The Misan-

thrope' in Boston." He played it on his second night in the Colonial Theatre, and anticipated such a response from his appeal to culture and learning that he would be obliged to repeat it several times the second week instead of other offerings of less æsthetic quality. The sequel was anything but what he had planned. The theatre was not more than half full to see Molière's play, the apathy of the audience was marked, and the reviews next day did not reflect a different attitude. It stung him first to disappointment and then to resentment. He made up his mind, and so announced, that he would never play in Boston again. How long he would have abided by this decision cannot, of course, be known, but he was firm in his refusal of offers for him to return the next year which were better than he had ever had, and he gave no reason except that he would not again play there. His persistence in this determination had the ring of finality to those who knew him best. It was not uncommon for him to declare, after some untoward incident, "Have we a contract to return to this city next season? Cancel it. I shall never come back here again." But in most instances he soon relented.

Meantime nothing had been said about the letter of the Chicago physician which reached him in San Francisco. His deductions, his emotions, his intentions were for the time locked up in silence. He kept stoutly at work, in no way sparing himself while in the theatre. But each performance wore him more and more, and cost him more and more of his vital resources. His innermost heart spoke in his farewells in California, and later in the East.

Up to this time the future seemed to appear limitless to him. However, in concluding his address at the University of California the day after the letter came, he

said: "Please remember that we have here no King or Queen or Kaiser to confer honours upon the deserving artist or the great author. Remember that to the writer and the artist your praise and appreciation is his sunlight, and that the only place in this land in which he may hope to dwell after he is dead is in your hearts."

In another address before leaving the Pacific Coast, he said: "I would I could lay aside my strenuous occupation and dwell amidst your orange groves and balmy valleys. But, like the Wandering Jew, I am forced onward, never resting, from one place to another, with my pack on my back and my wander staff in my hand."

In returning his thanks to the public for their appreciation he sounded the note of farewell throughout this winter. "I shall act for you only a little longer," he said. "I hope I have earned a rest."

The words of his physicians evidently preyed upon his mind, and in February he placed a definite limit on his public life with the announcement that after three more years he would retire from the stage. Few knew the motive for this determination, but it was founded on that letter, and it was his compromise between immediate surrender and inevitable martyrdom.

"I have never until this moment made known my purpose to abandon my profession, at least active campaigning in it," he said. "For many years I have expended all my physical and intellectual energies on my stage work. My endurance is gradually weakening under the strain. There is no prospect of anything resembling rest unless I drop the work entirely. This I shall do after completing three more tours. This will leave me to begin the year 1910 in my own way.

"I have no fault to find with the public. Far from

that, I have met with such encouragement as few men of any age could boast in this calling. Fortune has held out a cordial hand to me and plenty sits smiling at my board. Applause has followed me in flattering volume from the onset of my stage career. That I have been appreciative of it I most earnestly wish the public to know, and that I shall not abate my industry during the closing years of my stage life. I am wearied beyond measure. There comes a time in every busy man's life when a lull in the hot race seems imperative. That is my conviction, and I shall act upon it."

When he had once fixed his mind on the rest which was to come to him his spirits rose perceptibly. His imagination found a new toy in planning his last three years on the stage and the long, irresponsible vacation that was to come after.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

(1906–1907)

On memorising—Chicago's affection—"Peer Gynt"—Life as a battle —His last Christmas—A midnight rehearsal at New Year's—He concludes his New York engagement by acting the Baron Chevrial—His last words on the stage.

THE surprise occasioned by Mansfield's announcement in the summer of 1906 that his next production would be Henrik Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" showed how little he was understood. When it was hinted that he would make an excursion into Ibsen, the speculation all ran to "Ghosts," "The Master Builder," and "Rosmersholm." The Ibsen that lived for him died when "The Pillars of Society" was written;—Ibsen the poet; Ibsen of "The Vikings of Helgeland," "The Pretenders," "Brand," "Peer Gynt," and "Emperor and Galilean." These were his delights, and it was only after intimate study of these—especially "The Vikings" and "The Pretenders," in the latter he found a strong appeal in both the Archbishop and Haakon —that he resolved on "Peer Gynt."

Ibsen wrote "Peer Gynt" while living in Italy. It was published in Norway, November 14, 1867, and was first acted February 24, 1876, in Christiania. Occasional performances were thereafter given by endowed theatres and societies in Germany, and it was acted once, without scenery, at the Théatre de l'Œuvre, Paris, November 12, 1896. At this time it had never been acted in English.

Mansfield wrote James O'Donnell Bennett: "I have long wanted to present 'Peer Gynt,' because it is one of the world's greatest dramatic poems. Like Goethe's 'Faust,' the character and story of its hero transcend mere nationality. Peer Gynt is every man. As with all supreme works of genius every man can read into it or out of it the story of his own ambitions and the secrets of his own heart. I have found innumerable incentives, ethical and artistic, to present this great play. My interest was especially engaged by the comprehensive character of the theme, which practically embraces the seven ages of man. Keen also was my delight in the varied rôle of Peer with its marked contrasts and shifting impulses. The play is also to be considered from the churchman's point of view, and in respect to the wonderful manner in which Peer Gynt, at first knowing no one but self, grows in cynicism with growing opulence—even remarking that his Creator was not economical—but is at last brought to his knees and to a knowledge and recognition of God by a pure woman.

"In our arrangement of the drama there will be eleven scenes, and they will incorporate, among others, Peer Gynt's fantastical first scene with his mother; the wedding festival where he meets Solveig and steals the bride and carries her into the mountains; his meeting with the green-clad woman; his visit to the troll King; his combat with the troll imps; the declaration of his love for Solveig and her renunciation of the world for Peer; his mother's death; his adventures in foreign lands; his shipwreck; his cross-roads search; his home coming; his final meeting with Solveig and his discovery that the empire that he sought lay in her heart."

Mansfield studied his performance of Peer Gynt on the

water. He found freedom from distraction and the stimulus for his imagination out at sea. Frequently, when he began to compose a character, he would slip out to his yacht in the morning and wing out into the watery solitude. There, all day long with his back to the deck, his face to the sky, alone, he would make himself over into the new personage. It was in this inspiring isolation that he resolved most of his later rôles: King Henry, Beaucaire, Brutus, Karl Heinrich, and Don Carlos, as well as Peer Gynt.

William and Charles Archer's translation of the poem was made the basis of his acting version. In their preface they modestly disclaim literary value for their translation for repetition on the stage. Mansfield realised this too late to secure a new translation. It came to him only in the long days of cramming his head with the interminable lines of the part.

"I know no test of the style of a writer like committing his words," he said. "If my mind takes them readily, then I am sure they are well chosen and there is fluency and power. If, on the contrary, it rejects them, it is because the right words are not in the right place. Memorising is exceedingly difficult to me. My imagination and judgment are always in the way. Indeed, I believe only a mediocre intellect has a quick study, for a keen intelligence and an alert imagination will not accept words for their face value but will go behind them, play with them, invent readings and 'business' and in a thousand vivacious ways refuse to be subdued to the slavery of memorising. I never find this difficulty with lines which are unalloyedly fine; Shakespeare for instance. He finished what he wrote. No mind since could improve on him."

When at last he had made a conquest of his new rôle of

Peer Gynt, the shifting panorama was all painted, Grieg's music was lovingly adjusted to the movement of the drama, the artists had yielded their best endeavour to his months of rehearsal, the dancers had accomplished the hilarity of the wedding romp, the grotesque careering in the troll cavern and the sinuous mazes of Anitra's seductive scene—when the intricacies of the scene of the wild boar, the mountain visions, the prismatic northern lights, and the sea-storm and wreck on that wild night of homecoming had all been accomplished—he put off with his little army of artists and artisans for the great experiment, and Chicago was the destination.

This city worshipped Mansfield with a constancy which touched him profoundly. The whole continent, from ocean to ocean, he brought to his feet, but Chicago he took to his heart. The adulation of every other city gave him grateful pride, but here the early recognition of his genius and the unabated loyalty humbled him. He was their servant. That was the man. He met antagonism and reservation with reservation and contempt: kindness melted him. Underneath all he was a sentimentalist.

From his earliest venturesome visits and throughout that dark middle period of struggle and disappointment he had the unfailing support of Lyman Glover. This sound and graceful writer led the younger enthusiasts in their recognition of Mansfield. When he put down his pen Leslie, Bennett, Nixon, Eastman, Halbert and Hammond closed up the breach with their judicious enthusiasm. These writers understood that the artist works through the emotions as well as through the intellect, that an ounce of loyalty and encouragement is worth a ton of analysis; for art, as Mansfield said, "is like a flower and must be watered and sunned, and cannot be argued into bloom."

The kindness of every one affected him in such a way that he could not endure his car or a hotel in Chicago, for they gave him a transient sense he did not feel. In 1904 he rented a house, and the next year took a lease on a charming suite of rooms designed by George Weinhoeber in Elm Street, and they were kept throughout the year especially for his return. These rooms he stored with beautiful pictures, rare furniture, and art objects, and here more than in any other spot where his little family was not, the gathering of his friends made the cosey sentiment of home. Whenever he returned he found his rooms packed with the flowers he loved, a hundred messages of welcome hidden in the blossoms. The "garb of dignity" fell away and he rushed with the eagerness of a boy to a score of homes where glad greetings awaited him. But he went first to those houses where children were, and planned the box parties of boys and girls which he loved to see in the proscenium corner on Saturday afternoons.

Mansfield reached Chicago only two days before his first appearance in "Peer Gynt," which took place at the Grand Opera House, October 29, 1906. The preceding evening was devoted to a final dress rehearsal, though artists, ballet, and musicians had given five complete scenic performances in New York, without audiences, before going West. There were not more than thirty people in the orchestra stalls for the last rehearsal. Scene followed scene, but from half-past seven in the evening until one o'clock in the morning the handful of auditors sat without response to anything they saw. The rehearsal began with much spirit, but the lethargy of the thirty reached up to the stage and soon the spirit of boredom raised its heavy head on both sides of the footlights.

There were tightening of lips and wagging of heads as the lights went out.

"I suppose we will have to act this to-morrow night," said Mansfield, out of his muffler, to Mr. Stevens as he crossed the dark stage to his carriage, "but Tuesday we must rehearse the repertoire. This will be my worst failure." Encouragement was offered, but his frame of mind was not significant of the probability of successs. Overconfidence was not one of his weaknesses. He was a pessimist about his undertakings, but he did not back his pessimism to the extent of backing down. Had the rehearsal gone well, he would have still said fearfully: "Yes, but wait till to-morrow night." Moreover, there is a superstition in the theatre that dress rehearsals and first nights go by contraries, and Mansfield was superstitious. So after a long Monday spent in the theatre correcting light effects and the movements of the crowds, his return to his dressing-room at six o'clock found the spirit of doubt invigorating every nerve.[1]

[1] The cast of this first performance of "Peer Gynt" follows, and it was not afterward altered in any material instance:

Peer Gynt	Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Ase, his mother	Miss Emma Dunn.
Aslak, the blacksmith	Mr. Damon Lyon.
Mads Moen, the bridegroom	Mr. Cecil Magnus.
His father	Mr. Edwin Caldwell.
His mother	Miss Sydney Cowell.
Solveig	Miss Adelaide Nowak.
Helga, her sister	Miss Ory Diamond.
Their father	Mr. James L. Carhart.
Their mother	Miss Myra Brooke.
The Hegstad farmer	Mr. Walter Howe.
Ingrid, the bride	Miss Adelaide Alexander.
First peasant lad	Mr. Gordon Mendelssohn.
Second peasant lad	Mr. Lawrence C. Toole.
Third peasant lad	Mr. Louis Thomas.
Fourth peasant lad	Mr. Allan Fawcett.
The Master Cook	Mr. Frank Reynolds.
First peasant girl	Miss Evelyn Loomis.
Second peasant girl	Miss Marguerite Lindsay.
Third peasant girl	Miss Isabel Howell.
Fourth peasant girl	Miss Ruby Craven.

The curtain rose to the strains of Grieg's "Morning," and almost immediately Peer and his mother came down the mountain side. There was a roar of welcome lasting minutes. He loved these welcomes, but he dreaded them; "I should rather conquer an audience of enemies," he said, speaking of the applause which greeted his entrances, "than please an audience of friends. The welcome is sweet, but it leaves no margin for surprise. It is kind to be told: 'Through years of acquaintance you have not disappointed. Nothing you can do will astonish us!' But, as I stand there bowing, my heart stops beating. Will I disappoint to-night? Will this be my failure?" It was thus he began "Peer Gynt," warmed with gratitude, chilled with fear.

When the house settled into attentive silence the scene began. On one side sat a theatre party of one hundred

Fifth peasant girl	Miss Olive Temple.
First elderly peasant	Mr. J. S. Hafey.
Second elderly peasant	Mr. David T. Arrel.
An elderly woman	Miss Alice Warren.
Another elderly woman	Miss Lettie Ford.
The Green-clad Woman	Miss Gertrude Gheen.
The Dovre King	Mr. Henry Wenman.
First Troll Imp	Mr. Thomas.
Second Troll Imp	Mr. J. B. Prescott.
Third Troll Imp	Mr. Arthur Rowe.
The Ugly Brat	Mr. George MacDonald.
Kari, the cotter's wife	Miss Cowell.
Mr. Cotton	Mr. Frank Kingdon.
Monsieur Ballon	Mr. Marc McDermott.
Herr von Eberkopf	Mr. Mendelssohn.
Herr Trumpeterstrale	Mr. Magnus.
Anitra	Miss Irene Prahar.
Captain of the Ship	Mr. Caldwell.
The Lookout	Mr. Thomas.
The Mate	Mr. Toole.
The Boatswain	Mr. Reynolds.
The Ship's Cook	Mr. McDermott.
The Cabin Boy	Mr. MacDonald.
The Strange Passenger The Button Moulder	Mr. Arthur Forrest.
The Lean Person	Mr. Kingdon.

Wedding Guests, Peasants, Lads, Girls, Troll Courtiers and Troll Maidens, Dancing Girls, the Ship's Crew and others.

Acts I. II. III. Act IV. Act V.

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "PEER GYNT"

and twenty Norwegians. It is said that there are more Norwegians in Chicago than in any other city in the world, except Christiania. They have their own schools, churches, banks, newspapers, magazines, society. This party, led by Consul Gade, represented the culture of the local Norse group. It was expected that their applause or their silence would be significant. Curiously and happily it was not. Peer's repetition of the reindeer lie two minutes after the curtain rose brought mild but spontaneous recognition from the entire house. From that moment the human character of the fable fused the cosmopolitan audience in a common interest. It was gratifying to please the Norwegians; it was better to please every one.

The evening wore along through repeated bursts of applause to a triumphant issue. Not every point in the fantastic poem went for its full worth, but in a work of such overladen richness much less than everything was sufficient. Mansfield and Ibsen had held the audience beyond all expectations.

The entire first part, closing with Peer's fantasy of the drive to the gates of heaven while his mother died at his elbow, was enjoyed with scarcely any reserve. Mansfield's assumption of youth gave little surprise after Karl Heinrich and Don Carlos. But his interpretative art was the marvel of every one who had groped through the poem. Reading a poem without imagination is like looking at a stained-glass window from the outside. It needs to be seen with the sun behind it. How wonderfully Ibsen had constructed and coloured his poetic window Mansfield's art made luminous.

The second part was more difficult to the auditor. It must be said that until much irrelevant and confusing

material had been eliminated the appeal was to the eye more than to the understanding. The scene between Peer and Anitra at the door of his tent in the desert, the argument with the cook in the waves after the ship sank, and the fable for critics were omitted after the first night, but thereafter not a line was altered. This gave "Peer Gynt" all possible cohesion and the effect was thereafter in relation to the auditor. That was as Mansfield had anticipated. There was a fairy story for children, philosophy for the contemplative, a veritable panorama for the eye, and for those who enjoyed acting for its own sake, Peer disclosed Mansfield in the most varied and comprehensive rôle he ever essayed.

What he expressed was what he found in the poem, and that he embodied in one sentence: "This phantasmagoria, or comedy of human life, embraces all the elements of the serious, the pathetic, the tragic, the grotesque, the real and the unreal, the actualities and the dreams, the facts and consequences, the ambitions and the disappointments, the hopes and the disillusions, and the dread and terror and the resurrection in love of the human soul."

It was a triumph for Mansfield as actor, as an imaginative and interpretative artist. No one who saw his "Peer Gynt" said less. He did a generous and notable service in placing this poem on the stage so that the admirers and detractors of Ibsen might each point their varied conclusions. The appeal of the supreme artistry of all phases of the interpretation was obvious to every one. The appeal of the play was entirely in the measure or bias of the mind opened to it.

"Peer Gynt" was played throughout his winter tour except for an occasional change of bill to a lighter rôle in order to rest him. It was a performance which held him

at high tension every moment and left him after three hours and a half in a state of almost complete collapse. How often that winter he rebelled and cried: "I can't do it. I cannot act Peer Gynt one other time. It takes one's life blood, this Peer Gynt. I dig a spadeful of earth for my grave every time I play the part." But when those near him urged him to stop and rest, he would not give up. He did not miss a performance and he played always with all his accustomed force and power.

It was a hard fight to keep up, but he fought on with grim resistance. His whole life had been a battle. That was the aspect in which life presented itself to him. His inherent strength, pugnacity, will power, and ambition sought it, found it, and, when they did not find it, fancied it. His life was radiant with triumph, but there was a vast gray lining of distress. All the way along he fought realities and spectres.

No one associated with him but knew those sharp staccato retorts which came with the frequency that indicated how much they were a part of his doctrine. "Cannot? If others can, we can. We can whether others can or not. A general never says he cannot. He compels it. The general who wins is the general who never knows he is whipped. You cannot whip him."

And so no one can say that his preëminence was an accident of a capricious public or of endowed genius. He was never the idle steward. No steward ever took more seriously the obligation of his ten talents.

He fought and fought and fought. The memory of the aloofness and aloneness of the contained little boy at school was always with him. So, too, the bitter, starving days in London. When he had his foot once firmly planted on the ladder he fancied there were envious hands

clutching at his skirts. In every one in his path he fancied an enemy, believing firmly in the intrigue of others.

Not least of all he fought himself. He disciplined the physical every day of his life like a Spartan. His talents he cultivated and his obligation he acknowledged with the religious fidelity of a perpetual prayer. And one day sitting with a friend in the gray half-light of the cavernous stage at rehearsal, whence every one else had departed, he said with almost boyish simplicity and apology, "Do you know, I spend half my life keeping my temper?"

The last fights were the biggest of all. The stage has rarely seen more consummate generalship of all the varied resources of a remarkably gifted artist than in the all-embracing, all-demanding Peer Gynt. He undertook it against the advice of his most trusted friends, against an overwhelming public sentiment based on an overwhelming public ignorance, and he carried it on in spite of a critical chorus who stormed, with only luminously rare exceptions, against the aloofness in which they could see only ambiguity and a mad poet's hallucinations and a mad actor's overweening ambitions—and in spite of the warning of an overtaxed, rebellious constitution.

The acclaim with which he was greeted—after Chicago, in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City and St. Louis; then for six days in Paducah, Memphis, Birmingham, Atlanta, Nashville, and Louisville (travelling twelve hundred and fifty miles in six days, playing nightly); in Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Washington—did not exceed that of the past eight years only because it could not. It was remarkable that in a land where foreign prestige counts for so much, Mansfield was able to remain

continuously in America, and to play year after year to crowded houses at advanced prices. This is much more to be wondered at than the large attendance vouchsafed the two or three European artists of the same rank who came only at four or five year intervals.

As the holidays approached he warmed as usual with the Christmas spirit. The twenty-fifth of December was played in Memphis, and the next morning he wrote his wife:

DEAREST:—I was disappointed not to have any letter from you yesterday, but there was a very sweet little one from the boy for which hug him. I didn't open "the Box" until last night after the play. (Wasn't I good?) And, oh, I was delighted. I jumped about like a kid. Everything is lovely, *lovely!* The beautiful scarf! And the beautiful pillow! I shall never dare to put my old, old ugly head upon it at all. I'll have a linen slip made for it. And those sleeve links, they are divine! Where did you get them? And when I come forth with those buttons on my waistcoat! And well—and—and—And baby's box! The dear thing. How *did he* do it? And thank Milly a thousand times for the pincushion; it's great! Thank you ever so much! The company gave me another beautiful punch-bowl in hammered copper, with a lid to it, and a cigar-lighter of the same material. I will send it to you, it's bully! I had intended giving them a Christmas supper on a dining-car—but the car got mixed up in a wreck, and never arrived. So I did the best I could for them on my car; they went in relays, and I had a little X-mas tree and a tiny something for each one. They seemed so pleased and happy, it was a real joy to see them, and the girls gave me three cheers. The working staff decorated my room most beautifully last night (at the theatre) and when I arrived I found it one mass of holly and pine-branches and mistletoe! Mrs. Stevens *insisted* on kissing me (I tell you so that you may know that she did it) before the whole company, and

little Ory flung her arms about me in a paroxysm of joy because she got a little squirrel muff and boa. [After recounting his own presents, he resumed]: So you see, I was not forgotten. I got a lot of telegrams from all our friends. The sun is shining and the country we have just passed through was most lovely and enticing—the pines and the purling brooks—and warm as spring. . . . I'm so full of your lovely presents I have to go look at them every five minutes. Thank you again and again. Kiss the boy and a thousand more hugs to you both!

DICK.

While he was writing in his car, the dining-car, which had come all the way from Chicago, caught up with the train. The company's Christmas supper was served for breakfast, all the more welcome as the train was late, and Birmingham, where they had expected to eat breakfast, was not reached until four hours later.

The week following was spent in Cincinnati. Tuesday was New Year's Day, and the plays were "Beau Brummell" in the afternoon and "A Parisian Romance" at night. Neither play employed more than a third of the actors, but in accordance with the discipline of the company every one reported on the stage one hour before the rise of the curtain in case of change of bill, of need of an understudy, or of other emergency. The opening play the night before was "Peer Gynt," the performance was given without an error, and the house had been crowded with a demonstrative audience. Why then, asked the players as they strolled in to report on Tuesday evening, this extraordinary "call" which was posted on the bulletin board:

The entire company, including the working staff, will report at the theatre immediately after the fall of the curtain, Tuesday evening, in order fully to rehearse ensembles,

dances, and lights. Mr. Mansfield deeply regrets calling the company so late, but it is absolutely impossible to hold a rehearsal at any other hour, this being the only time available. No excuses accepted unless accompanied by a physician's certificate.

B. D. Stevens, *Manager.*

After the play the curtain was held down, all stage lights were turned off except a gas "bunch" down front, and the company assembled drowsily. Presently Mansfield emerged from his dressing-room and directed that the rehearsal begin. At that signal music floated in from the orchestra, which had been detained in their places. Long tables laid for supper were brought from their hiding-places. The lights were turned on, and the joke was out. Mansfield made a speech full of good wishes for the New Year, and after the supper there was dancing.

The itinerary called for continuous playing until after the New York season during February and March, when there was to be a week of rest before beginning a supplementary spring tour of five weeks. While in Philadelphia, in January, however, he was so exhausted that he yielded to persuasion and agreed to rest a week before appearing in New York. "Transfer the booking to the first week after we close at the New Amsterdam," he said; "I will rest before instead of after my stay in New York."

Mrs. Mansfield was with him, but Gibbs was with Miss Hunter at The Grange, and he now wrote his last letter to his boy in anticipation of seeing him soon in New York:

Head-quarters, Quaker City,
January 20, 1907.

My Dear General Soldier Boy:

You will have to pack up your artillery, your swords, your rifles and your uniforms, your tomahawks and bows

and arrows, your railroads and their equipment, and take the road at once to besiege New York City. After you have battered down the walls and taken the General of the enemy and his staff prisoner and paroled the garrison, you will leave a strong body of men at each important post, and then fortify yourself in your castle on the River-shore. You must, as you march, gather provisions everywhere, loading them on wagons which you will hire from the farmers, paying for everything at the time, but in any case you will enforce the delivery of corn and cattle. You will *hold* your castle and the city of New York until my arrival with reinforcements, and America is Ours!

YOUR GENERAL.

He began his New York engagement at the New Amsterdam Theatre, February 25, in "Peer Gynt." The rest had been markedly helpful. If ever there was a difference in one of his performances and another it must be said that, in his acting of "Peer Gynt" in New York, eighteen nights and three Saturday afternoons during three consecutive weeks, he surpassed himself.

For his farewell week he passed in review several of the less strenuous rôles of his repertoire: On Monday, March 18, he acted Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter"; on Tuesday, "Beau Brummell"; on Wednesday, the Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance"; on Thursday, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; on Friday, "Beau Brummell"; on Saturday afternoon, "Peer Gynt"; and on Saturday night, the Baron Chevrial.

Though he had acted the Baron a few times almost every season for twenty-four years, his art was so sure and so spontaneous, the personality so enlivening, that he astonished and captured his last audience as completely as he had his first. The accord between auditors and actor was singularly strong. After the second and third

acts he was called to the footlights again and again. After the banquet scene of the fourth act the applause retained its volume for five full minutes while he removed the mask of the dead Chevrial and appeared according to his custom *in propria persona*. Then the house rose to its feet and broke into cheers. He appeared and retired, time and again. The people seemed loath to let him go. In the midst of the hand-clapping came cries of "Speech!" "Speak to us!" They were taken up and swelled into a roar. He only bowed, again and again, supporting himself with one hand against the arch. Twelve times he bowed in silence, but there was no resisting the ovation, and the last time the curtain was drawn back he paused only a moment at the arch, raised his eyes and advanced some paces toward the centre. The audience recognised his intent, and for a moment the crowd and the actor faced each other in silence.

His first words were made indistinct by his nervousness and emotion, but he recovered himself almost directly, and said: "I thank you heartily and sincerely for this unforgetable demonstration of your approval. If you will permit me to, I should like to break a long silence and finally set at rest the rumours with which thoughtless as well as malicious gossip has entertained the public from the time I became known to you. Will you not believe me when I tell you that these silly stories are untrue?" He then reviewed some of the fictions in an amusing vein, and concluded with deep feeling: "I am possibly a hard taskmaster, but all my efforts are directed toward a higher ideal of dramatic art. My efforts are all bent toward giving the public the best acting and the best plays it is possible to produce. I cherish this evening's appreciation of my art most highly. I shall not, I regret to

say, be before you much longer. I have worked hard and long, and I must lay down the burden for younger shoulders to carry. You have my warmest and heartiest thanks. Good-night and good-by."

There was an answering volley of applause, but he was too completely overcome to return again. The golden voice had spoken to the public for the last time, and it was fitting that the words were not the trolling of the actor's memory, but came with love and appeal from the heart of the man.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

(1907)

His health breaks down—The company disbands—Off to England for recuperation—Longings for home—The return—At home at "Seven Acres"—His delight and his plans—Death—Tributes.

THE next day, Sunday, March 24, he bade his family farewell, and departed with his company shortly after noon for Scranton, Pennsylvania, where, on Monday evening, he was to begin the first of six appearances in six different cities en route to Baltimore. These bookings were made to fill the week he had originally planned for the rest which he was forced to take before beginning the New York engagement.

The trip to Scranton might easily have been made on Monday, but it would have been unlike Mansfield to tarry. Invariably he left any city at the earliest moment and settled himself in the city of his next appearance. He did not make those flying visits from Boston, Philadelphia, or Washington into New York for Sunday, as other actors did. He did not linger at home till the last train that would deliver him at his destination in time for his performance. His interest centred on the scene of his next appearance, and he left any domestic or social allurements behind him to travel thither.

By nightfall the special train had reached Scranton, and his private car was switched to the end of a track

beyond the platforms of the Jersey Central station and some twenty feet below the level of the street. Arthur Forrest took supper with him, and they chatted through the evening together.

During the night he had an acute distress of the stomach which resembled peritonitis. The attack was sudden and sharp, and its severity sent his temperature up and his vitality down to a point that gave immediate alarm. When Mr. Stevens called in the morning he found Mansfield prostrated and suffering. He smiled at his manager's appeal to cancel the night's performance, and said he would surely be himself in a few hours. Instead, the fever burned on. Only at half-past six did he surrender—but then only for that one night. "I'll be all right tomorrow night," he said. In vain Mr. Stevens begged him to cancel the season, or at least the week, and return home. Tuesday morning brought no change, and he consented to abandon the one week's bookings and go to New York to rest for Baltimore the following Monday.

As soon as he reached the Riverside house a consultation of physicians was held, and they issued this statement:

Mr. Mansfield is suffering from a very severe attack of nervous exhaustion, and we consider it absolutely imperative that he stop all work and that he take a prolonged and complete rest. It is only by pursuing this course that Mr. Mansfield can expect an ultimate recovery.

The company was waiting on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, the scene three days before of one of his greatest triumphs. Mr. Stevens read them the physicians' report and, when he announced the disbanding of the Richard Mansfield Company, the players and

Bedroom

Music Room

MR. MANSFIELD'S HOUSE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

artisans sorrowfully, many with tears, dispersed. The old association was broken—for some it had been their whole professional span, for most of the leading artists it extended from five to ten years. Madame Simon had supervised the wardrobe for seventeen years. Fred Brown, his faithful dresser, had been with him before any one else could remember—and he remained while there was a service to be performed.

. Mansfield had anticipated settling with his family in England for the summer. He and Mrs. Mansfield had amused themselves all through the winter selecting the ideal house and neighbourhood. Sometimes he wanted to be near the sea. Again the hawthorne hedges of the midlands or the grassy banks of the Thames country attracted him. The choice finally fell on "Moonhill," a beautiful house and park near Cuckfield in Sussex. The lease of this for the three summer months was taken in March. It was a convenient arrangement and included every item of domestic furnishing, the horses and carriages, and all the servants on the place. Passage had been engaged on a steamer leaving May 4. From the time illness caused him to cancel his season and return home, his thoughts fixed themselves on the refreshing ocean voyage and the delights of the summer in old England.

In a fortnight he was able to sit in his window and watch the carriages and motor-cars on Riverside Drive and the busy craft on the Hudson. From day to day he had his ups and downs. The spring was backward and he longed for the sun's invigorating warmth.

His mind and will were fixed on England, and no one could shake him from that purpose. He had a boyish confidence in the panacea of the old country. The phy-

sicians made significantly little opposition. On his poorer days he reclined feebly on his bed. On his best day he crept down to the pavement and strolled a few yards back and forth in front of his door.

Strength did not return as quickly as he hoped. The sailing was postponed till May 12. As the day approached he was seized with a strange notion that he wished to be alone at sea. Mrs. Mansfield had been unsparing of herself; for seven weeks she had scarcely interrupetd her ministrations even to sleep, and he insisted that she rest after he left, close the house leisurely, and follow with the boy a week later. Nothing would move him from his determination. Accordingly, with the indispensable Brown and a trained nurse, he sailed on the appointed day on the steamer Minneapolis. In mid-ocean there was a relapse, and when his brother Felix greeted him at Tilbury he was more feeble than he had been at any time since his first attack.

After a few days in London he was taken south to Brighton. Here Mrs. Mansfield and Gibbs joined him almost immediately, and they all went at once to Moonhill. He retained a stout hope. "I need a long rest, perhaps a year," he wrote. "I should have taken it before. . . . Where is the sun? Here it is bleak and cold, damp and gray. I suppose this is a beautiful place, but it stands so high, with the Sussex down all about, that the wind cuts straight across from the sea and is pretty strong. I wish we were in Kent, which is more sheltered. I long for the warm, warm sunshine."

The inactivity of invalidism fretted him sorely. He was rarely on his feet. Only half a dozen times during twelve weeks did he drive. Finding no change in his condition where he was, his imagination quickly reached

out, and he fixed his hopes on a return to the warm American summer.

This presented difficulties, as both his houses in New London were leased for the hot season. Across the road from The Grange and a few hundred yards to the north he owned a plot of seven acres on which stood a farmer's cottage. He had amused himself before his illness in drawing plans for the rebuilding of this house, and these were in the hands of his architect in New London. A message was cabled him to begin at once and rebuild "Seven Acres," furnish it, lay out the grounds, and have all ready for his return in August. Such lordly, sweeping orders were after Mansfield's own grand manner. It was not to reason why, it was but to do and be paid. The house rose almost miraculously. His friend, Miss Gertrude Hall, graciously undertook the task of decorating and furnishing the interior.

By the middle of July his patience had spent itself. Justifying himself with the thought that it would be unsafe to subject his weakened constitution to the sudden change from the chill of England and the ocean to the torrid vigour of an American August, he planned an immediate departure, *via* Montreal, to acclimatise himself gradually in the Adirondacks.

Accompanied by his family and attendants he arrived at Montreal on the steamer Virginia, July 26, and went by special train to a cottage on Saranac Lake. After four long weeks word came that Seven Acres was ready for him, and the last stage of the trip home was accomplished August 22.

His good neighbours thoughtfully spared him the excitement of immediate greeting, but he found their welcome the moment he entered the house. They had filled it with

bloom, the colour and fragrance of which hailed him on every side.

The eagerness to see his new house, to be at home again, had buoyed him to an artificial strength. He ignored his weakness and walked from room to room. His delight was unrestrained. "Isn't it bully? Isn't it bully?" he repeated over and over again. When he reached the dining-room, with its panelled rafters and big fireplace built of the unfinished rocks from his own pasture down the hill, he threw his arms around his wife and cried: "What a Christmas lark we'll have here, Beattie! Eh? We'll spend this Christmas at home together. Eh? You and the boy and me?" Then he turned and crossed a little hall into the wing which he had planned for his library. In the centre was his desk. He settled before it in his familiar chair and took it all in. "It's perfectly bully, isn't it? It's just as I thought it would be."

Then his eye rested on a silver cup on the desk before him, and he reached a trembling hand for it and read the inscription: "Welcome home to Mr. Mansfield," over the names of the five little girls for whom he had arranged the tennis tournaments. The cup was a copy of the ones he had given the victors. As he replaced it on the desk he said it should always stay there. Next day a servant in dusting had moved the cup to another table. He missed it, and in spite of his depleted strength would not be comforted until it was back in its place again.

When he had visited all the rooms he insisted on seeing the exterior. He was wheeled in a chair around the house, and his eye twinkled as he caught sight of the antlers over the front door: "Yes, I wanted that, that means good luck!"

This was Thursday. Every day he was brought into the den or sat among the flowers in the connecting sun parlour, watching the cloud shadows on the valley, receiving his friends, planning the festivities they should have together as soon as his strength returned.

On Tuesday morning he did not leave his bed. His room occupied the entire wing over his den. It was furnished simply with heavy green curtains at the windows, rugs on the floor, the mahogany from his sleeping room in Riverside Drive, the print of the Meissonier salon, two landscapes of his own doing in crayon, his mother's portrait, several old French prints; on the mantel the travel-worn crimson leather case containing photographs of his wife and boy, and over his bed a crucifix.

During the next few days he suffered less and less and slept more and more. Though weakness made his body a prisoner, his mind was restless every wakeful moment. He could not bear to be alone, but sent for one neighbour after another and chatted with an unfailing cheerfulness.

Thursday night—this was August 29—it was manifest that the end was near. His wife, his brother Felix who had accompanied him from England, Gibbs's governess, and Brown gathered at his bedside shortly after midnight.

His wife held both his hands in hers firmly and repeated in a clear, not loud, tone, over and over again: "God is life." At one time he awoke and recognised her, and when she repeated "God is life" he pressed her hand and answered "God is love." Presently he opened his eyes again. Again she repeated "God is life," but his only answer was to raise his hand with the familiar gesture he

made when his mind was fixed, and he drew her to him and kissed her. As he released her he lay smiling peacefully, his eyes open for a moment with a look of joy and delight, and the smile remained as he fell asleep. "It was as though he knew God was love," said Mrs. Mansfield, "and there was not for him the life I wanted, for I meant here."

He did not speak again. The vigil was long. No one knew how long until the rising sun broke across the foot of his bed and disappeared. The sudden burst of light caught every eye. When they turned again to him he was no longer there.

That evening in a dingy little theatre in Grand Street, where he gathers the poor of the Yiddish quarter, the venerable Jacob Adler offered the simplest tribute that one artist could pay another. Before he began the play he came before the curtain, waited for the hush to spread over the audience, and then said in that language without a country: "Stand up." Every one rose. "Men, take off your hats." They obeyed. "And now do you know why it is that I ask you to stand? It is because to-day the world has lost the greatest actor who speaks the English language. In all the history of the stage there have been few greater." Then he told them of Mansfield's memorable achievements. "It is for this great man that I ask you to stand uncovered and I myself stand uncovered here to-night."

When the word of their loss reached Mansfield's own people, a wave of sorrow swept over the heart of the nation. The eulogy of the American and English press was spontaneous, unreserved. One moment of such appreciation in his lifetime would have compensated for all the

struggles and distress and disappointments on his journey up to preëminence.

Across the road from Seven Acres is a quaint old burying-ground, known from its founder and the patriarchal family of the neighbourhood as Gardner's Yard. He had often visited the spot and admired its simplicity. Here, in the seclusion of a hedged and shaded corner of his own choice, his friends laid him to sleep his last sleep.

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